# Collier's

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SEPTEMBER 10, 1949
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A Britisher Tells **Why He Is Becoming An**

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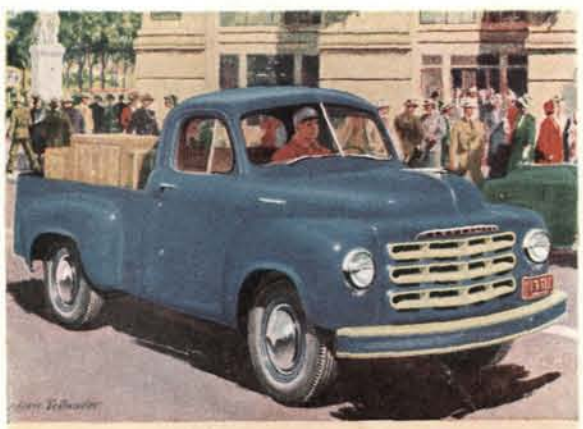
2-ton shown with dump body—1½-ton also available

# Amazing new "Power Plus" Studebaker trucks revolutionize medium-duty hauling!

## New pulling power! New staying power! New horsepower! New high torque!



**Streamlined ½-ton, ¾-ton and 1-ton Studebakers** are available with standard pick-up and stake bodies or as chassis for special bodies. All Studebaker trucks, in all sizes and wheelbases, have new "lift-the-hood" accessibility for quick, easy servicing—a long list of conveniences and comforts that drivers appreciate.

TALK to truck buyers who really know what's going on. They'll tell you Studebaker has scored again with America's most progressive truck designing.

They mean, of course, the sensationally improved line of medium-duty trucks that Studebaker offers economy-minded truck users.

### New 100 h. p. "Power Plus" engine!

Studebaker calls these new 1½-ton and 2-ton trucks its 16A and 17A series. Truck operators call them new marvels of pulling power and staying power—trucks that get a maximum of work done at minimum cost.

These husky Studebakers have a "Power Plus" Studebaker truck engine that develops 100 horsepower at 3400 r.p.m. It delivers 200 lbs. foot torque.

There's new ruggedness with the new power in these new Studebaker pacemakers—an extra K-member up front for extra strength—a "plus" of frame length for maximum load space—tremendously sturdy rear axles—exceptionally strong springs front and rear.

The Studebaker truck cab is extra roomy and extra cool—with foot-operated floor ventilation—restful new Adjusto-Air seat cushion. Visibility is enormous. Cab steps are weather-protected, enclosed inside the doors.

Before you buy any medium-duty truck, check into the new "Power Plus" Studebakers. See what stand-outs they are in solid value!

**STUDEBAKER TRUCKS**

**NOTED FOR LOW COST OPERATION**

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Emmett Kelly, the famous clown, and a youthful admirer at the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus in Madison Square Garden.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

## THE CIRCUS! The thrill of thrills for 138 orphans and the telephone girls who made it all possible

Was there ever such happiness for a group of eager, excited youngsters as that day at the circus!

It all started with the telephone girls who had taken gifts to the orphanage at Christmas. Someone suggested that it would be nice to take three or four of the kids to the circus.

The idea spread and all the girls began chipping in. Soon there was money enough to take not just three or four but 138!

It was a wondrous day and when it was over it was difficult to say who was happier—the young sleepyheads going home on the buses or those who made it all possible.

We mention this because it tells a great deal about the kind of people in the telephone business. They try to be good neighbors and good citizens, as well as good telephone people.

The very nature of telephone work brings them close to the lives and the problems and the emergencies of many people. Their spirit of helpfulness and service extends to many activities beyond the job.

It may be a welfare drive. Or being ever-ready to lend a hand in worth-while community affairs. Or just by helping a number of orphaned youngsters have a happy day at the circus.

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*A MODERN FULL-SIZE BATHROOM, similar to the one above, is featured in the 1950 LIBERTY Trailers.*

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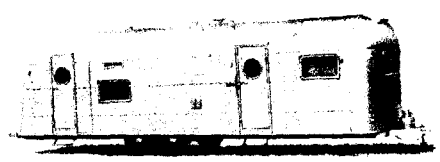

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## September 10, 1949

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# Week's Mail

### *Diplomat's Fans*

EDITOR: The Surprising Mr. Jessup (July 30th) is a brilliant story about one of the greatest diplomats in American history. However, in the eyes of Jesup, Georgia, citizens, Bill Davidson is guilty of one great omission:

Ambassador-at-large Philip Jessup is the First Citizen of Jesup, Georgia, having accepted that title after being so invited by the Jesup and Wayne County Chamber of Commerce, which discovered that he is a descendant of Morris K. Jessup for whom Jesup, Georgia, was named. One "s" was dropped by an error of the clerk who drew up the Jessup city charter.

Morris K. Jessup, New York businessman and financier, was one of the stockholders in the railroad that came through Jesup when it was just a station number. Jessup, Georgia, was incorporated about the time of the outbreak of the War between the States. The omission of one of the "s's" in Jesup came about some 13 years later and the name has remained Jesup ever since.

CHAUNCEY W. LEVER, Jesup, Ga.

. . . In his closing paragraphs, Mr. Davidson says, "Others say he wants only to retire . . . and return to his beloved academic life."

Isn't it about time that we establish a school for future diplomats and draft, if necessary, a man such as the Honorable Mr. Jessup, to head up same? By so doing we could make Mr. Jessup happy and at the same time equip ourselves with men capable of taking up the reins when laid down, eventually, by the maestro.

MAX REYNOLDS, Aurora, Ill.

### *A Big Beef and a Big Drink*

EDITOR: Why, oh, why do you print such drivel as Voyage of the Pagan (July 23d)? Getting that shark aboard was more than any seafarer can stomach. Even a landlubber can see through its utter impossibility. This may have been an interesting narrative but for this interjection of plain tall-story stuff.

CAPT. C. E. MILBURY, Collingswood, N. J.

. . . After reading Voyage of the Pagan I just had to have a big drink of water. His story is so real I was thirsty reading of his loss of water and food.

MRS. ARTHUR N. PETERSON,
Youngstown, Ohio

### *Timely Warning*

EDITOR: Howard Whitman's article, Richest Man in the Cemetery (July 30th), was an excellent and timely warning. However, it may contribute to an oversimplification of the problem of cardiovascular diseases which are our number one cause of death. Improper diet, overweight, hormone imbalance, etc., are also contributing and, in many cases, primary causes of cardiovascular disturbances.

Mr. Whitman brought out the important point that insufficient research has been spent upon the latter part of the life-span. At least 99 per cent of all funds to date have been spent upon diseases of the first half of the life-span. As a result a child dying of disease in this country may now be considered a preventable death. The same thing can be done for the latter years.

The very little money being spent on the latter part of the life-span is largely being used for the study of geriatrics or treatment of ills *after* they develop. This premodern approach to this phase of medicine is unfortunate in the light of scientific evidence that the average healthful life-span can probably be doubled again with relatively meager expenditures of money.

Three million dollars and 10 years of *properly* supervised research can do the job; but there are only about 10 men on the

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## *$10,000,000 being saved this year by policyholders in State Farm Mutual . . . reduced rates benefit 4 out of 5!*

Yes, it's really something to talk about! The world's largest automobile insurance company has reduced premiums for 4 out of 5 of its policyholders!

Most members of State Farm Mutual find that they are saving from 10% to 37% when they renew their automobile insurance. Without reducing insurance protection, they are actually saving a total of $10,000,000 during 1949!

Reductions vary in different parts of the country because they are based on the driving records of policyholders in each locality. But because State Farm Mutual members are so carefully selected, all but a few communities are benefiting.

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Three basic operating techniques have made it possible for State Farm to offer *more insurance protection for the money* during its 28 years of operation!

1. State Farm policies are written for a period of six months rather than the usual twelve-month period. Therefore it is possible to adjust rates at more frequent intervals.
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3. State Farm is a *mutual* company. Savings always immediately benefit the policyholders.

For your protection, State Farm provides at least twice as much public liability protection and five times as much property damage protection, as is required by any state financial responsibility law.

Your licensed State Farm agent will give you complete information. He will be glad to confer with you on your automobile, life and fire insurance problems. Look under "State Farm Insurance Companies" in your telephone book.

**Here's a man who helped make it possible**

This is Francis V. Gallagher, Franklin, Indiana. He is one of State Farm's 6,200 licensed agents from coast to coast. Part of Mr. Gallagher's responsibility is to make sure State Farm Mutual insures only careful drivers. Because State Farm drivers had fewer accidents last year, the company is able to announce greatly reduced automobile insurance rates in most communities. It will pay you to meet the State Farm agent in your community and hear about these new rates.

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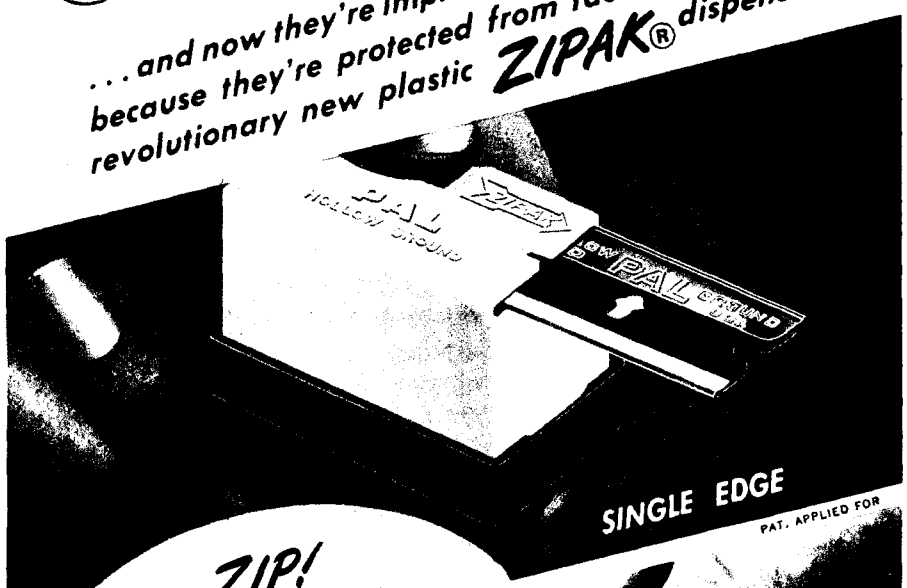


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earth with the mental outlook of gerontotherapeutics, or the *prevention* of the development of the ills of age. The combination of the two handicaps has only been recently recognized. The problem now is to get the $3,000,000. THOMAS S. GARDNER, PH.D., Rutherford, N. J.

. . . Your Richest Man in the Cemetery is one of the richest bits of reading material that I have ever seen. It is a dose of psychosomatic medicine which cannot be bought at any drugstore, guaranteed to cure if taken spiritually and mentally. I am certain that if this article were given to all executives as required reading it would get much consideration and appreciation.

ANNA R. FRATTA, Baltimore, Md.

### *Still No Mention*

EDITOR: In your article on John Lund (Johnny's Our Boy, July 23d) no mention was made of his war service, and I have never seen any. As thousands of his age were in the service, there are many veterans who would like to know the facts.

JOSEPH ALLEN, Birmingham Hospital, Cal.

*The New York office of Paramount Pictures, John Lund's boss, reports it has no record of any war service by the actor.*

### *A Horse on Us*

EDITOR: Having exercised admirable restraint for a couple of weeks I now bust down and rise to remark that you should be made liable under law for fostering and spreading misinformation that will cause serious loss to the gullible.

In The Actor Who Won't Stay Dead (July 2d) you print a photo of Rudolph Valentino on a moon-eyed, Roman-nosed albino gelding and indicate it is the fine Arab stallion, Jadaan.

Now, I am sure Jadaan is totally indifferent to the ignorance that makes him glorify a plug with his illustrious name, but the Arabian breeders and fanciers have far better reason to object. As an Arabian breeder and a horse portraitist who specializes in painting Arabs, I feel I have some small privilege in protesting your article.

The real Jadaan

The true Arabian is not a "giant." It is a very small horse, frequently pony-sized. It is always some solid color; usually with one or more white feet and face marking, but never spotted, parti-colored, or albino.

The Arab is usually recognizable by its excellence of conformation (being the fountainhead of all modern racing and saddle stock) and by a very pronounced dished profile, flexible arched neck, gay tail set on a very high, short croup and a generally alert, intelligent air coupled with great gentleness.

JANE LLEWELLYN OTT, Hinsdale, Ill.

### *Low Profit—High Production*

EDITOR: In Mousetrap Tycoon (July 23d), you state that Woolworth makes .0015 profit on each trap and makes one every 12 seconds. This is .0075 profit per minute or .04½ cents per hour. How does he manage on this meager income—or am I wrong?

JIM BRONKEMA, Grand Rapids, Mich.

. . . Mousetrap Tycoon certainly provides a good rebuttal to those who complain of the high profits of Big Business. If correct (and surely Collier's wouldn't be wrong) the Animal Trap Company of America has a maximum net profit potential of $3,952.80 from its trap operations (leap year; less in other years). To attain this it must operate every second in the year with no time off for Sundays, holidays or any other reason, and with no time lost and no slowdowns.

R. B. RITCHIE, Richmond, Va.

*The production figures in the article are based on the output of one machine. Mr. Woolworth has a great many of them—but doesn't care to give out the exact number for publication.*

### *The Odds Are Even*

EDITOR: Congratulations on your editorial Respect For Our Bettors (July 30th). So long as our country has a President like Mr. Truman, who wields his power and position with dignity, but is at the same time big and broad-minded enough to play and joke when the occasion is appropriate; so long as the molders of public opinion such as Collier's approve editorially of his acting like a human; then the United States of America and the democracy of the world are safe. WALTER ROY BLANKENSHIP, Lewisburg, W. Va.

. . . I have read your editorial, Respect For Our Bettors, and it would seem to me that the same amount of space could have been used to far greater advantage. There is nothing constructive in your message, and much to lower the dignity and responsibility of a President.

G. R. GIBSON, Columbus, Ohio

### *Value of Autopsies*

EDITOR: The article on autopsies by Margaret Blake Ewing (Autopsy, July 23d) is splendid and one that I have long wished to see. In my own practice I have always taken pride in the number of autopsies that have been performed in cases that I attended until death, and since taking over the duties of director at Mount Vernon Hospital I have been conducting an all-out campaign to raise our autopsy percentage.

Collier's has, I believe, performed an inestimable service to American medicine.

WILLIAM A. KELLY, M.D., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

. . . On May 27th my twenty-month-old daughter died of acute leukemia. The first time autopsy was mentioned to me I simply couldn't bear to think of it. Then I began to realize I might be holding up anything new that could be learned to help in fighting the disease or the cause of it.

I consented to an autopsy and felt better about it, yet I had a few unanswered questions. After reading the article Autopsy I am proud of my decision.

MRS. C. A. GOODE, Blair, Ky.

### *Depends on Who's Shaking*

EDITOR: Figure this one out:

In The Navy's Uncle Louie (July 23d) Robert Allen wrote, "(Admiral) Ramsey lost out because his hands shook on one occasion when he met President Truman. The incident made an unfavorable impression. The President remembered it when Ramsey's name was submitted, and passed him over on the ground that the job of Chief of Naval Operations was too big for a man who couldn't control himself."

Now read this from Grace Tully's book, Stories and Anecdotes about F.D.R., My Boss: ". . . The Boss's (F.D.R.) hand shook more than usual as he took the telephone from me."

According to the above quotes, if F.D.R. applied to Truman for a job, he would have been rejected because his hands shook. And to think some of our best politicians are sitting in high places because of their handshaking abilities.

MANNIE MANHEIM, Beverly Hills, Cal.

### *Our Backward Capital*

EDITOR: Congratulations for your Note to Congress editorial (July 30th). Having recently left that fair Southern city (Washington), where it is almost a sin to be other than white, it is a relief to see people of various races mingling fairly and freely here.

It is high time Washington caught up with a large part of the rest of the country in that respect. PHILIP DODGE, Chicago, Ill.



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# Remember how he looked on his first school day?

*Remember* the set of his chin . . . the way his eyes said good-by?

*Remember* how he looked the day you took him to the circus . . . and those evenings when you read "Treasure Island" to him?

*Remember* his face when he saw his new bike under the Christmas tree . . . and that air rifle you gave him on his twelfth birthday?

*Remember* his eyes the time he hooked his first fish . . . and the morning you caught him shaving with your razor?

*Remember* his expression the night he went out on his first date . . . and the day he left for college?

*It doesn't seem* so long ago, does it? Yet it's hard to realize he's the same boy—this grown-up young man of yours.

*Make his* 21st birthday or the day he gets his first job an occasion he'll never forget. Mark it forever with the gift of gifts: a fine Hamilton Watch.

***When he sees it, you'll never forget the look on his face!***

**WEATHERPROOFED** *for extra protection and performance! "cld" means an accurate Hamilton movement sealed against moisture and dirt, thanks to an exclusive case design. It is also available in five other styles besides the* NORDON *(No. 2 above).*

**FOR BIRTHDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES, GRADUATIONS—FOR ANY SPECIAL OCCASION**—the finest gift you can give your loved one is a Hamilton Watch—the product of American skills and engineering. Shown above: **1.** DYSON—14K natural gold-filled case: $60.50; **2.** NORDON—10K natural gold-filled case, "cld" (sealed against moisture and dirt), luminous dial: $71.50; **3.** GORDON—18K natural gold case: $210; **4.** FORBES—14K natural gold-filled case and bracelet: $71.50; **5.** CLARA—14K natural or white gold-filled case: $60.50; **6.** D-4—14K natural or white gold case set with 4 diamonds: $150 (other diamond-set watches available in platinum and gold); **7.** LYNN—14K natural or white gold case: $71.50. At better jewelers everywhere. Priced from $52.25 to $5,000. *Prices incl. Fed. Tax.* Prices subject to change without notice. Since 1892 Hamilton has made fine, fully jeweled watches exclusively. Hamilton's experience making railroad watches assures greatest accuracy in every grade. Send for FREE folder and revealing booklet "What Makes a Fine Watch Fine?" Hamilton Watch Co., Dept. D-2, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

A TRIUMPH OF AMERICAN GENIUS

HAMILTON

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"... **HE'S GOT LADDY BOY** in check, but not Dry Scalp. My, what unkempt hair! Looks like a mane . . . and I'll bet it's as hard to comb. And he's got loose dandruff, too. Well here goes with some sound advice about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

**IT'S GREAT!** Try it! See what a difference 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic makes in the good looks of your hair. Just a few drops daily check loose dandruff and those other annoying signs of Dry Scalp . . . spruces up your hair quickly and effectively. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. And it's economical, too!

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# *Keep Up with the World*

BY FRELING FOSTER

CHARLES STRAUSS

Many studies have been undertaken to prove that the personality of a judge unduly affects his sentences and, for this reason, such decisions could be reached with more equality by a board. One such study was made of the sentences imposed on 7,638 persons in a court of common pleas by its six judges, each of whom handled a proportionate share of each kind of case. The summary showed that the harshest of the judges had sent 57.4 per cent of his cases to prison and let off the other 42.6 per cent with a fine, suspended sentence or a period of probation. On the other hand, the most lenient of the judges had sent only 33.5 per cent of his cases to prison and handled the other 66.5 per cent with fines, probation or suspended sentences.

* * * * * * * * *

The worst U.S. circus train disaster occurred near Ivanhoe, Indiana, about three o'clock on the morning of June 22, 1918. A hot-box had stopped the train, which carried part of the Hagenbeck-Wallace Circus, and its flagman had gone back down the track to stop an empty troop train that followed. The flagman saw the second train and began to wave his red lantern, but the train came thundering on, ignoring his frantic efforts as well as two automatic signals set against it. In desperation the flagman hurled a flaming flare into the cab of the engine as it passed him. A minute later it crashed into the circus train, killing 68 and injuring 127 or nearly all the others aboard. Investigation showed that not only had the engineer of the troop train dozed off, but his fireman had failed to notice that he was asleep or that they had raced by two stop signals. He did not even see the bright flare that had come flying in the window and had landed beside him.

* * * * * * * * *

A famous living monarch and his wife, after they accept an invitation to visit the ruling family of another country, send to their future hosts a list of the articles and services they will require weeks before they are to arrive. This set of orders includes, for example, the various pieces of furniture that will be necessary and how they should be arranged in the couple's suite; the colors of ink and of lead in pencils that are desired; the foods that the couple want for breakfast and when and how the meal is to be served; the kind of quilt that is required on each bed and the exact manner in which it should be folded back for the night.

* * * * * * * * *

For many years before 1930, New York City was overrun with beggars, many of whom, to arouse sympathy, wore a concealed harness or some other equipment, which made them appear helpless or crippled. But one, called "Breadline Charlie," relied solely on a unique trick. He carried in his pocket small chunks of stale bread and, when in a crowd, he would drop one on the sidewalk. Then he would "discover" it, give a shriek of delight, seize and devour the bread as though he had not eaten for days. This pitiful scene almost always touched the hearts and purses of the onlookers.

* * * * * * * * *

An incident that occurred at Leavenworth penitentiary in 1903 removed the last doubts about the superiority of fingerprinting over Bertillon measurements as a means of criminal identification. A newly arrived Negro inmate named Will West was being measured when the clerk claimed to remember him from a previous sentence he had served there. West emphatically denied ever having been imprisoned before. The clerk, however, was convinced that he was right. He went to a file case and pulled out a certain card. The photograph on it appeared to be that of the new inmate, the name, William West, was almost the same and the physical measurements on the card and those he had just taken were practically identical. Then the clerk looked at the back of the card and discovered that the convict it described was already a prisoner at Leavenworth. Yet the two men were neither related nor knew of each other's existence and their fingerprints were found to be radically different.



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ENTER

# *Standard*

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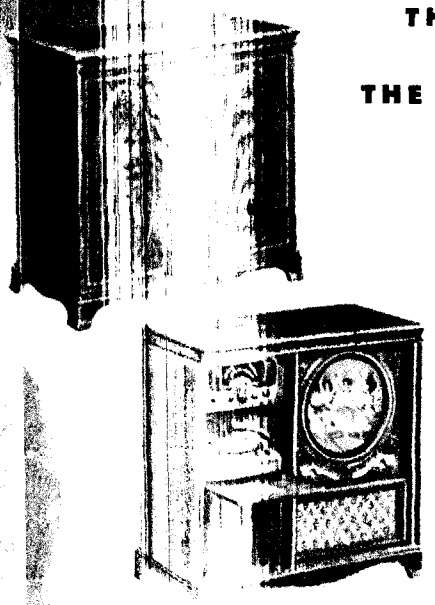

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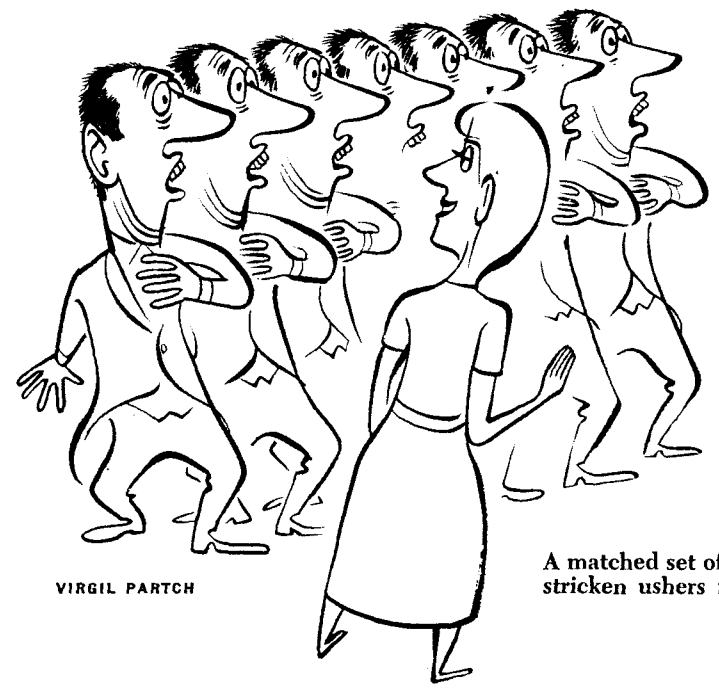
# *So the Groom thinks* HE'S NERVOUS!

## By KEN KRAFT



VIRGIL PARTCH

**A matched set of panic-stricken ushers is ideal**

RECENTLY a man said to me, "I know a girl's wedding day is supposed to be life's biggest thrill, but if you ask me, all that fuss is a lot of salami." He'd think twice about salami if he were asked to be an usher at a church wedding. He'd be right in the middle of the whole *smörgåsbord* then, and it would serve him right.

If you have never been pressed into service as an usher, don't look so smug. One of these days you'll get a letter from your old third-year roommate that will wipe that smile off your face. It will say in a criminally offhand way: "Doodles, old boy, Wisteria and I are to be married next month, on the eighth, and of course you're to be an usher. . . ."

This is a social must. You've had it. Start putting your affairs in order and get ready for it like a man.

If it's to be a formal wedding, cheer up. What you will wear has already been decided. Black calfskin Oxfords, dark gray, striped trousers, morning coat, white dress shirt, striped four-in-hand. There may be minor variations on this theme but you will be told what they are and you can tell your haberdasher, who will lick his lips and take charge of you. Haberdashers are crazy about weddings.

If it isn't formal, get out your dark blue sack suit. After you have it stuffed in the bottom of your grip you can start wondering if the other ushers will show up in unmatched coats and trousers. Hermits don't have to go through any of this. A hermit would laugh himself sick if he saw you packing that grip.

An usher isn't an individual. A really efficient bride will even see that her groom picks ushers with the same look of panic on all their faces.

This all helps a little by making the ushers somewhat anonymous, but this can be bad, too.

At a wedding in Peoria, an usher named Smedley cracked and electrified everybody in the church with loud sobs every few minutes during the ceremony. But just before it was over, Smedley pulled himself together with a hiccup and nobody could tell which usher he was. So everybody snubbed all of the ushers and they were pretty mad, including Smedley who didn't remember a thing and said he thought it was a shame they held the wedding without him.

An usher is expected to attend two grim little dinners before the nuptials.

First is the bachelor dinner, held two or three days before the wedding. It is about as giddy as rhythmic breathing. The groom is figuring household finance in his head, and the best man is a nervous wreck.

This casts a pall over the party, deepened by the looks on the ushers' faces when they open their gifts from the groom. These tokens of gratitude are usually cuff links, gold key rings or almost anything a nearsighted maiden aunt would jump at for you.

The dinner comes to an early death with a toast to the bride, drunk gladly and supposed to be ended by everyone snapping the stem of his glass.

The other social board is the bridesmaids' and ushers' dinner, on the wedding eve. This is a mild conspiracy arranged by the families of the principals to herd the bridal party together in time for the rehearsal.

It isn't a bad idea at that. Look what happened at one wedding I thought I was really going to enjoy. A sharp boy who had owed me $40 for eight years was marrying a girl I felt sure would lead him a dog's life.

Then the night before the wedding I found one of the ushers capsizing at the hotel bar. I gathered him up and personally delivered him to the dinner, which was just getting up steam.

Suddenly the best man popped up. "Ohamlgladtoseeyouboy!" he said.

"Not me," I purred, and pointed to old rubber legs. "Him."

"Both of you," the best man said. "We're an usher short."

"You still are," I barked, bolting for the door.

But it ended with me in hasty finery at the church door pinch-hitting for the usher who had deserted. He had eloped with one of the bridesmaids, incidentally, and the young set never wholly forgave them this mean and thrifty trick. He has never been asked to usher since, and if you want to figure something out of that, you're welcome. THE END



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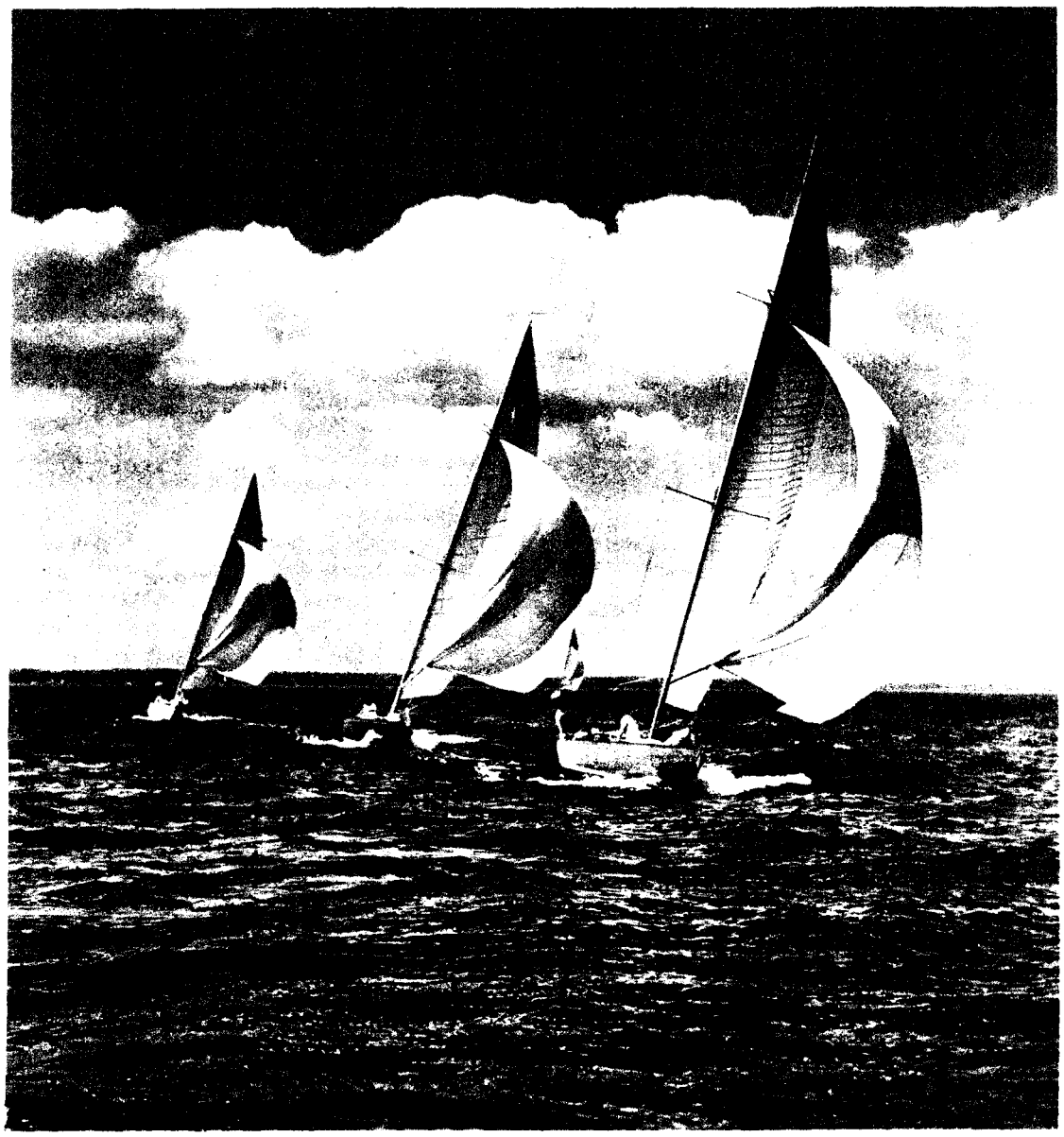

**Let 'er blow**—the weather, we mean. For no matter how nasty it gets—rain, snow, clouds—you can still get good pictures with Ansco, the All-Weather film.

# *You'll have good picture-taking weather all weekend long!*

**(IF YOU USE ANSCO, THE ALL-WEATHER FILM)**

**Now you've heard** just about everything. Here we are actually promising that you'll have good picture-taking weather over all of Labor Day weekend.

And you will have, too, if you use Ansco, the All-Weather film. For, with this film, you don't have to worry about the weather. You get good pictures on sunny days, cloudy days, even on rainy days.

Just pick up your camera—walk out the door—and snap all the pictures you want. The weather? Forget all about it. You can if you make sure that your camera is always loaded with a roll of Ansco All-Weather film.

One more suggestion, please: If you'd like to make taking pictures just about as easy as hanging up a coat, we urge you to investigate an Ansco Camera. For every Ansco Camera is specially designed to make good pictures easier to get.

At right are 3 of Ansco's many types of cameras. Your dealer has one priced just right for your pocketbook. Of course, Ansco All-Weather film works just as well in any other properly designed camera as it does in Ansco Cameras.

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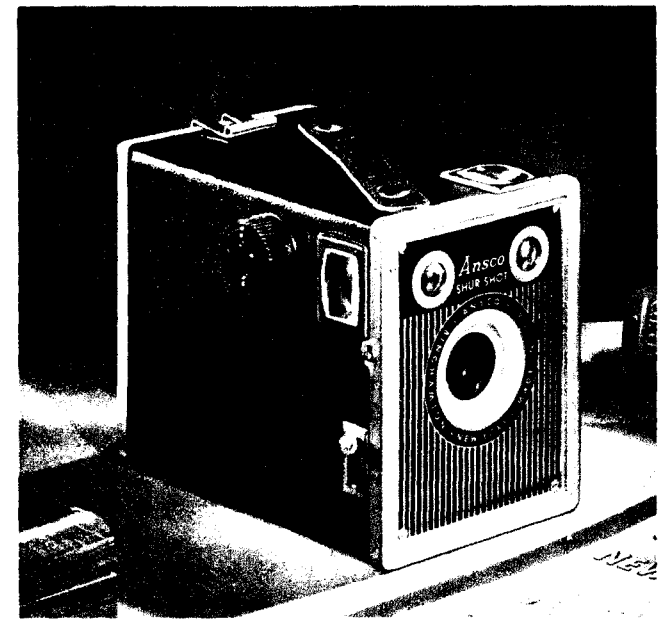
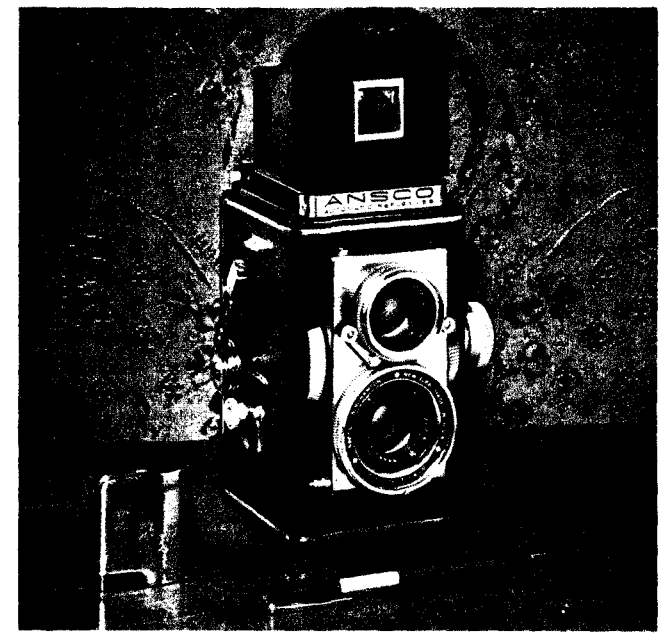
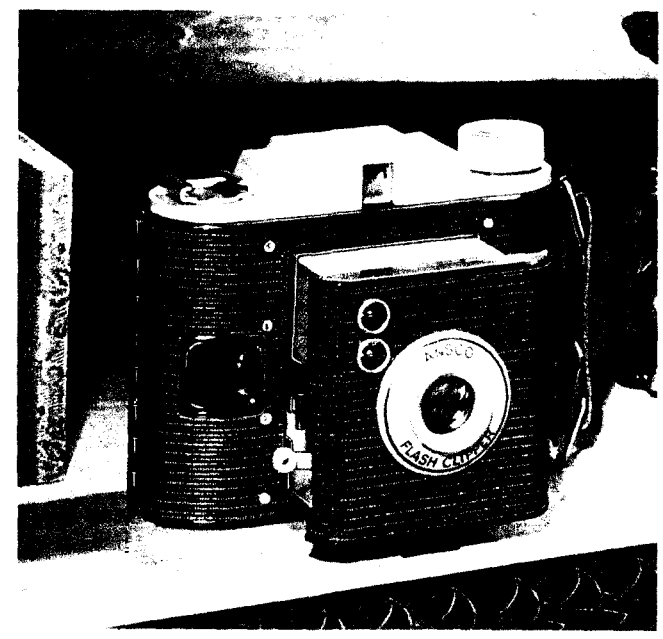



**Here's one camera** that really lives up to its name—the Ansco Shur Shot. The most foolproof camera Ansco has ever made. Has a factory-focused lens. Automatic shutter. Light, easy to carry. So perfect if you just want to get good snapshots for your album.




**Treat yourself** to the finest thing in photography—the great Ansco Reflex Camera. A beautiful precision instrument that takes magnificent pictures. Frame counter, double-exposure preventer, flash-synchronized shutter with speeds up to 1/400 second. Takes pictures night or day.




**Like a little bit of magic,** this Ansco Flash Clipper Camera. Folds right up to pocket size. Has a metal body. Special f11 lens. A synchronized flash attachment for night pictures. And it's made by Ansco, the company that sold nearly 2,000,000 cameras last year.

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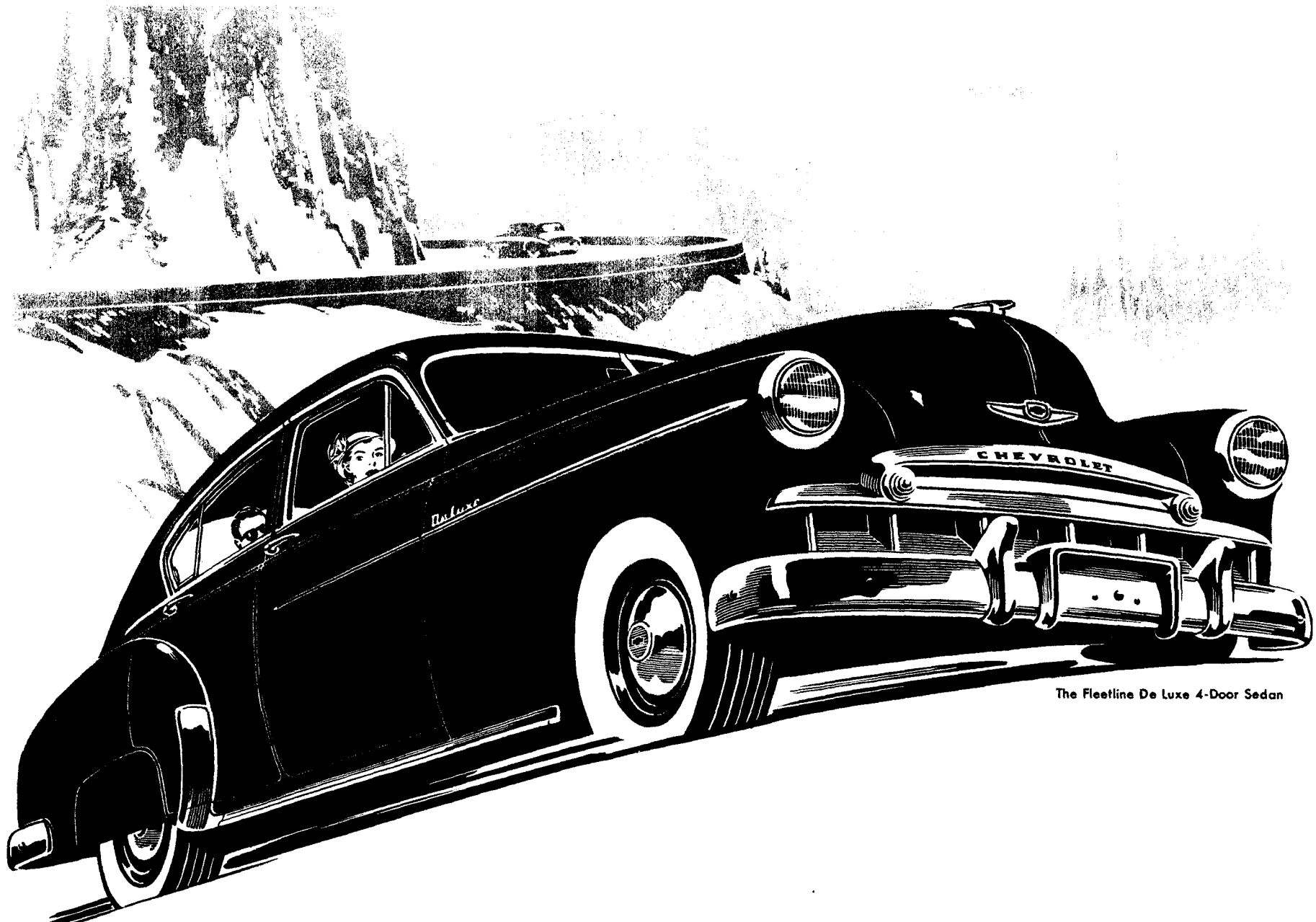


The Fleetline De Luxe 4-Door Sedan

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## *The most Beautiful* BUY *of all*

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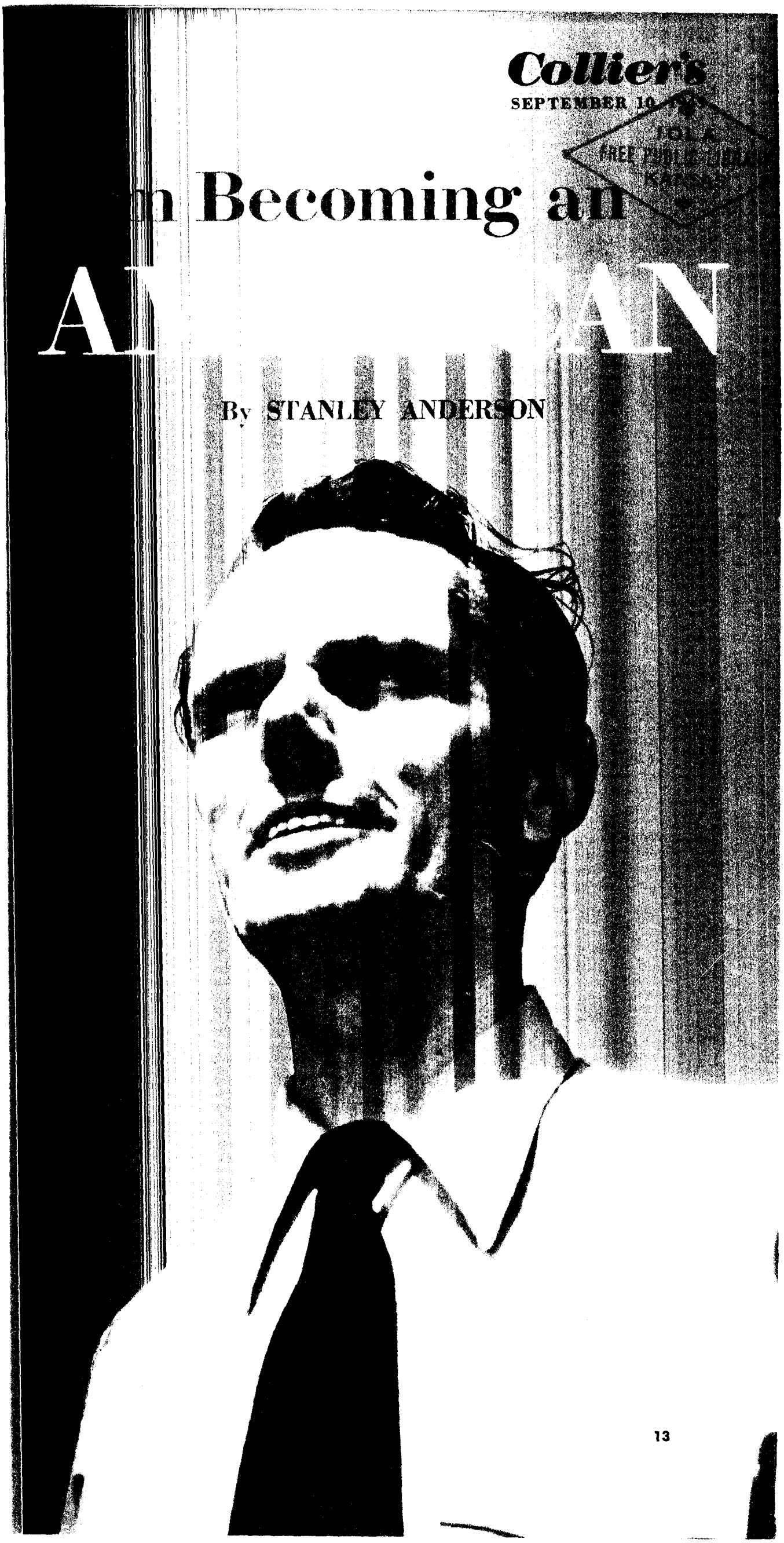
# WHY I'm Becoming an AMERICAN

**To this young Britisher in search of a new life, we are a surprising and wonderful people—but one quality we have overshadows all others: kindness**




I HAVE decided to become an American citizen because the Britain that I loved, knew and was brought up in no longer exists.

I have not come to my decision lightly. Changing a wife, or a religion or a country all involve painful adjustments. In some ways changing one's country is probably the most difficult.

I confess that there have been times when, jolted by some unexpected misfortune and homesick for the past, I have hesitated. Though I have never really thought of altering my decision, the hundreds of little things stored up as pleasant memories create ties that are hard to break. I loved—and still love—England. But I feel I am young enough to start a completely new life in America, one that will be useful, constructive and happy—and of course utterly different.

As I am in my middle thirties, I am both young enough and old enough to have known well two different Englands. My boyhood was spent happily—and luxuriously—in the traditional upper-class British manner. Between the ages of eight and eleven I went to an exclusive school "for the sons of gentlemen." There a serious accident put me on my back for three years. When I recovered the family entered me at Stowe, a famous English school often called "the New Eton."

On my graduation from Stowe I went to Berlin as private secretary to the foreign manager of Lever Brothers. But after a year or so in business I returned to England convinced that I was destined for the church. I studied theology at Oxford. Again changing my mind, I decided to teach but soon found I didn't like being a junior schoolmaster either. I was a rolling stone gathering no moss, but a very young, immature stone—not yet twenty.

Next I tried writing and turned out a terrible novel, Virgin Sinners. It was rejected by 27 publishers. Finally my family helped me finance its publication and to everyone's amazement the book ran through six editions, and is still selling even today. The delighted publisher gave me a contract for three more books, but only one of them, Strange Mischief, was successful.

At the age of twenty-one I inherited $100,000 from my grandfather, Robert Orr, a famous Scotch ironmaster. To celebrate my good fortune I took a trip around the world. For two years I loafed and luxuriated in 18 countries, soaking up impressions everywhere in a vast and glorious confusion.

Three months of my tour were spent in America. As a rich and spoiled youngster I moved about the United States in Pullman drawing rooms and stayed at the most expensive hotels. I recall that on the day I landed, Dutch Schultz, the gangster, was murdered and I was shocked to hear respectable people speak approvingly of the crime.

As I moved west I also *(Continued on page 50)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF



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# RENEGADE

## By STEVE HAIL

**His pride as a logger, his courage as a man, and his love for a girl were at stake in Rory McBride's duel with a treacherous giant of a tree**

IT WAS an accident that brought young Rory McBride to Bear Creek. And it was an accident in a way that kept him there—for a girl as lovely as Helen Mason is not the usual thing in the logging camps of the redwood country.

We were just barely making schedule on the big Eureka Milling contract, with Sven Lindquist, the camp push, seeing to it that we kept the pace. Sven drove us hard, and the crews were highballing from dawn to dark. When logging's done at that speed, there's bound to be an accident. There was. A little Dane who was heading our falling crew got overhurried and careless. The power-driven crosscut saw broke while we were dropping a two-hundred-footer, and a fragment of the blade sliced into the Dane's collarbone.

Helen Mason gave him first aid, but she told Sven Lindquist that the Dane would need a lot more than that. Helen had been hired to help the Widow Quinn pound a little learning into the loggers' brats in the one-room schoolhouse next door to the married men's quarters. Helen had light hair, and grave eyes as soft as a misty morning.

**Helen Mason stared back at Rory as if she'd known him all her life, though they'd never met till now**

Sven Lindquist's blue eyes also went soft whenever he was near Helen. We'd all noticed that he'd look at her the same way he used to look at the Widow Quinn before Helen arrived in camp. The only time Sven showed any humanity was when he was with the girl—and he'd been with her a lot lately.

Sven was forty—almost twice Helen's age—but he was two hundred pounds of Svenska guts and gristle, none of it between his ears. He had a tyee reputation from the Queen Charlotte Islands to the California coast. He'd never finished grade school, but he would never want for a job. Helen Mason could do a lot worse, though what she thought of him none of us knew.

Sven looked at her gently when he told her the little Dane would be given good treatment at the company hospital in town. The Dane was sent away, still bleeding, but not mortally. And Sven made arrangements with the company to have a replacement sent out in a hurry.

That was how Rory McBride came to Bear Creek. He was the replacement. The camp pickup brought him out from town, and I saw him as he eased his wide lean length out of the pickup door, cuffing his hat aslant in the careless gesture I remembered so well from the last time I'd seen him down on the Mendocino coast.

He saw me and twisted a grin around the nut of cut plug in his cheek. He said, "Hello, Mike," then shook his head sadly as his dark eyes worked around the camp. "Times must be tough!"

That was for the speed-up going on around him. There was a shadow in his eyes I hadn't remembered seeing there before. I said, "Rory, that Mendocino show. You still—"

But then Sven came out of the timekeeper's shack, saw him and said bitterly, "With a hundred jacks crowding the hiring hall they have to send me you!"

Rory took an instinctive forward step and stopped. He still had the limp, I noticed, from that Mendocino job when he'd been pinned by a renegade that hadn't fallen the way he'd planned. A renegade is a tree that's cut and notched, and when it's ready to fall, it pops the hinge of wood on which it's supposed to pivot and falls backward instead of forward.

When that happens there's hell in the redwoods for fair. Only a "leaner" is worse. A leaner is a tree that starts to fall, then hangs up, for no apparent reason, and refuses to go over at all. That calls for handwork with axes, often within the huge notch itself, while Old Hughie, the legendary reaper of the Western woods, stands in the offing, beckoning with a bony finger, lip curled in an expectant leer. In either case it's luck as much as anything that decides who Old Hughie is going to tag. Rory had no real reason to blame himself. But he did.

He had been a year or two out of school, as I recalled, with a degree in forestry and a more than average amount of ambition. He had hired on at the Mendocino show as timekeeper—anything to get started. Perhaps he should have stayed there. With his background, he'd have gone just as far working from the office end, with the added chance of living longer. But he'd gone into the woods at the first opportunity and had risen rapidly to head faller, bossing a chopping crew. He had made a good one. And then the accident happened, and all that had changed. One of his crew had been killed, flattened like a rabbit under a 'dozer tread. Rory himself had escaped with a crushed leg; but he pulled the pin that very day. And he had never come back.

AFTER the sawbones let him go, every skid road from Weed to B. C. had come to know hard-drinking, harder-fighting Rory McBride. He and trouble walked hand in hand. No wonder Sven Lindquist wanted none of him.

Now, Rory winked at me, but spoke to Lindquist: "With the bunch of home guards you got here, you could use somebody to liven up the claim."

Sven's blond eyebrows lifted, then drew together. "Any life I need, I'll needle into 'em myself, McBride. You can depend on that. Bear Creek's got no place for troublemakers. Or boomers. Or both. Hit the grade!"

Rory's grin was nearly gone, but his shoulders lifted. "That's okay. I've seen better-lookin' camps on a Hoopa Indian reservation. But just to keep the record straight, you're not firing me." He spat amber to the slash, plucking dust an inch from Lindquist's boot. "So, I quit. Right? And there's the matter of transportation money."

Sven grunted. "It's money saved. I'd pay it myself to see you long gone over the hill."

But Rory McBride didn't hear him. He was looking at the doorway of the schoolhouse, and what was left of his go-to-hell grin died on his lips. Helen Mason had paused on the step, staring back at him as if she'd known him all her life—or wished she had. Yet I knew they'd never met till now. A book hung forgotten at her side and her lips were parted a little as if she'd started to draw a breath and then forgot. Then a slow flush washed across her cheeks and she remembered where she was. She turned away, hurrying, almost running, toward the Widow Quinn's shack where she stayed.

Rory turned back to Sven. His eyes were sober, yet kind of far away. "We'll forget the transportation money, Lindquist. I'm going to like it here."

"Are you now?" Sven's neck was flaming, but his voice was as cold as midwinter hail, and as hard. "You've already quit, *(Continued on page 48)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HERB OLSEN

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Rory swung the ax in great, rounding
confident blows. Suddenly there was
whisper, far off, growing to a sull
roar. "She's going!" Bjordund shoute

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# *For "Gold" in the Atomic Age*

# *The* FORTY-NINERS

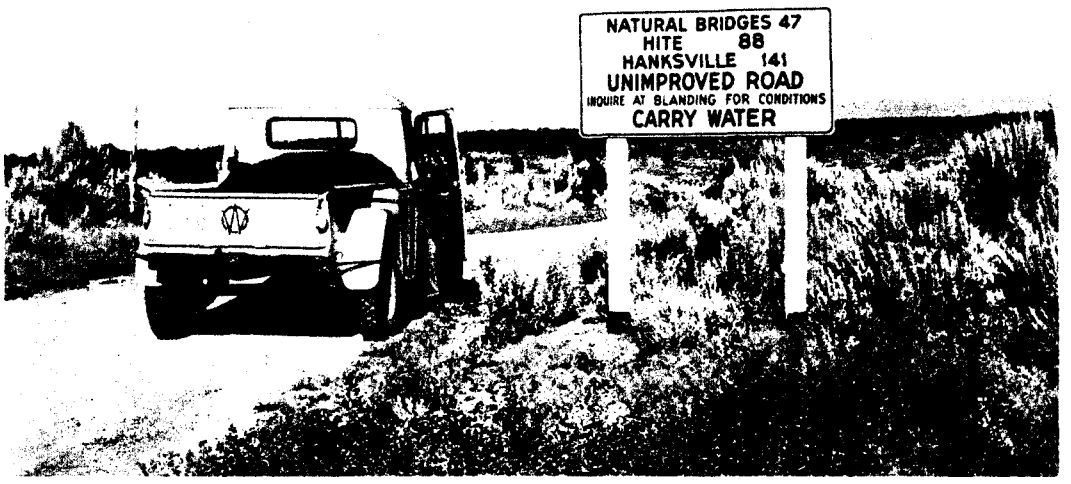
## *Listen in the Hills*

By COLLIE SMALL

ARAH SHUMWAY is a prospector and it may be that he is the classic prototype of all prospectors. At fifty-nine he is grizzled, weather-beaten and wonderfully wise, the way a prospector should be. His companions are mostly the snakes and lizards of the lonely Colorado plateau, and though he maintains a house and family in the little town of Blanding, Utah, his real home is a tent pitched alongside a piñon tree on the floor of the primitive White Canyon, in southeastern Utah near the Colorado border. It is there that Arah, his three brothers, one son and seven nephews have discovered uranium, the fabulous metal which today is the sole source of atomic energy.

The Shumways have already staked some 70 claims in White Canyon, and the samples taken from them have been surprisingly good. But Arah knows that uranium is a tricky thing to count on. Any deposit he finds may pinch out into nothing, mostly because uranium does not run in veins; it runs in pockets.

Nevertheless, Arah does not intend to let any new discovery get away without giving it a good try. In 1935, after finding uranium in near-by Cottonwood Canyon, he sold out his interests to a Los Angeles millionaire for $5,000. Arah figures now that the deal cost him something in the neighborhood of a half-million dollars. He isn't selling this time.




**The desolate Colorado plateau is the only place in the U.S. where uranium is mined**

"A fortune has knocked at my door twice," he says. "This time I aim to let it in."

So each day, his current 70 claims notwithstanding, Arah threads his way up through the rocks to the rim of the high mesa which walls in one side of the canyon. And each day Arah, a tiny human dot on the canyon walls, probes new formations, and dreams of a new and even richer strike. He cannot help being eternally optimistic; if he weren't, he would not be a prospector.

Even though this is the year of a so-called uranium rush on the Colorado plateau, a vast, rocky emptiness that swallows up some 125,000 square miles of Colorado, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico, strangers seldom venture into the wild, remote canyon. A sign at Blanding warns motorists to turn back and make inquiries before proceeding toward White Canyon. The maps say, "Travel in this area not recommended without guides," or they caution against trying to negotiate "impassable ledges." Occasionally, however, Arah encounters a modern '49er who has successfully crossed the 9,000-foot mountain pass called The Bear's Ears and has dropped down into the canyon in search of his share of the uranium there.

As host, Arah makes it a point to be helpful. With the wisdom of long experience he patiently explains to the neophytes that in White Canyon they will find the yellow-streaked uranium ore exposed in outcroppings along the faces of the brightly hued mesas—between the Shinarump layer and the Moencopi formation. That is the way to prospect: Follow the faces of the cliffs.

It doesn't matter that Arah cannot for the life of him spell either Shinarump or Moencopi; he knows as well as any scholarly geologist what the formations are and where to find them. He can spot Entrada sandstone a mile away; and to Arah the grays, reds and whites in the shale and the sandstone mean a Morrison formation. That is where the uranium lies in the plateau—in formations like those—and Arah doesn't make mistakes. After all, he has been prospecting for uranium since 1928. (In those days the metal was bought by a man in Utah who, in turn, sold it for commercial uses in medicine, ceramics and the calibration of certain precision instruments.)

It is a matter of considerable annoyance to Arah that the tenderfoot 1949ers generally put him down as an eccentric old prospector and disregard his careful instructions on how to find uranium in White Canyon. Ruefully he watches them galloping over the ground with their magic Geiger counters, waiting for the uranium to jump out at them and make them rich. Prospecting isn't that simple, but you can't tell them that. They have read too much and learned too little.

Arah shakes his head and says, "Practically every one of them is on a wild-goose chase. I doubt if 10 per cent of the young fellows who come in here would recognize good uranium if it sat up and spoke to them."

It takes all kinds. Since the word got out that there were good deposits of uranium in White Canyon, Arah has even seen a color-blind prospector wandering helplessly through the canyon looking for the telltale yellow streaks. Grand Junction, Colorado, the nerve center of the uranium operations, passes a steady trickle of fortune hunters out onto the plateau, their equipment consisting mainly of hope, faith and Geiger counters. Not a few of them are from Texas, where they "busted out" on dry oil wells and are now trying to recuperate on uranium.

Not long ago, after several months in the uranium fields, a sunburned young Texan fresh from college stood disconsolately on a Grand Junction street corner. "I don't know what it is that's so tough about finding uranium," he said, "but it's got me stumped. I know it's there but I don't know where to look. And I thought oil was tough!"

Arah has hope, faith and a Geiger counter, too; but it should be pointed out that he doesn't trust any one of them too far. In this attitude Arah is eminently correct, although the Geiger counter is unquestionably a useful instrument.

Arah, however, has found that while his counter will tell him how *good* a certain specimen of ore is, it won't tell him *how much* there is in the ground under his feet. He has also found that cosmic rays cause the counter to click distractingly even though there is no uranium within miles.

Radioactive rocks or large bodies of extremely low-grade ore will also register a high buzz on the mechanical detector. An ore deposit near Moab, Utah, for example, makes a Geiger counter behave like a snare drum. Amateurs, when they run into it, are naturally inclined to interpret this reaction as a direct call from the United States Treasury. The denouement comes later when the ore disgorges a lot of radioactive rocks from which nature has long since removed all the uranium.

What the newcomers need, besides more equipment such as compressors and trucks and drills, is Arah's instinct.

Several months ago when Shumway took a load of ore to a mill situated at the end of the canyon, a modern prospector flying a small airplane offered him a ride to Blanding. Arah accepted, and as they flew over one of the mesas, he pointed at the ground and shouted to the pilot, "You know, there might be something down there!"

"You're wrong," the pilot shouted back. "I've landed there. Been over it with a fine-tooth comb. Didn't find a thing."

A week later the flying prospector got in touch with Arah. Something had happened to the young fellow's confidence. *(Continued on page 56)*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

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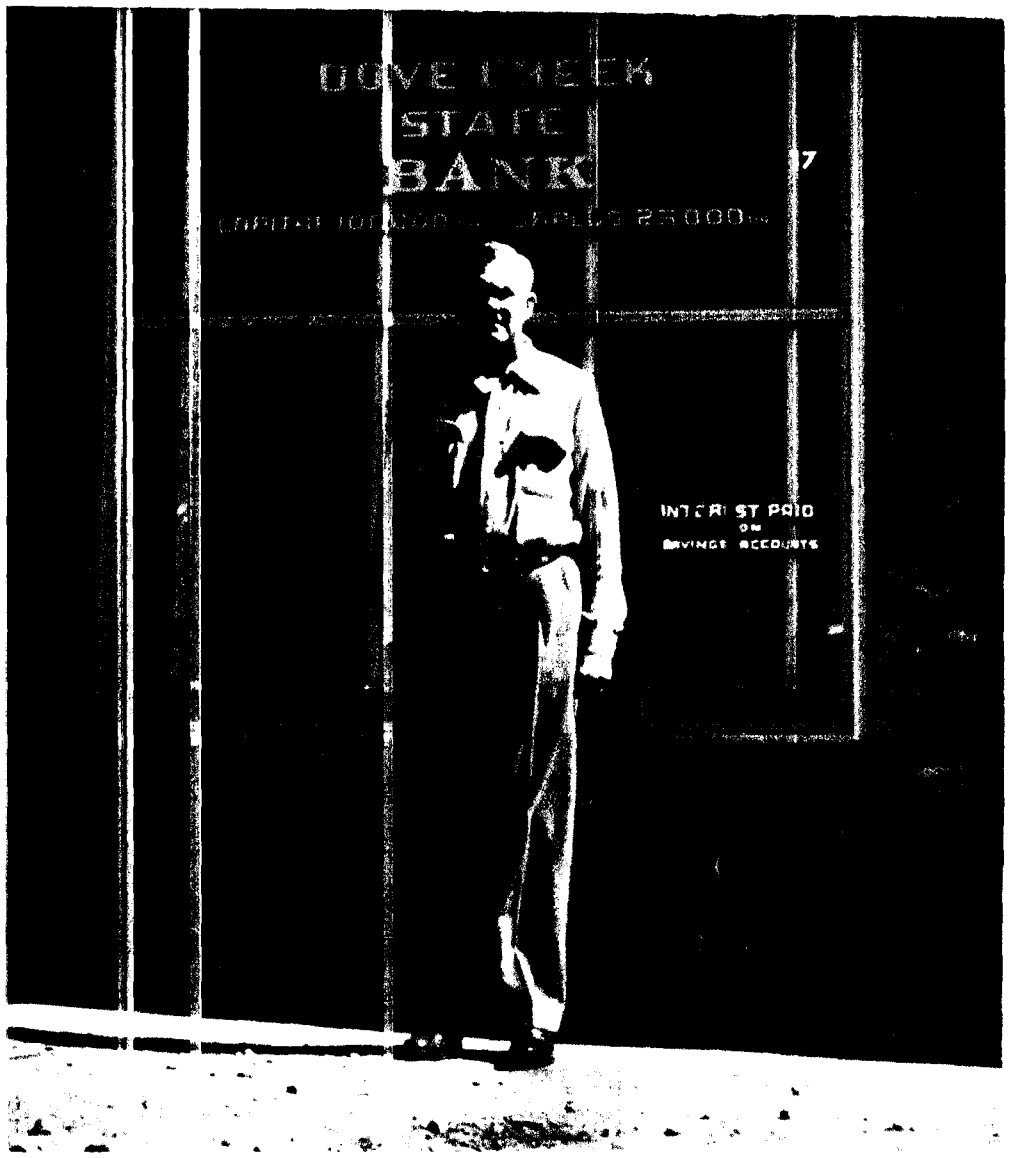
Arah Shumway, seated beside his brother Seth, holds a Geiger counter, which he finds of less help in locating uranium than his 21 years' experience in the hills




F. A. Sutton of Dove Creek, Colorado, is called the Uranium King of America and is the only man known to have made a real fortune in the Atomic Age rush

Only about 800 modern '49ers are mining and prospecting on the 125,000-square-mile plateau. The men below are at an Atomic Energy Commission mine

The ore found on the Colorado plateau averages less than one per cent uranium. Ores in the Belgian Congo and Czechoslovakia run as high as 60 per cent

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# The Sleeper

## By CHARLOTTE EDWARDS

**Men! Do you like to get up in the morning? Mickey didn't, and it got to be a pretty nasty habit. In fact, it almost cost him his wife**

ONE night I said to Mickey, my husband, "Honestly, sometimes I think that marriage is the weirdest thing!"

Mickey looked beautiful lying on his back. He always does. Sometimes it's the floor under him. Sometimes his own good bed. But he enhances whatever he rests upon.

"Marriage?" he said absent-mindedly. Then, "Weird? That's an odd word to use in connection with a well-established tribal custom."

Mickey is precise. He teaches English in our local high school. He thinks words should be used like diamonds—carefully set and polished.

I put down my paper. "There were, and are, lots of weird tribal customs," I remarked loftily.

There ensued a lengthy pause. When I looked directly at Mickey I discovered that he was sound asleep. I, alas, had known he would be. And thereby hangs a tale.

I'm no different from any other woman. I read all the books on love in marriage. I listen to the radio programs which start, "Now my problem—" I fill out those psychological quizzes in complete honesty and seriousness.

And I get nowhere. Because there isn't, to my knowledge, another problem like mine; nor is there another man like the one I married—in utter innocence and high dreams—a little over seven years ago.

My mother warned me the morning after my engagement was announced. "If he's like that now," she commented in her usual brisk and knowing way, "he will not reform just because he marries you. Don't think he will."

Well, I was young. Mickey and I were so in love that we were hardly able to say hello to each other until we had stood breathless, for a long moment, to soak up the effect we had on each other every time we met.

That morning after our announcement I stood at the phone and couldn't believe it.

Before he had left the previous night, Mickey had said, casually, "My folks are still out of town. Hope I'll wake up in time for my first class."

I leaned in the circle of his arm, and, oh, boy! I was all the romantic heroines in the world. Mickey is something to look at, even after seven years. Curly black hair, and a straight glance, sleepy-lidded and aware, that out-Boyers Charles. And, I might add, some women get false ideas.

I had whispered dreamily, "Just set the alarm, darling, and kiss me."

He had finished the second command first, then spoken softly against my cheek. "No alarm seems to wake me up, beloved."

"I'll call you then, sweetheart. Eight thirty."

"Good, honey," he'd said. "That will be fine."

In a happy daze, I had watched him turn and amble down the front walk.

CAME morning, I woke of my own accord, as I always do, exactly five minutes before eight thirty. I ran downstairs and called Mickey's number.

I can still see the view out of the window. Buds adolescing, grass shining under the morning sunlight. I drew a deep enchanted breath. Then I realized that I had been counting the rings of the phone. And that they added up to twenty-four.

"He must have left," I murmured to the passing swish of my mother going about her morning duties. But I let it ring. Only now I counted consciously.

On the forty-ninth ring I heard a receiver click. There followed a heavy pause; then, at last, a strange voice.

"Huh?" it growled. "What want?"

"I beg your pardon," I replied politely. "I must have the wrong number."

Another pause. A great yawn. The voice, still rumpled like a slept-on pillow slip. "Seven-oh-four-two," it muttered. "Benson's."

"Benson's? Is Mickey there?"

"Mickey here."

"Are you Mickey?" I asked incredulous

"Sure, I'm Mickey. Who'd you think? Good-by—"

"Wait!" I yelled. "Mickey—this is Lissa. Are you ill, dear? What is it? You sound so strange—"

"Not ill." Another yawn. "What time?"

"About a quarter to nine. You'll have to hurry."

Disgust crept into Mickey's words. "It didn't work. Spent an hour and it didn't work. Darn-fool thing—"

"What didn't work?"

He yawned again. "I put a heavy flatiron on the edge of the dresser," he explained, more clearly now, "I tied the flatiron to the alarm clock hammer—it's an old one. I put a dishpan under the iron—"

"Why?" I asked innocently.

"To wake me up," he stated simply. "Sometimes I don't hear the phone."

Sometimes, I thought, and listened to the forty-nine rings in a corner of my mind.

"You'd better hurry, darling," I warned.

"I will," he promised. "Did I ever tell you that I love you?"

"Mickey, tell me one thing: Did the alarm-iron-dishpan thing go off?"

I heard his steps retreating. They came back quickly.

"The whole shooting match worked," he announced proudly. "I knew I had something there. 'By, sweetheart, see you tonight." He hung up.

I stood dazed by the phone. An alarm clock, a falling flatiron and the echoes of a dishpan. I told my mother about it. That's when she handed me her words of wisdom. "He will not reform just because he marries you."

TWO weeks ago last Saturday was the last straw. Absolutely and finally the last. Two weeks ago last Saturday I fixed his little wagon, I told myself. Enough is enough and blood can stand just so much and no more.

Maybe I haven't *(Continued on page 44)*

**I burst into hiccuping sobs and felt tears chase down my cheeks. I didn't notice that Mickey's eyes were closed, his breath even**

ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY MONET

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# UNHOLY CRUSADE

## *Communism Vs. Church*

By JOSEPH WECHSBERG

MAŘENKA was in tears. For the past two weeks she had been getting ready for the annual Corpus Christi procession. She had asked Aunt Vlasta, the dressmaker, to let out the seams in her last summer's white dress; she had nagged Mother into buying her a pair of new white shoes and white stockings so she would be all in white, like the other twelve-year-old girls; she had gathered the wild flowers which Mother had tied in her hair. And now, the police said, there would be no procession.

Mařenka couldn't understand it. "What are the policemen doing here?" she asked her mother. "And why don't they permit that the collection plate be passed around inside the church?"

Small girls in white, like Mařenka, and little boys in their Sunday clothes were standing in despair and bewilderment all over the cobblestoned square in front of an old baroque church. This was in a small Moravian town, in Czechoslovakia, where I happened to be last June 26th during the Corpus Christi holiday. Women were crying softly, but most of the men were grim and silent. They knew the wisdom of silence; too many people had been arrested recently in front of the churches for "antistate activities."

And all over the square were the khaki uniforms of *Stráž Národní Bezpečnosti,* National Security Guard, and a few plain-clothes men. There was talk of tommy guns but I didn't see any that day.

Mrs. Horáková—Mařenka's mother—gave a deep sigh.

"What am I going to tell my child?" she asked me, very softly, so the policemen wouldn't hear.

I replied, "You'll have to tell her the truth someday."



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

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"Yes," she said bitterly. "I'll have to hurt her faith. I'll have to explain to her that it has become dangerous to go to church and put money on the collection plate. Last week they arrested two boys for passing the plate around. Now Father Anton has asked us to come to the sacristy and leave our contributions there."

She sighed. "My older sister lives in Prague. She has gone to her church in the Smíchov district for the past 24 years. These days she rides a streetcar all the way to a church in Dejvice, at the other end of the city, where they don't know her. My husband's uncle, who was a parish priest in a small town in southern Bohemia, got arrested for reading a pastoral letter. *Bože*, what has happened to our country?"

Czechoslovakia is my native land. I've known the Horáks—as I shall call them here—for many years. Before World War II, Mařenka's father, Jan Horák, was a miner. He was one of the 18,000 miners of the big Ostrava-Těšín coal district in eastern Moravia, which is part of Czechoslovakia. His was a miner's hard, grim, precarious existence: long hours down in the pit, bad health, accidents, just enough money to pay for the food and an occasional glass of beer on Saturday nights.

The Horáks were living in half of a dreary house in the miners' "colony," sharing it with another miner's family. Their small, dark kitchen was also used as a dining and living room; there was a tiny bedroom for father, mother and Mařenka; a washbasin was shared with the other family; and the "good room," was always dusted and empty, except on Sundays when relatives would come for a visit. There was a picture of the Virgin Mary on one wall and a crucifix on the other.

The Horáks would go to church every Sunday in those times. Often, during the week, Mrs. Horáková would slip away to early Mass, after her husband had gone to the colliery and before Mařenka got up for school. The Horáks were devout Roman Catholics; they were proud of Jan's uncle, the parish priest in southern Bohemia. Jan was a member of *Lidová strana* (the people's party), as Czechoslovakia's Catholic party was called.

Every first of May, when most other miners put on red carnations and went to Social-Democrat or Communist meetings, Horák, proud of his white carnation, would join the other Catholic miners in front of the small church. In those days of T. G. Masaryk and Eduard Benes the color of your carnation was not a matter of grave political concern.

## A Gradual Change Is Under Way

I didn't see the Horáks, then, for a long time. When next I saw them it was after the liberation, one day in May, 1945. The crucifix was on the wall of the "good room," and fresh flowers were underneath it, but Jan Horák was "too busy" to go to church any longer.

"They make Jan work so hard," Mrs. Horáková explained to me. "But he gets more money and a nice pension coming, so we mustn't complain. Only if they hadn't all these meetings in the evening."

"Meetings?"

"I don't know much about them. Jan never talks to me these days. As if he didn't want me to know." She was silent for a while. "I'm going with Mařenka to church now. Next year Mařenka will sing in the choir."

I saw Mrs. Horáková again in 1947. Dr. Benes had come back from exile and was President once more, but most things had changed. For instance, the color of your carnation had become a matter of utmost concern. People were talking of nothing but politics, even at home. They were nervous and apprehensive.

Jan Horák seemed to be doing all right. He didn't go down to the pit any more. He was now an official of the nationalized mine industry. He had a desk and an office and when he came home he didn't have to scrub himself for half an hour to get the coal dust off his skin.

The Horáks didn't live in the grimy "colony" house any longer. They had a four-room apartment in a nice neighborhood, with central heating, hot water and a real bathroom. The oakwood furniture, formerly owned by a Sudetan-German official, had been allotted to them by the National Council.

The crucifix was hanging on the wall of the living room. On the other side were pictures of President Benes and Generalissimo Stalin.

## How the Reds Made a Convert

Horák shrugged in embarrassment. "It must seem strange to you to have Him and Stalin in the same room," he said to me, pointing at the figure of Christ.

I didn't answer.

"*Tož*, you know how it is," he said, in his heavy Moravian drawl. "I didn't really want to join up. What for? I was asking myself. I was doing my job. They couldn't take it away." He nodded bitterly. "What a fool I was! First, the foreman would needle me when I was a minute late. Then they sent me down to the lowest pit where only youngsters were supposed to work. At the canteen my wife would get no extra rations of bread and bacon, as the wives of all Communist miners did. One night I was told I would have to move out of the house."

ACME

**Archbishop Beran, the hard-hitting Czech**

Jan let his heavy fist thump the table. "And then they started to go after the child. Calling her a 'reactionary' in school! A ten-year-old girl who knew nothing of politics! Because she liked to sing in the church choir! Every evening she would come home, sobbing. I couldn't stand it any longer."

"You joined the party?"

"I'm paying my dues," he said, as if that were the answer to my question. "At night I'm studying those books by Marx and Lenin to prepare myself for the *prověrka* (examination) in political education. . . ."

He stared at the crucifix. "I won't take Him down though, no matter what they tell me. And next year Mařenka goes to Catholic school, as she wants to."

I thought of Jan Horák's words as I was standing in front of the church with Mrs. Horák and Mařenka last June. I walked home with the woman and the girl. The crucifix was no longer in the living room. I could see a white spot on the wall. It had the shape of a cross.

"Jan wanted to take Him down," said Mrs. Horáková, bringing me coffee and *koláče*, Czech cake. "So I said to Jan, 'If He goes, I'm going with Him.' We had a terrible scene. Jan said it was too risky now. They are checking up on all party members. . . . Now the crucifix hangs in Mařenka's room."

She started to cry. She cried softly and soberly, as if she had been crying for a long time and had got used to it.

"Jan is so different now. He used to laugh about politics. He said it was something to have a little fun with on Saturday nights. Now he wants to take Mařenka out of Catholic school. He says the kids learn all the wrong things there."

Mrs. Horáková turned to Mařenka, who had been listening.

"What was the song you brought home the other day, Mařenka?"

## America Is the Dream

The girl looked at me reluctantly. For the first time I noticed that there was a distrustful, almost adult expression in her eyes. After a while she said, "It's American."

"Don't be afraid," her mother said. "Mr. Wechsberg is American himself."

Mařenka smiled. Then she began to sing a Czech translation of Anchors Aweigh.

"We read American books and magazines," Mařenka told me, very proudly. "We all want to go there one day. One of the girls gets the magazines from the United States Information Service in Prague. The teacher joined us after school and looked at the pictures with us. And we're reading a book." She went to her room and came back with a United States Department of Labor publication, The Gift of Freedom.

Again she gave me a worried look and said, "Please don't tell Father about it."

I didn't. I left before Jan Horák came home. I knew he wouldn't want to meet me now.

The Horáks, millions of them, in all the "people's democracies" behind the Iron Curtain, are the reason for the unholy crusade which the Communists are now leading against the Roman Catholic Church. Of Czechoslovakia's 12,500,000 people, over 8,500,000, 67 per cent, are Roman Catholics. In Hungary, Roman Catholics account for 65 per cent of the population, in Yugoslavia for 40 per cent, in Poland for over 90 per cent. For all of them the church has become the last bulwark against the Communist tide.

After the Mindszenty trial and the mass arrests of priests in Yugoslavia, Rumania and Bulgaria, Poland was believed to be next on the purge list. Today it seems clear that Czechoslovakia has been picked by Moscow to prove the Kremlin's thesis that the Molotov Plan is *(Continued on page 64)*



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# Give M

**Return engagement of De Lucie, the Iredales' remarkable cook. Her girlish heart is as big as ever. And her talent for getting into trouble is even bigger**

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# My

## By MARGARET CHASE

Wednesday

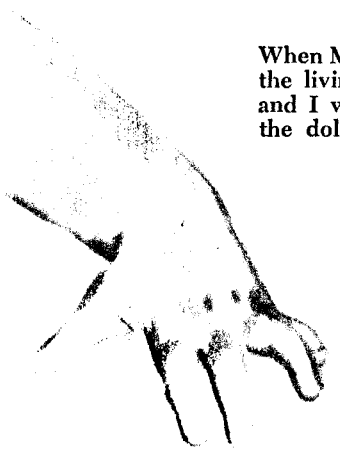
Dear Mrs. Iredale:

We are getting along fine, and I am holding the fort like you said to. I will write you every other day while you are away. I hope you win the Ladies' Golf Tournament, but try not to bring home any more silver cups or cocktail shakers, because they are crowding each other off every shelf in the house now.

Your mother, Mrs. Warhorst, arrived in time for dinner last night an hour after you left. Her hair is a striking lavender color, and she is as wide as a wardrobe. She says she intends to be a mother to Cherry and Stuart and Mr. Iredale while you are gone. Cherry piped up, "Be a mother to De Lucie, too, Grandma."

Mrs. Warhorst looked up at me kind of startled. I was waiting on table for dinner at the time in my nice white summer uniform and lace apron, and I towered over her. The Mister said, "That's right, Mother Warhorst. De Lucie has been our peerless cook and friend for almost a year and the children regard her as one of the family." So Mrs. Warhorst said, "Of course," reluctantly. Stuart remarked in his practical way that she would have a hard time acting like my mother, because my own mother had put me in a paper shopping bag and left me on a bench in a railroad waiting room the day I was born.

"Yes," I said, "and a cop found me and took me to the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls, and there I lived for seventeen years until Mrs. Iredale gave me this job as cook last year."



**When Mrs. Warhorst came into the living room again, Cherry and I were creeping, carrying the dolls away like pack rats**

Mrs. Warhorst said, "How gruesome for you, De Lucie, to come from such frightful people." I said, "Oh, I guess they were all right. I'm probably like my parents and I'm all right. Maybe my mother just had to catch a train."

I made steak and roast onions for dinner, and avocado salad and blueberry pie, stuff the Mister likes. Mrs. Warhorst made Cherry and Stu eat some onions, which they hate, and Cherry yelled and shut her teeth—they like to holler when they're only three—but Stu ate some like a good boy, being all for peace and quiet like the Mister. Mrs. Warhorst said they are going to eat every vegetable on the table while she's here. She's going to be surprised to see scraped carrots night after night. I'm not going to have the Mister's dinner disturbed.

Mrs. Warhorst has an old-fashioned gadget on her dresser that the children admire very much. She says you did too. It's a crystal hand and wrist coming up like a five-fingered lily out of a gold-looking arm and a lacy gold cuff. She puts her rings on the fingers at night and her two diamond bracelets on the wrist.

She told the kids a terrible story about a golden arm. This guy, see, had a wife with a golden arm, see. And she got drowned and the golden arm floated off, see, and he took it home and hid it under his pillow. And her ghost come, see, and says I'm on the first step, give me my golden arm, and this guy shivered in his bed, see. And the lady's ghost says I'm on the second step, give me my golden arm, and the guy shivered in his bed, see. And so on up to ten, and the ghost says I'm on the top step give me my golden arm I GOTTCHA! Cherry yelled and yelled and I thought I'd never get her to bed and then she walked in her sleep. I heard her moving and ran into her room just as she was going to take off out of the window.

The Mister says to Mrs. Warhorst, "Mother, why the hell did you tell that story to a tiny girl like Cherry?" And she said she was sorry—she just intended it to be a warning against the love of gold.

Well, enjoy the relaxing.

I moved all the furniture around in the living room, put the piano in front of the picture window. It looks interesting. Respectfully, your friend

De Lucie

Friday

Dear Mrs. Iredale:

Your telegram received. I am still holding the fort.

I moved the piano back.

The Mister put bars on Cherry's windows.

Don't get excited. It's bad for your putting.

Are you sure you want me to write everything that happens?

It's been so cold and rainy all the doors are sticking and the kids have been playing in the kitchen instead of out of doors. I like them to—I like it noisy. Stuart plays baseball with a Ping-pong ball. I pitch to him while I am scraping the carrots and try to hit his bat—and he yells, "Addy eye! Addy old eye!" all day long. Cherry plays Give Me My Golden Arm. She plods up the steps of the little kitchen ladder howling, "I'm on the first step—give me my golden arm," and so on and jumps off the top like a small load of bricks screeching, "I gottcha!"

Yesterday I was in my bedroom putting on a clean apron and the door which opens outward into the kitchen stuck fast and I couldn't get out. I called, "Stuart, let me out, please," and the little kid tried to pull the door open hollering, "Addy eye! Addy ole eye!" The Mister, who had just come home from his broadcast, strolled out to the kitchen calling, "Fear not, De Lucie! Courage, my brave girl! I will save you! He got a can of beer out of the icebox and opened it. He leaned his big shoulder against the door, holding it tight shut while he sipped his beer. So here was me pounding and pushing and yelling, "Help! Help! Lemme out of here!" and the Mister bellowing, "Courage! Courage! I will save you!" and thumping on the door with his empty glass and holding it shut, and Stuart hollering, "Addy eye! Addy ole eye!" and Baby leaping off the ladder screeching, "Give me my golden arm! I gottcha!" Somehow the young cop Rocky, who was walking his beat two blocks away, heard the racket and came roaring into the kitchen with his teeth clenched and his revolver in his hand, shouting, "What goes on?"

The Mister busted out laughing and let go the door, and I fell out and bowled him and Rocky and Stuart over, and there was a heap of us struggling on the floor, arms and legs every which way. For just one minute Rocky's deep lovely black eyes looked into mine a foot away.

You know how I feel about Rocky.

Doubtless God could make me love someone else, Mrs. Iredale.

I wish He would. It's awful this way, Rocky caring nothing for me.

Afterwards the Mister got some beer out of the icebox and Rocky said no thanks, being in uniform, so the Mister and I had about a small pint each. Stuart swizzed a pitcher of chocolate malt and Rocky drank a couple of glasses to please Stuart, but Baby preferred just a little beer in her doll dishes. We laughed a lot, we had so much fun. Mrs. Warhorst put her lavender head round the door and looked awfully patient.

"I like it quiet!" she said. "Is this a boiler factory? Are you forgetting your place, De Lucie? Cherry Iredale, come at once and pick those thirty-four dolls of yours off the living-room floor. This house looks like a sty." She looked pointedly at the beer cans.

Rocky muttered, "Thanks, Mr. Iredale," and snuck out the back door with his face red as fire and my heart in his pocket. He left his pencil on the floor. Your husband got in his car and headed for New York, saying he had forgotten a rehearsal, but I thought he was through for the day.

So then Cherry wouldn't pick up the dolls. She's awful bullheaded. Mrs. Warhorst went to get a ruler to smack her poor little baby hands. She told me not to let Cherry out of the room unless she picked up her dolls.

So I says, "Come on Cherry, let's play pack rat like we used to do at the Industrial Home. Pack rats carry away all kinds of things in their mouths and hide them." I took a doll's dress between my teeth and crawled down the rug on my hands and knees and dropped the *(Continued on page 58)*

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

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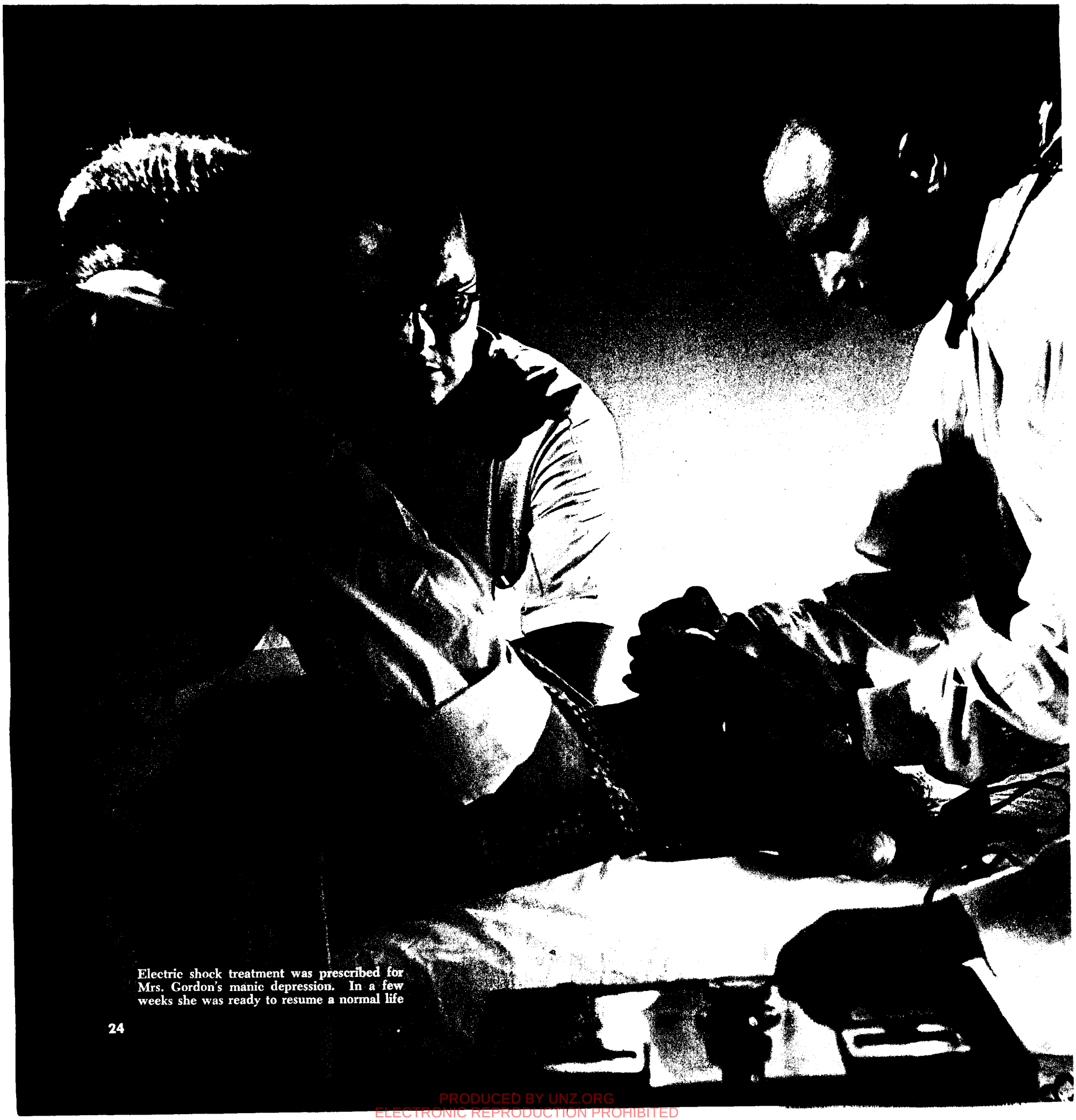
# Psycho Ward No. 3

By LAWRENCE LADER



Electric shock treatment was prescribed for Mrs. Gordon's manic depression. In a few weeks she was ready to resume a normal life



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**Mrs. Gordon's case is one in many thousands. Boston Psychopathic restored her sanity. But in many another city a lack of psychiatric wards would have left her helpless**

HE doctor smiled at the frail, dark-haired girl who stood on the other side of the desk.

"Do you know why you're here?" he asked.

"For a vacation," she said.

He shook his head. "I want you to listen to me carefully. You're at the Boston Psychopathic Hospital. We're going to take good care of you. Remember that now because later I'm going to ask you again why you are here."

This was the first case that Dr. Jackson de Shon had admitted that morning. It was only a few minutes after 9:00 A.M. The doctor glanced at the memorandum from the patient's family physician. Twenty-two years old. First symptoms at the age of eighteen. Depression well advanced.

A plump, middle-aged woman was holding the girl by one arm. "Please sit down," Dr. de Shon said. The girl didn't seem to hear. The woman scraped a chair across the floor and then the girl sat down. But as she did, she put out her hand, finding the location of the chair as though she were in the dark.

"Can't she see well?" the doctor asked.

"Plenty good," the woman said in a warm, Italian accent. "Three doctors say she see plenty good. She don't care what doctors say. She say she going blind."

The doctor turned to the girl again. "What's your name?"

There was no answer. The girl slumped in the chair, her head hanging forward as if she were asleep. She was wearing an old, blue sweater. Her tangled black hair looked as though it hadn't been combed in weeks. Occasionally her fingers tugged at some loose threads at the bottom of the sweater.

"Can't you tell me your name?" the doctor persisted. This time she moved her head slightly. After a long pause she said, "Mary."

"Mary what?"

"Mary Bonomi," said the plump woman. "I'm her mother."

The doctor motioned for the mother to be silent. "What do you do?" he asked the girl. Two minutes later she answered, "I'm a secretary."

"When did you work last?"

The girl smiled dreamily to herself. "Three days ago," she said.

"No," her mother corrected. "Two years. More than two years."

Dr. de Shon took an admission form from the drawer. Questioning the mother and referring to the family doctor's report he pieced together the girl's background, education, physical illnesses and a rough history of the date and length of previous attacks of depression. When he had completed the form he looked at the girl again and asked, "Now tell me, Mary. Why are you here?"

The girl giggled to herself and mumbled, "For a vacation."

The mother looked at the doctor and shook her head wearily.

"You're going to take a nice warm bath now, Mary," Dr. de Shon said, motioning to the attendant. "I'll be up to see you later."

Mrs. Bonomi clutched his arm. "How much it cost, Doctor?"

"You pay what you can afford," he said. "This is a public hospital." Mrs. Bonomi told him that she worked as a cleaning woman, supporting Mary and two younger children on $30 a week. "Go upstairs and talk to the social worker," he advised. "I don't think there'll be any charge in your case." She was smiling for the first time as she left the office.

The case of Mary Bonomi differed but little from the thousand or more mental cases that come into Boston Psychopathic's admission wards every year. Following a normal course, Mary's treatment would probably last seven or eight weeks. She would then return home to resume a normal life. In itself her case has no significance. Yet if you compare what happened to Mary Bonomi at Boston Psychopathic with what probably would have happened to her in 80 per cent of America's cities, its importance becomes startlingly magnified.

In what other cities could Mary Bonomi have found a public psychiatric admission ward? In what other cities could she receive treatment for eight weeks, ten weeks or a year?

In surveying more than 200 American cities I talked to public-health officials and psychiatrists from Atlanta, Georgia, to Seattle, Washington, and from Washington, D.C., to Indianapolis, Indiana. When put together, the facts I found result in a nation-wide picture which is grim. Although more than 8,500,000 people in the United States need psychiatric treatment immediately, in most of our key cities there are no public psychiatric admission wards to which they can go for help.

In Kansas I was told of hundreds of pitiful cases that had been referred to the office of the Council on Mental Health: an old woman, a paranoiac, who thought the F.B.I. was constantly following her; a housewife, convinced that her weight had dropped to 20 pounds; manic depressives; schizophrenics—all of them curable if treated immediately. But without treatment cases like these grow continually worse, and there isn't a single admission ward in the whole state of Kansas for the general public. Finally these persons have to be confined in state institutions for the rest of their lives.

A police captain in Birmingham, Alabama, said, "I picked an old man off the streets last week. He was wandering around with a knife in his hand, swearing he was going to stab himself. A real mental case. That poor guy needed treatment, not jail. But there isn't a public psychiatric ward in the city. All I could do in the end was slap him into a cell."

Dr. Robert Felix, director of the National Institute of Mental Health, estimates that 6 per cent of our population should be getting treatment right now—but the proper facilities aren't available in their cities.

### State Hospitals Won't Do

Why can't these cases go to the large state mental hospitals? For two good reasons. First, most state hospitals are jammed to capacity. Second, the average American family is scared to death of them. They would rather keep a member of their family at home for years than hand him over to the "back wards" or "snake pits."

"One of the best answers to this problem," says Dr. George S. Stevenson, president of the American Psychiatric Association, "would be a psychiatric ward in each city where a patient could get treatment right under the eyes of his family. Every city of 75,000 population ought to have an admission ward—the kind of ward where a person could go just as easily as he would go to a hospital for a broken leg."

And that is exactly the service that Boston Psychopathic's admission wards offer. Every variety of mental case passes through Dr. de Shon's office day after day: a violent alcoholic carried in on a stretcher; a high-school student who was convinced that one wall of his home was missing; a senile old lady, wandering around the streets seemingly penniless, who actually had thousands of dollars sewed in the hem of her skirt; a well-dressed young housewife who had suffocated her newborn baby a few weeks before.

It didn't take money, pull or endless court action for these cases to get into Boston Psychopathic.

"Anyone can walk in here," Dr. de Shon said. "In most cases, it's just as easy to get out again. If the patient is mentally responsible he can sign papers for his own voluntary commitment. He can demand his release at any time on three days' notice. A patient under a private physician's care can be committed for 10 days of observation under 'temporary care papers,' which are signed by the physician. If the doctor and family agree, the 10 days can be increased to 30 or 60 days, which is usually enough to complete the treatment and send the patient home, cured." *(Continued on page 66)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY EILEEN DARBY

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Spook was racing after us, running his heart out, with the sun beating down. I knew he would never give up

# The Red Dog

By HOWARD MAIER

THIS is the story of a dog. An Irish setter named Spook. In him flowed the blood of an ancient line; his regality was evident in the grace with which he carried himself, in the lift of his head, the dignity of his step, and in his deep red mahogany coat. From the tip of his sensitive nose to the feathery sword of his tail, he was a king—a king who ruled me with the gentle power of love.

When war came, Spook was my most serious problem. The Army would take care of me, but who would take care of Spook? For weeks I wrestled with the problem and could find no solution. In desperation—for it was almost time to go—I put the setter in the car and drove to a little town upstate where I spent my summers. The owner of the local garage was an old friend of mine with whom I had often hunted.

Would he take Spook? No strings attached? (The war had just begun, and who had the courage to forecast his own return from it?) I was giving him my dog—and with dogs one cannot give and take back. But would he hunt him? Would he take good care of him? And, most important of all and impossible to put into words, would he love him?

Yes, my friend said, he would take him and hunt him and care for him. But he said nothing about love; for though men may write this word, they rarely use it. I watched him as he patted the dog's head and the hand was gentle, and Spook thumped the floor with his tail, but his eyes remained fixed on my face.

All the way up in the car he had watched me instead of hanging half out of the window in his customary manner; a dog senses many things besides game. Without another word, I handed my friend the lead and got into my car and drove away; and even today I cannot truly remember whether I heard Spook bark or only imagined it. Generally, I am a slow and careful driver; but that day I drove for ten miles at top speed before slowing down.

After a month in the Army I wrote my friend a letter inquiring after the dog. I received no reply. Each camp was farther afield, and from each camp I wrote a letter. No answer *(Continued on page 62)*



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# YOUNG PROFILE

## By BOB THOMAS

**What's in a face? John Barrymore, Jr., 17-year-old member of the theater's royal family, looks like a chip off the old Hamlet as he begins his career**

ONE warm evening last June a slim, dark-haired boy walked into the Pan-Pacific theater in Los Angeles. He had come to see a revival of a nine-year-old movie titled The Great Profile, with a cast including John Barrymore, Mary Beth Hughes and Gregory Ratoff. The picture was a travesty based on Barrymore's own life, and it had been made toward the end of his career, when America's greatest Hamlet was reading his dialogue from blackboards strategically located off scene.

The lad watched the film intently. He laughed uproariously at the comic scenes. When the show was over, he hurried home much excited and said to his mother:

"He's just like me, Mother!"

John Barrymore, Jr., had come to realize what many others had already seen—his remarkable resemblance to his famed father. Even while he was enrolled in school under the name John Blythe (Grandfather Herbert Blythe had taken the stage name "Maurice Barrymore" from an old playbill), teachers and students had soon recognized him as the offspring of the most madcap member of the theater's royal family.

Film studios, also quick to recognize the Young Profile as a box-office natural, sought him for contracts. But his mother, onetime movie queen Dolores Costello, put her dainty foot down. It wasn't that she didn't want to raise her boy to be an actor. She was aware that a stage career for her son was probably inevitable. After all, his acting blood traced back through two previous generations of Barrymores, three generations of Costellos and nine generations of Drews. But she wanted the boy to have another profession to fall back on if he should fail as an actor.

She herself knew the special hazards of trying to follow famous footsteps. When she started her film career at Warner Brothers, she had found it advisable to tell no one she was the daughter of the famous star Maurice Costello.

But Dolores finally weakened in John's case. A family friend, George (Dink) Templeton, practically lived on her doorstep for two years, trying to sign John to a contract with the producing company he had formed with writer Alan LeMay. Dolores confided her misgivings to the boy's aunt, Ethel Barrymore, who has somewhat unwillingly fallen into the role of mother hen of the clan.

"But the boy is almost seventeen, isn't he?" Ethel remarked in her deep voice.

"Yes."

"Well, my dear, all of us started acting long before we were seventeen. He is certainly able to begin now."

Aunt Ethel believes young John is the one to carry on the family's theatrical magic. None of her own three children has won acting fame. Lionel's two daughters died while they were still mere children. As for John's daughters, Diana, whose mother is poetess Michael Strange, failed to set Hollywood afire during her brief film career; and Dolores Ethel, whose mother is Dolores Costello, has not tried acting.

A week after young John's seventeenth birthday last June, his mother shepherded him to a courthouse to have his contract approved, a procedure which must be followed *(Continued on page 72)*

DON ORNITZ

Young John seems to have the acting promise to go with his good looks. Aunt Ethel believes he'll carry on the family tradition

CULVER

The one-and-only, the Great Profile. Handsome, dashing John, Sr., was a madcap, but also one of the great Hamlets of stage history



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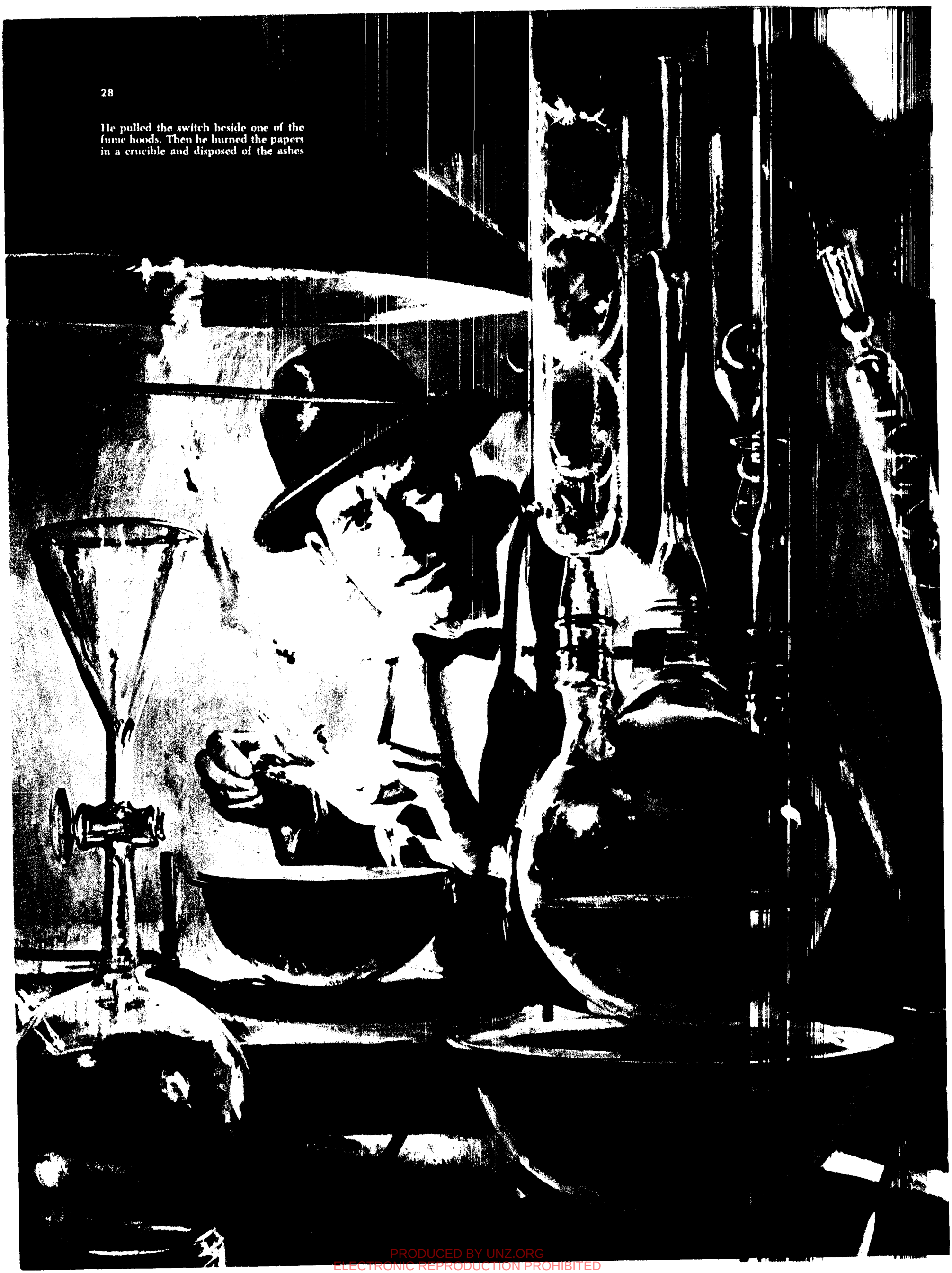
He pulled the switch beside one of the fume hoods. Then he burned the papers in a crucible and disposed of the ashes



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*Continuing a story of espionage*

# Deadfall

## By DONALD HAMILTON

"I don't like to be looked at as if I were some kind of a tart," she said

**The Story:** PAUL WESSON was working as a chemist for the Zenith Petroleum Corporation in Chicago. He was minding his own business, keeping his nose clean, getting along all right. He was a nice guy, and he wasn't looking for trouble. But trouble was looking for him. One morning, two F.B.I. agents appeared at the Zenith plant. They spoke to MR. FRENCH, the head of the plant. Mr. French called Wesson in and fired him.

Wesson wasn't exactly surprised; this had happened before. His loyalty was once questioned because he had known and loved a girl named MARILYN GEORGE, who was later found to be an active member of a group engaged in espionage. Nobody had any evidence against him; there was none to have. But the shadow of distrust and suspicion had pursued him ever since. And now the F.B.I. was looking for Marilyn again. Wesson told them the truth; he hadn't seen her for two years.

So Wesson found himself out of a job. DR. LOWERY, the chief chemist, offered to try to persuade Mr. French to reconsider his dismissal. JANE COLLIS, Lowery's secretary and Wesson's girl, expressed her sympathy; but Wesson was too angry to be consoled. He went to the locker room to gather up his belongings, and found the two F.B.I. men searching his locker. Wesson blew up. He seized a heavy steel bar and smashed it down on the hand of one of the men, named RICHARDSON. Then he went out to get drunk.

He ran into Marilyn (who was now calling herself Elaine Beckworth) in a bar; she had obviously followed him there. Feeling he now had nothing to lose, he allowed her to take him home to her apartment. The next morning, she offered him money to join in her subversive activities. He called Richardson of the F.B.I. and reported the offer and Marilyn's whereabouts. The F.B.I. seemed already to know all about her. That evening, Marilyn and Wesson went to an apartment upstairs in the same building to meet a man named LOUIS. Louis asked for Wesson's gun. Wesson hesitated, suspicious. There was something sinister about the room. Somebody was watching from the bedroom. Wesson decided it was unlikely anyone would shoot him here. He faced Louis, deliberately turning his back to the slightly open door.

### PART TWO OF THREE PARTS

I MEAN," Paul Wesson said, to the tall man, Louis, "if you want the gun, how about taking it away from me?"

The challenge sounded brash and melodramatic in the pleasant surroundings. There was no check or break in the tall man's movement as he arranged the glasses before him on the sideboard and reached for the Martini pitcher. He did not even look up. But his manner betrayed a certain tension.

"I can, you know," he said mildly.

"I know you can," Wesson said. "But is it worth the trouble? You might even have to shoot me; and I'm no good to you dead." He did not turn his head or change the sound of his voice. "Marilyn, you're going to get an elbow right smack in the tum-tum if you don't get the hell out from behind me."

When a girl stepped behind you at a time like this, there were two good explanations of the act: She could be preparing to help disarm you, but she could also, unlikely as it might seem, be trying to shield you from the fire of a gun aimed at your back.

The thought gave him a momentary pleasure, but he called himself a fool. There was no decision to be made, because he would have to act the same in either case.

The man in front of Wesson inclined his head slightly, and the girl behind Wesson moved away, toward the fireplace.

Louis smiled. "All right. If you feel so strongly about it, we'll pass the gun."

"Is that a bargain," Wesson demanded, "or do I order a rearview mirror to see what she's up to now?"

"It's a bargain."

WESSON studied the long, pale, rather handsome face for a moment. Then he took Marilyn's little automatic pistol from his pocket and laid it on the sideboard and grinned.

"The script was strictly horse-opera," he admitted. "I wouldn't know what to do with the gadget if I did have to use it." He glanced at the girl standing by the fireplace. "I just wanted to see which way the outlying counties would vote."

She raised her head a little, startled.

He said, speaking to her directly, "Stay out from behind me. Stay where I can see you."

"There's no need for unpleasantness, Wesson," Louis said reprovingly.

"No," he agreed. "Give the lush her drink and let's—"

"That's enough!" The tall man stepped forward, annoyed. Marilyn's face was quite pale. She did not move.

There was a certain pleasure to be had from knocking the props out from under all this fake gentility, whatever the reasons for doing it; whether he was punishing her for betraying him or shielding her from the consequences of trying to help him. He did not know which, and something inside him needed to keep hurting her.

"Well, that's what she is, isn't she?" he snapped. "Look at her; she's been tanking up all afternoon. It's a wonder she can still—"

"I said, enough!"

There was a brief silence. Then Louis chuckled with sudden understanding. "I see," he murmured. "You really thought she'd back you up, didn't you? Play the protectress."

"Well, she was behind me," Wesson said. "How was I to know why?"

After dinner, the boy in the white jacket brought them coffee in the living room. Louis spoke casually over his shoulder, telling somebody to get himself something to eat; and a short, square man in a threadbare brown suit came out of the bedroom.

While the door was open, Wesson caught a glimpse of a machine resembling a Dictaphone in the far corner of the room; presumably the receiving end of the microphones downstairs. He made a gesture in that direction, as the door closed and the man in the brown suit went on into the kitchen.

"What's the matter, don't *you* trust her, either?" he asked sarcastically.

Louis frowned. "Oh, the microphones? They were installed for another purpose. A gentleman in whom we were interested kept a blond friend in the apartment downstairs. Since the information we were trying to get was quite technical and the girl not very bright, her reports turned out to be utterly useless. . . . No," the tall man said, catching Wesson's look, "Elaine wasn't here at the time, unfortunately. She is very clever about technical information. But we had to go to considerable expense to enable someone else to take down what the man said; hence the microphones."

Wesson glanced again at the girl in the expensive chiffon evening gown, stirring her coffee absently with a tiny spoon. He tried to imagine her tricking and wheedling a man into talking about something he would undoubtedly know should be kept secret; getting him drunk, perhaps, teasing him, offering herself and at the last moment withholding. . . . *Elaine is very clever about technical information!*

"What happened to the blonde?"

"Oh, she is on another assignment now. We retained the apartments because they were conveniently located."

Wesson said, "When I called the F.B.I. this morning, they seemed to know all about this place. Doesn't that kind of limit its usefulness?"

Louis chuckled. "You'd be surprised how many places the F.B.I. knows about, and we know they know about, and they know we know they know about, if you follow me. It's a form of prestidigitation, fella. The hand is quicker than the eye; that kind of thing. Often we will run one kind of semi-illicit activity to distract their attention, while something entirely different and much more important is going on in the same place, unsuspected. And, of course, very often they'll pursue an obvious line of inquiry to camouflage a more dangerous investigation, as you have reason to know."

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, I don't say they *(Continued on page 34)*

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Vincent Dorr, boss of the Ringling menagerie, and a girl performer soothe Mickey, a baby ocelot that Ringling Brothers bought from Trefflich

# *No Business For* SISSIES

By EVAN M. WYLIE

**The biggest wild-animal dealer in the U.S., Henry Trefflich has wrestled with boa constrictors and led elephants around by the ear since his teens. When things get dull he takes a leopard home for the week end or turns up at a party with a 15-foot snake**

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE BURNS

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"SLEEPY," a large red kangaroo at the Cincinnati Zoo, "Schnozz," an Indian pied hornbill in Seattle, a chimp named "Nancy" in Pittsburgh, "Joe," the Bronx Zoo's black rhinoceros, a pair of wombats in Washington, D.C., and four Siamese monitor lizards in Chicago's Lincoln Park may not know it but they have a lot in common: Their trips to the United States were financed by a man named Henry Trefflich, and probably one of the first sounds that greeted their ears upon arrival was this same Trefflich shouting enthusiastically into their traveling crates, "What do you say in there? Are you happy? You bums, you!"

Henry Trefflich, an energetic, blond extrovert, who looks a bit like Melvyn Douglas, is the largest wild-animal importer in the United States. In sheer volume, because he specializes in importing monkeys by the thousands, he is probably the largest in the world, and without a doubt he is the noisiest. With no effort at all he can drown out the combined vocal efforts of several hundred tropical birds, chimpanzees, ring-tailed, pig-tailed, spider, green, Java and rhesus monkeys and a leopard or two.

Because he is called away from his desk more often than the average businessman, a loud-speaker communication system has been installed in his four-story headquarters in downtown Manhattan. When his secretary, wishing to ask him a question, flips a switch and calls, "Mr. T!" Trefflich roars an acknowledgment from another floor, and has to shout loud enough to be heard above every mammal, bird and reptile on the premises.

At times this competition becomes formidable. Not long ago, for instance, Trefflich had on sale or awaiting shipment: garden frogs, guinea pigs, white mice, puppies, monkeys, imported canaries, finches, owls, hornbills, kangaroos, gibbons, baboons, chimpanzees, black panthers, swans, emus, lizards, tigers, a lioness and several pythons.

This represented an above-average population, however, since only a week before a planeload of Trefflich-imported specimens had arrived from Singapore and was still being sorted out, shipped or held awaiting sale. For two or three weeks after such an event, the Fulton Street establishment is a bedlam of shouts, shrieks, chirps, hoots, honks, roars and hisses, above which rise cries of "How about the snakes?" "The tigers go on the next truck!" and "Johnny, grab that bum before he goes out the window!"

A good deal of this is contributed by Trefflich himself since despite the fact that he has a staff of 12 he insists on taking an active part in every phase of the business. He makes a cross-country telephone call to close a $3,000 deal for a baby elephant and then dashes out to hammer together a cage for a couple of wombats. When a new shipment of monkeys arrives he hangs his business suit on a wire hanger beside his desk, pulls on an old shirt and pants, claps a round felt hat on his head and races up and down stairs scattering loose monkeys from his path with shouts of, "Out of my way, you sons of guns!" as he supervises uncrating and sorting operations.

The skullcap, cut from an old fedora, protects him from scratching and hair-pulling reprisals when he has to enter a cage of 40 or 50 excited new arrivals. "They're still so wild they think I'm a snake or something," Trefflich explains. Headgear is part of the uniform of the day for all Trefflich employees who work the monkey floor. As one of his assistants puts it, "You don't wear a hat up here and one of those mean scoundrels is liable to come down and snatch you bald-headed before you know what's happening."

Like any other executive, Trefflich keeps pictures of his wife and children on his desk but they stand on lizard skin and are flanked by two stuffed baby alligators. Within easy reach of his swivel chair is a hunting rifle, a set of *(Continued on page 70)*

Henry sold this rare African okapi and the two animals below to the Bronx Zoo

Makoko, a male gorilla, was captured as a baby in the forests of East Africa

Trefflich shares his office with a black-crested gibbon from Sumatra

Wild boars like this one are found in Europe, Asia Minor and North Africa

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Very soon the judge would announce whether Emmaline needed a guardian or could look after her own affairs

# The Heirs

By BESS STREETER ALDRICH

OLD EMMALINE drove up in front of the county courthouse, climbed out of the buggy and tied her horse to the one hitching post left in town. Her husband used to say he hoped that post would stay there as long as he lived, for you wouldn't catch him putting good money into a car. Well, Pa had been dead a year now, and here was the old post as stout as ever.

Emmaline started up the long walk which led to the entrance of the big brick building. It had a weather-beaten look, but so did old Emmaline. She was slight of build and as brown and brittle as the elm leaves falling now in the courthouse yard, but her eyes were black and bright. Her bony hands clutched a shabby purse whose broken clasp was held together by a rubber band. Her sunken lips worked ceaselessly on the sunflower seed she was chewing. Her withered face had a bewildered look, and with reason.

For in the next half hour the judge would announce whether Emmaline was capable of looking after her own affairs or was in need of a guardian. *Competent. Incompetent.* Lawyer Marks had explained them to her with patient care.

It all went back to Pa's will. She could say that will, word for word, like a child speaking a piece. It didn't sound a bit like Pa's talk, but that was because Lawyer Marks had written it: "Inasmuch as I deeded a farm to each of my children, namely Edward Smith and Ivy Smith Langenmier, at the time of their respective marriages, I hereby give, devise and bequeath to my beloved wife, Emmaline Smith, the home farm and all my other remaining property, both real and personal, with the right to sell, reinvest, or use as she may wish."

*To my beloved wife.* Old Emmaline had been more moved by those words than by the outright gift of the farm. Pa had never used language like that in his whole life. He probably didn't really say it then, either; but he hadn't made Lawyer Marks take it out, so he must have liked it. At so slight a fire did old Emmaline try to warm her heart.

Eddie and Ivy were stepchildren, but she had cared for them since their mother's death when they were eight and ten respectively—first as the hired girl and then as their father's wife. And now they were middle-aged and had brought suit to have her declared incompetent.

The hearing had been yesterday, and when it was over, the county judge had said he would take it under advisement and render his decision this afternoon at two o'clock. Lawyer Marks had told her not to come to town, that he would drive out and tell her the decision; but she had come anyway. She guessed she was just as interested in it as the rest of them.

As she trudged up the long walk, she thought over all that had happened yesterday. It still amazed and confused her. The things the children had said on the witness stand! The lawyer asking Eddie: "What would you say as to her mental condition?" And Eddie, not looking toward her: "Well, I would say it was poor." And the lawyer asking him to tell any incidents to the court, with Eddie saying she walked a lot in the woods, gazing up in the tops of trees—that she rocked all the time on the porch, staring into space—that she had grown so neglectful of her work she hadn't even set a hen last spring.

She could have told them it was the first time she ever had a chance to watch the birds in the timber—that she never before had leisure to rock on the porch—that she decided not to set any hens when she figured up and found she'd set about twelve hundred of the squawking things. But when the judge talked to her later, she had felt just stubborn and wouldn't give any explanation.

Ivy had gone on the stand, too, telling about Emmaline giving money to the church circle. "More at one time than Pa ever let her in his whole life," Ivy had said. Then she told about Emmaline buying all those new things. You could hardly get into the house for all the purchases standing around, Ivy had told the judge—a new couch, dining-room table and chairs, a bedroom set, three rugs not even unrolled yet, new dishes still in their excelsior. "Why, at the rate she's agoin', she won't have anything left." Here the judge had interrupted Ivy and told her to stick to what she had observed. *She won't have anything left for Eddie and me,* was what Ivy really had meant.

Emmaline was in the courthouse now and walking down the hall. Yesterday she had felt timid. Today she knew right where to go. It made her feel important. This was the room. Eddie and his wife came in and took seats on the other side. Neither one looked her way. The children's lawyer came in; then the court clerk.

Lawyer Marks nodded to her, but he looked surprised and maybe a bit cross. And there was Ivy waddling in, late and hurried, coughing asthmatically. The judge came in and took his seat. The room grew quiet. Old Emmaline snapped the rubber band on the purse and chewed her sunflower seed.

What was that the judge was saying? Incompetent. Now which one was that? It was the guardian one. Oh well, she had almost known from the first that was the way it would turn out.

THEY were all gathering around the desk now, and there was some fussing with papers. It reminded old Emmaline that she had a paper of her own. She removed the rubber band from the purse and took out a long envelope. Then she stood up, her lips quivering nervously. She walked through the group to the judge and handed him the paper. His eyebrows shot up and he asked: "What's this?"

"The deed," she said. "The deed to the farm. See, it's all drawed up legal—before a notary. I was deedin' it to the children. Givin' it to 'em, the way Pa said in his will—'the right to sell, reinvest, or use as she may wish.' I was goin' to live in the little tenant house. I didn't need the big house or the farm, neither one. I got a little money o' my own—egg money, that is—and the cash Pa left me in the bank I was aimin' to keep. Them rugs and furniture and dishes Ivy was tellin' about was for furnishin' the cottage. I was plumb enjoyin' gettin' 'em together all year."

The silence in the room was so deep that only Ivy's breathing could be heard. Emmaline's black beady eyes darted toward her and Eddie, both standing there stupefied.

"But all that was when I was still right in the head," she volunteered cheerfully. "Now—" She looked at the judge again. "Now it ain't legal, is it? The property's got to be held in trust for me as long as I live, ain't it?"

The judge cleared his throat. "Yes," he said, "that's correct."

Emmaline's bony fingers reached over and picked up the paper. She tore it through once and dropped it in the wastebasket. Then she turned and walked past the lawyers and the middle-aged children, out of the courtroom's heavy silence. THE END



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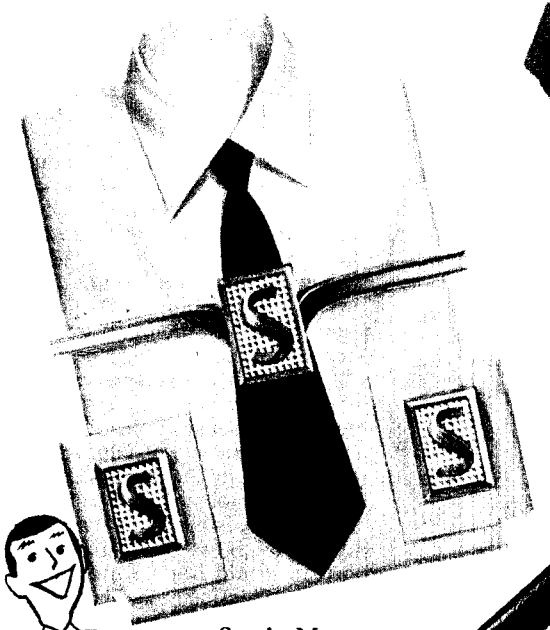

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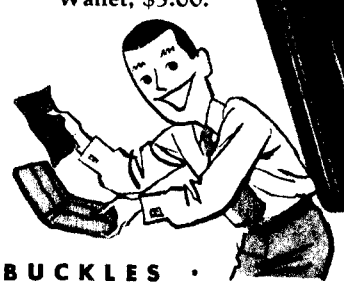

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# Deadfall

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

weren't mildly interested in questioning you, yesterday, but mainly they used you as an excuse to look around the place without publicizing what they were really after."

"And what *were* they after?"

Louis glanced at him speculatively. "I don't suppose it's ever occurred to you," he said after a pause, "how ideal a small oil company could be for a man with, shall we say, certain outside interests. Such a company has contacts with the oil, steel, automotive and aircraft industries, either as buyer or seller; and if the company is small enough, a man in almost any responsible job quite naturally has a knowledge of everything that's going on. He is expected to help with all facets of the company's business. You, yourself, as a chemist, probably were in touch with most of it."

Wesson nodded.

The tall man went on, "You might even have arranged to intercept various communications, apparently from customers or suppliers, if you had wanted to. Mightn't you? And then sent them on in the guise of routine correspondence? In code, of course, so that if a message went astray it would look, to the casual eye, like an ordinary business letter, or technical report."

"It could have been done, all right," Wesson agreed calmly, while his mind grappled with the sudden question: *Who?*

WHO, of the people with whom he had worked for a year and a half, had also carried a secret, better hidden than his own, which was known to both Doc and Jane Collis? Which of them, casually offering to run down for the mail for Janie, as they all did from time to time, had been concealing behind the friendly offers a desperate urgency, had been furtively slipping the treasonable messages out of the pack, on his way back upstairs? Janie herself, or even Doc—

He realized that he was taking for granted that the scheme had been worked from the laboratory, perhaps because he, himself, had become involved. But the fact that the F.B.I. had used him as an excuse did not necessarily mean they believed the guilty person to be someone close to him; his record just made him a convenient whipping boy.

The letters could have been addressed to the plant foreman as bills of lading, or to Mr. French. Any of the girls in the office had access to the mail desk. *A man in almost any responsible job,* Louis had said; but you did not have to take Louis' word that it was a man. Anybody could have done it, although for some it would have been easier than for others.

"It has been done," Louis said. "For instance, Zenith has been supplying the Faircraft corporation with a rust-preventive compound that hasn't been entirely satisfactory."

Wesson said, "The jackasses were applying it wrong, getting too thin a coating; that's why it didn't give protection."

"Yes." Louis smiled. "There was considerable correspondence on the subject, wasn't there? You wouldn't be surprised to learn that a day or so ago a few sheets of data found their way from Faircraft to Zenith that didn't concern rust-preventives at all."

"I see," Wesson murmured.

Louis said, "Faircraft has been running performance tests on a new jet power plane for its Army fighter. Nothing revolutionary, you understand, but very interesting. Unfortunately, the F.B.I. clamped down almost immediately the information had gone out. Our man at Faircraft was picked up. The data was traced to Zenith so quickly that our agent there had no opportunity to pass it along; he had to hide it."

The tall man looked up from his cup, setting it aside. "The F.B.I. was already in the place, as a matter of fact; and if you hadn't created such a fine diversion in the locker room, it's doubtful he could have saved the situation. However, you gave him the chance he needed."

Wesson had a sudden clear picture of the crowd at the locker-room door; the Bentley boy holding the mail as he watched, fascinated. One of them, he thought; and realized that he was afraid to take it further. He did not want to find out. Two people in that group meant something special to him. He did not want to have to consider the possibility that either of them could have—

". . . had to give up the idea of searching the place," Louis was saying. "Too many pipes and kettles. So now they are presumably waiting for us to lead them to what they want."

"It's still there?"

"Yes. Our man has been instructed not to expose himself by making any further moves. He is a keyman in this area and his position is more important to us than the papers. Even though we're interested in the Faircraft data, we'd rather lose it than jeopardize the whole organization."

"Then why doesn't he just flush it down the drain?" Wesson asked.

Louis smiled. "He's done better. He's taped them beneath the top right-hand drawer of your desk."

After a moment, Marilyn, silent at the end of the sofa, tapped the ashes from her cigarette with the sharp nervousness with which she did almost everything these days—a little explosion of movement—then was still again. The color she had had earlier had faded from her face and the brightness was gone from her eyes; she looked sleepy and bored. Wesson looked away from her. He did not say anything. There was very little to say. The trap was self-explanatory. Louis began to explain it, anyway.

"It will look as if you'd had some motive beside bad temper for so drastically interrupting the search of your belongings, when the papers are found, as they will be. And after your past and present association with Elaine, and your having dinner with me here tonight, I don't think that one phone call to the F.B.I.—or even two or three—will clear you of complicity in our operations here if the papers are found."

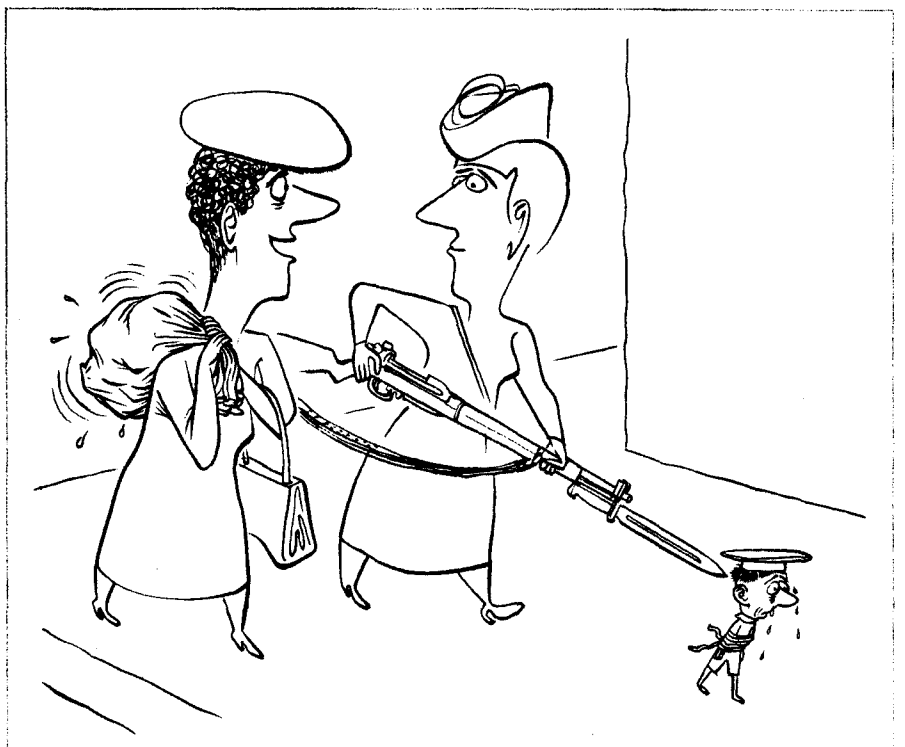
The tall man gestured to the instrument in the hall. "You're free to try it, if you want to. Call them up and tell them what you've learned. See if they thank you and get your job back for you. Personally, I think they'll guess you're double-crossing us because you've lost your nerve; or that we're throwing you overboard and you're trying to make a deal to save yourself."

"And if they settle for me, that'll leave your man free to—"

"To continue operations."

Wesson said shortly, "Well, you didn't ask me up here just to crow about it. What's the proposition?"

Marilyn rose, smoothed her dress, and walked, not quite steadily, to the sideboard. Momentarily distracted, the two men watched her make herself a drink. When she did not turn around to face them, they turned back to each other.



COLLIER'S "Yours never been to school before, either?" VIRGIL PARTCH

Louis said, "We'd prefer not to lose those papers. We can't afford to risk our man to get them out, but if *you* wanted to try, there might be a little money in it for you. And of course you'd also be working in your own interests."

The tall man continued to talk, but Wesson let the words go by him. The outlines of the trap were already clear in his mind: a deadfall, baited with paper and rigged to bring destruction, in the shape of the F.B.I., down on the man who reached for the bait. The F.B.I. would be happy to catch Paul Wesson red-handed with the evidence that, incriminating enough by itself in the place where it was hidden, would be utterly damning after he had sneaked guiltily back to remove it. There was a strong probability that Louis hoped he would be caught if he tried it; Louis might even be planning to insure, by an anonymous telephone call, that this would happen.

He could leave it alone, and when the stuff was found—as he had no doubt it would be—he could try to make people believe that someone else had put it there. He grimaced at the thought. On me, a frame looks fine, he reflected bitterly. Or he could, as Louis had suggested, call the F.B.I. and make like a patriot; and Louis had pointed out exactly what that would get him. It might incline them very slightly in his favor.

In ten years perhaps, if he behaved himself properly, they might check back over the records and decide that Wesson, Paul F., hadn't been such a bad guy after all, and it was a pity the poor sap had died of starvation, but some mistakes were inevitable and the country's safety had been preserved.

He heard his own voice. "Tonight?"

Louis said, "I'll meet you in the park with the money, afterward. Do you know the parking lot down by the lake front?" He described the place carefully. It sounded, Wesson thought, like a particularly good place for a murder.

THERE was a fine mist of rain in the air as he drove up the narrow street toward the familiar building. The street lights had halos that looked cottony, like the stuff you blew off dandelion stems in the spring. From a distance he could see the small parking lot squeezed between the plant and the next factory—which bottled some kind of soft drink—empty except for the watchman's rusty sedan parked close to the side door. He drew up his own car, which was not much younger, behind it. He turned out the lights and got out.

Presently he turned up the convertible collar of his gabardine topcoat and buttoned it to the throat. The dinner jacket beneath it made him feel uncomfortable and out of place. Somebody was undoubtedly watching him, he thought, and to hell with them. The side door was locked when he tried it. He shook it, and kicked it tentatively.

They could hear him, he thought, clear up to the Loop. Somewhere, distantly a streetcar went by, but no cars came down the near-by street. He was apparently the only person in the neighborhood; yet somewhere, he was certain, there were men watching him. Even if the plant itself were not being watched—which seemed unlikely if there were any truth in Louis' story—Wesson was sure that at least one person had been following him. He was probably leading a parade around the streets of Chicago. Me and the Pied Piper, he thought.

He had made no effort to give them the slip, for the simple reason that he had no idea of how to go about it, and his old car would not do much over forty, anyway. Similarly, he had given up any thought of getting into the building unobserved. If men were watching the place, they were sure to be better at this cops-and-robbers routine than he was.

Keep it simple, he thought; have a straight story to tell if they stop you. Whether they believe it or not doesn't matter. They don't believe anything you tell them, anyway. . . . If anybody stopped him, he would merely have decided, a little intoxicated, that tonight was a good time to clean out his desk and locker.

He shook the door again. The watchman was probably asleep in the boiler room where it was warm and dry; or he was doing his rounds, grumbling, among the big storage tanks along the spur railroad track that serviced the plant. Wesson swore loudly to himself and walked around the corner of the building, made his way through the stacked oil drums waiting to be cleaned at the rear of the plant, and along the track to the big sliding doors at which the cars were loaded and unloaded. He threw his weight against the small trap door in one of them, pushing down, and after a moment the latch slipped free.

Wesson left the trap door open behind him so that nobody could claim he was trying to hide his presence in the place. Ahead of him in the long low room he could make out the shapes of the silent



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# The car that likes to be compared

NEW

# PLYMOUTH

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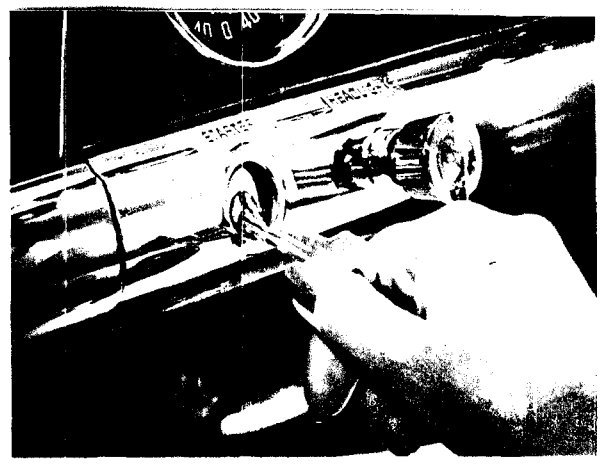
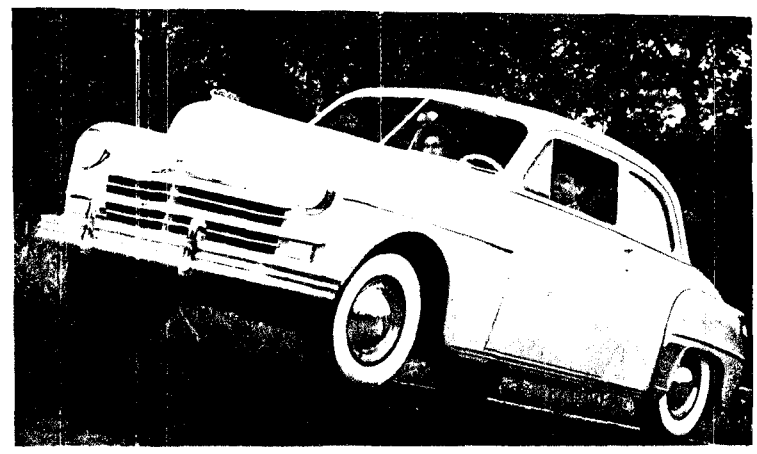


**NERVE** center of Plymouth convenience is the new ignition key starting. Just turn the ignition key — the engine starts! No button to push. No choke to pull. Your one hand does it all. Only Plymouth, in the lowest-priced field, has this great feature.

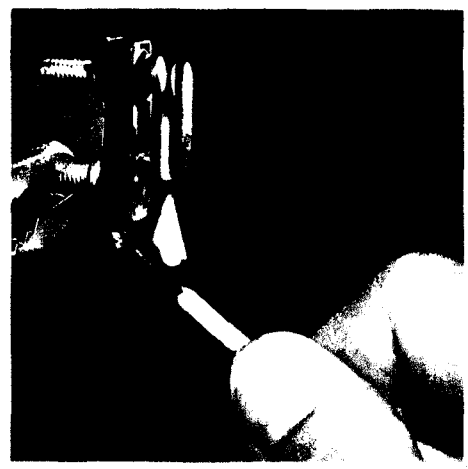


**MUSCLES** of the new Plymouth's engine are huskier. New cylinder head with compression ratio of 7 to 1 (highest of leading lowest-priced cars) squeezes more performance from fuel. New spark plugs with wider gap mean smoother power, fewer resettings.

WHITE SIDEWALL TIRES, CHROME WHEEL COVERS, REAR BUMPER GUARDS AND REAR FENDER SCUFF GUARDS OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST.

**HEART** and lung action improved! Plymouth's intake manifold has been redesigned to give even better distribution of fuel-air mixture for quicker warm-up, livelier operation.

**BODY** beautiful and *practical*, too! Although the brilliant new Plymouth illustrated here has a longer wheelbase, the over-all outside length is less. It's a more able-bodied car — it's easier to park, handle, and garage.



**THUMB** on the circuits is held by this tiny firewarden. Heat from a "short" makes it break the circuit until the trouble has gone. No more replacing of fuses!

**CHECK ✓**

the new Quality Chart at your Plymouth dealer's. Of 22 features found in high-priced cars, you'll see that low-priced Plymouth has 21, low-priced car "A" has 13, and low-priced car "B" has 4. Then take the wheel . . . take a ride. And compare the value!

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

**PLYMOUTH**
**BUILDS GREAT CARS**

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mixing vats and the rows on rows of drums—some empty, clean and waiting to be filled; others full and waiting to be emptied. The only light was a naked sixty-watt bulb hanging in front of the foreman's office by the fire doors at the far end, closed for the night. He started toward it and stopped abruptly, listening to a rat run across the floor upstairs.

Wesson grimaced in the semidarkness, annoyed with himself for the way his heart had pounded. They'll never make a hero of you, bud, he told himself, and made his way to the light, where he paused to scrape caked grease off his shoes. Or even much of a villain, he thought, finding himself casting uneasy looks into the shadows among the surrounding oil drums. He had been on night shift several times when they were putting out a big order, but somehow this was different, being alone in the place.

A small steel door beside the closed fire doors let him into the shipping room beyond; and then he was climbing the stairs past the main office. The glass partitions let him see the unmanned switchboard and deserted desks. As was customary at night, the door to Mr. French's office had been left open, with a fluorescent lamp casting a cold light over the desk, and no other light in the room.

Upstairs, the door to Dr. Lowery's office was closed and locked. This was not customary and made him uneasy. Well, if they were waiting in there for him, there was nothing he could do about it, he decided. He looked around the laboratory, seeing the reagent bottles in neat rows above the stone-topped tables, the apparatus and glassware gleaming faintly in the light of the single ceiling fixture left burning. Finally he let his glance go to the group of desks in the far corner, beyond the somewhat larger desk—equipped with a typewriter—that belonged to Jane Collis.

The question he had put aside came back to cry for an answer: *Who?* The occupants of those desks were clearly the people best located for planting something in his desk.

You'd better make sure the stuff's there before you start theorizing about it, he reminded himself sharply. But it took a moment, and an effort, before he could make himself go forward. He felt that sirens would scream and bells start ringing when he touched the second desk from the right; the doors would fill with armed men and, caught with the evidence in his hands, he would be dragged away to be tried as a spy with the verdict a foregone conclusion. What the hell, he thought, in jail they've got to feed me.

THE drawer made a small rumbling sound as he pulled it out. There was nothing beneath it.

Quickly, he checked all the drawers, finding that, for the first time, he was really frightened. It was to have been expected that Louis had lied, but he found that he had not expected the lie to have no basis in fact at all. He pulled the top right-hand drawer out completely and turned it over to the light. Four small tabs of transparent tape made a rectangle on the plywood bottom; a corner of a sheet of paper adhered to one. It was too small to give a clue to what the paper had been, but there clearly had been something there. Somebody had merely got here ahead of him.

When the door opened behind him he found that he was ready for it, waiting for it. He did not turn at once, giving the person behind him plenty of time for whatever he wanted to do. If you were to be shot, it was no break to see it coming. And if the F.B.I. were there Wesson did not want to startle them into doing anything hasty. After seeing him blow his top once they would be understandably careful not to take chances with him a second time. A voice spoke his name softly, calling him Wes.

"Hello, Janie," he said. His mouth was dry and he did not like to think what her presence meant.

She was standing in the doorway to Dr. Lowery's office. The door was now open. There was a gun in her hand. She had on one of those long, loose, hooded coats that the girls had been wearing the past year or so; this one was brown and he knew it as well as he knew the clothes in his own wardrobe, having carried it for her and helped her into it innumerable times. He knew the low shoes she was wearing, and the shell-rimmed glasses—one of two pairs she owned—and the way she had her dark hair drawn back into a bun at the nape of her neck. But he did not know the pinched white face, or the wide, intent eyes behind the thick-lensed glasses.

He said, "Are you going to shoot me, Janie?" His mind started to add it all up. He did not like the answer he reached, or really believed it. Yet who had been better situated to intercept incoming mail, who had had more constant access to his desk, than the small girl in front of him?

She looked at the gun in her hand, and at him. Then she looked at the desk by the window.

"You," she said. "I thought—"

"What?"

"I thought you didn't—didn't—"

"Didn't what?"

"Know," she said.

He looked at her, never letting himself look away from her, not for a moment. "It isn't there," he said.

"No," she said. "I've got it." The fingers of her left hand crushed the pocket of her coat from outside, crumpling paper beneath the cloth.

"You weren't supposed to," he said.

She stared at him blankly.

He asked quietly, "Why did you come here?"

"I thought you—" Her face seemed to go through a spasm of pain. "I thought you—"

"What?" He was getting closer, slowly. The palms of his hands were wet, and he could feel the perspiration inside the starched collar of his shirt. "What did you think, Janie?"

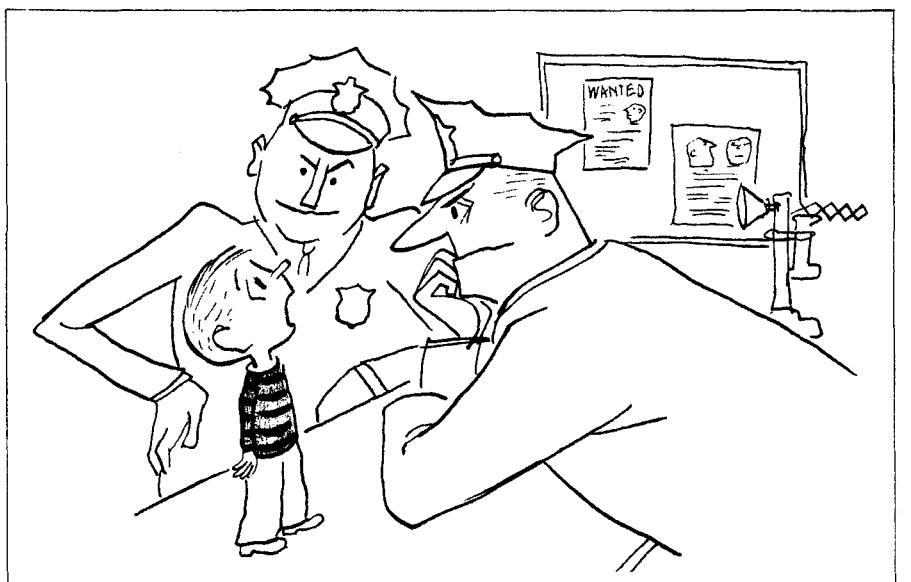
"I thought you didn't know." She looked up at him. The gun sagged, forgotten, in her hand. "This morning, Doc asked me for your notebook. Something—paper—caught when I tried to close the drawer. I thought—I told myself you didn't know— Somebody else—I came back to—" The gun steadied and her knuckles whitened. "But you did know. You went right to it. I watched you." She stared at him blindly. He saw that she was crying.

She turned and leaned her forehead against the doorjamb, and did not seem to know when he took the gun away. He stood for a moment beside her, sickeningly relieved to have his hands on the weapon, so that for a moment nothing else mattered. The small girl in the brown coat pressed her face hard against the unyielding wood of the door and continued to cry silently.

"No," she gasped, when he tried to take her by the shoulders, "no, don't touch me. At least don't touch me!"

He looked at the gun in his hand. "Janie, the gun," he said. "Where'd you get the gun?"

"He had it," she said, and made a little motion with her head toward the office. Wesson looked at the familiar desk where, as on Mr. French's desk downstairs, a small lamp was burning to give all the light there was in the room except for what spilled in through the open door. At the base of the desk he saw the head and one shoulder of the man who was lying on the rug behind it, unmistakably dead.




"I am lost—and I like vanilla, chocolate or raspberry"

COLLIER'S AL ROSS

He was thinking that this did not happen, even as he walked deliberately forward to make sure that he had made no error about either the identity or the condition of the man on the floor. It was Dr. Lowery and he was dead.

Wesson looked down at the silent figure, seeing the drying blood on the vest and on the fingers of the hand that must have gone there in an instinctive movement to contain the sudden unbearable pain, even as death wiped this out with everything else the older man had ever known.

Doc, he thought, who had hired him even knowing how he had come to lose his previous job; Doc, with his air of a somewhat uneasy champion of the oppressed and misunderstood, who would gladly have tackled Mr. French in his behalf. Or would he really? Doc, to whom the laboratory mail came quite naturally, without any effort on his part. Doc, who had an unquestioned right to be anywhere in the building he wanted to be; who could openly look through anybody's desk on the excuse—if anybody asked, which they wouldn't, except to help—of hunting for a scrap of data or some mislaid correspondence.

Wesson turned to look at the small girl in the doorway. The light was brighter in the laboratory behind her than in the dim office in which he stood, so that it was hard for him to see her face. After a while, she nodded dumbly in answer to his unspoken question. *Yes,* the gesture said, *I killed him.*

This did not happen, Wesson thought; people you knew did not shoot other people you knew. They could have peculiar politics, be engaged in questionable activities, but they did not kill one another.

"Why?" he asked.

"I— He—"

It was too much for her, and she turned away. Wesson looked at the dead man on the floor and tried to work it out by himself; but a small urgent voice was speaking in his mind: *Wake up, bud, you haven't got all night.*

He came out of the office, closing the door behind him after setting the latch so that it would not lock. She was leaning against the wall at his shoulder, her back to the wall, her hands flat against it, as if she needed all the contact she could get with something solid. He stood looking down at her.

Once, he remembered, he had given this girl a ring which she still had around somewhere, and had planned to marry her. It seemed remote and unreal now; and he knew that he had been reaching for marriage only as a rung in the ladder back up to the security and respectability that had been taken from him by what had happened in Washington. The knowledge made him feel uncomfortable in front of her, so that when he spoke his voice was rougher than he had intended.

"Give it here," he said.

SHE seemed about to protest; then she pulled a crumpled envelope from her pocket and held it out to him. It was addressed to the Chemical Laboratory, Zenith Petroleum Corporation; and it had been opened. He drew out the contents, two sheets at the first glance seemed to be laboratory report forms of a type sometimes used at Zenith, each filled out for some oil.

A hasty check of the physical characteristics showed him that they were inconsistent and meaningless. No such petroleum compounds had ever, to his knowledge, been discovered; nor did he think any were ever likely to be. Code, Louis had said. Wesson returned the papers to the envelope.

"You came for this, Janie?"

She did not look at him. "Yes."

"Why? What were you going to do with it?"

"Give it to you," she whispered.

He did not want to believe her, because it would put him so deeply in her debt. Hold on, he told himself; look this over carefully, bud, before you buy it. You were a sucker for a girl once before, remember.

"Go on."

"When I felt it under the drawer—" She looked rigidly at the floor. "It obviously didn't belong there. I thought somebody else must have—I was afraid those men would find and think you—I thought if you saw it you might—"

Her glance slid up to touch his face, and down again. He knew she must be remembering that he had walked straight across the laboratory to examine the drawer in question. There was no reason why she should believe an explanation, so he did not make one.

He asked, "How'd you get back in?"

"I never left," she whispered. "I just went outside at five to make it look as if— And then I slipped back in and hid in the washroom."

"You've been here since five o'clock!" He glanced at his watch, which read well after ten. Janie nodded. He asked, "You thought somebody would be watching the exit?"

"Well, I thought—" She flushed. "—I thought that if it were a movie, they would be. And then, while I was looking out the window, I saw him. He was in the doorway across the street for a while; then he moved into the alley beside that window-shade factory. So I knew I'd have to wait until dark to get out without being seen. I got myself something to eat and drink from the vending machines in the plant, and went back into



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## 700 PRIZES, *including:*

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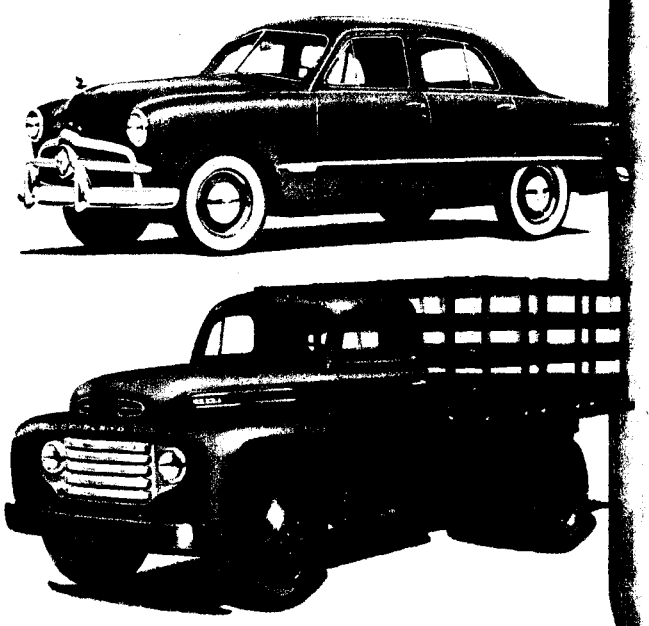
***New Fords***

4-door Custom V-8 FORD Sedans, complete with Radios, "Magic Air" Heaters, Overdrive, and white side wall tires.



**5**
***New Ford Trucks***
**(OPTIONAL)**

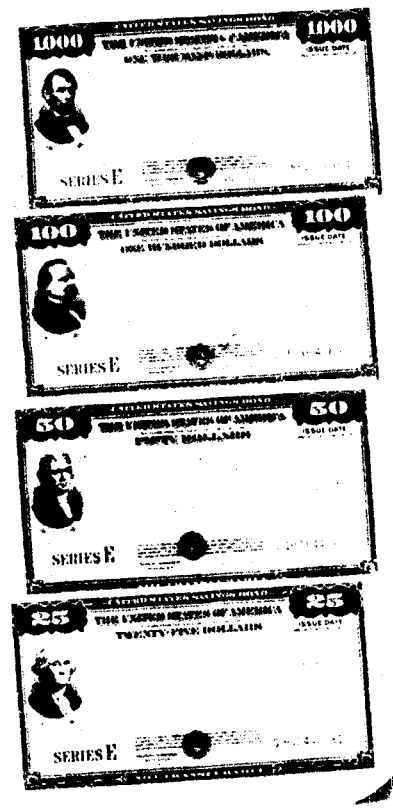
Heavy Duty Model F-5, V-8 engine, stake body, 158-inch wheelbase FORD Bonus-Built Trucks, with radios and "Magic Air" Heaters. Optional as prizes to the top 5 of the 25 car winners who note preference for a truck on Contest Entry Blank.

**25**
***$1,000 U. S. Savings Bonds***

**100**
***$100 U. S. Savings Bonds***

**200**
***$50 U. S. Savings Bonds***

**350**
***$25 U. S. Savings Bonds***




**Here's a wonderful opportunity to co-operate with the National Safety Council, the Inter-Industry Highway Safety Committee and other safety organizations in a vital program to promote safer driving. And, at the same time you can win one of the 700 valuable prizes.**

Regardless of your car or truck's make, go to any Ford Dealer displaying the poster below for a safety check at absolutely no cost or obligation to you. He will put an attractive reflector insignia on your car or truck and he'll also give you an entry blank qualifying you to win the prizes listed at the left. Then, using no more than 50 additional words, finish the statement, "All cars and trucks should be safety-checked periodically because . . . . . ."

You'll think of dozens of good endings. Take, for instance, this example: "*All cars and trucks should be safety-checked periodically because* it takes more than guesswork to keep you safe. It takes the periodic inspection of trained mechanics. It can save lives—maybe yours."

*Ned H. Dearborn, President, National Safety Council, says:* "Certainly every motorist should check and double check the mechanical condition of his car for safety's sake and you at Ford are making such a check easily available for all drivers throughout the country. I am sure that this free check-up and safety contest with its attractive prizes will make Americans more safety conscious . . . it will save lives."

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1. Drive to your Ford Dealer displaying poster shown below.

2. Get a Free Car-Safety Check, Free Safety Insignia and Free Entry Blank.

3. In 50 words or less on entry blank finish this statement: "All cars and trucks should be safety-checked periodically because

   _____

   _____"

4. Mail entry before midnight October 31 to the Ford Car-Safety Contest Headquarters, Box 722, Chicago 77, Illinois. Your entry must bear postmark no later than midnight October 31, 1949 in order to qualify for an award.

a) Use only official entry blank obtained at any Ford Dealership displaying the poster shown below. Print clearly your name and address.

b) Contest is limited to the continental United States and Alaska.

c) Prizes as stated on entry blank will be awarded on the basis of sincerity, originality and aptness by a Jury of Awards consisting of prominent men interested in safety. Judges' decisions are final. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Entries must be submitted in the name of the registered owner or his designated representative. Only one entry per car or truck may be considered. All entries become the property of Ford Motor Company. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations and to contest rules on entry blank.

d) Winners' names will be posted at all Ford Dealers not later than December 1, 1949.

e) Contest is open to all residents of continental United States, including Alaska, except employees of Ford Motor Company, Ford Dealers, their advertising agencies, and their families.

1. **BRAKES**—You get a FREE check of brake pedal reserve and hand-brake operation.
2. **STEERING**—Steering linkage, springs and shock absorbers are checked and front tires are inspected for indications of improper wheel alignment.
3. **HEADLIGHTS**—Operation of upper and lower beams is checked.
4. **REAR AND STOP LIGHTS**—Operating condition is checked.
5. **TIRES**—All tires including spare are checked for recommended inflation and for cuts and breaks in casing.
6. **WINDSHIELD WIPERS**—Blades are inspected for wiping efficiency and mechanism checked for operation.
7. **MUFFLER**—Checked for exhaust leaks.
8. **GLASS**—Windows and windshield inspected for cloudy, obscured vision. Glass and windshield cleaned of all dirt and stickers that might obstruct your view.
9. **HORN**—Horn and horn button are checked for working condition.
10. **REAR VIEW MIRROR**—Mirror is checked for cloudy, unsafe vision.

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the washroom to wait. The watchman looked in once, but he didn't come inside. Then I went up and—and got it."

She glanced at the letter in his hand. "It was getting dark, it was about eight, and I thought I could make it out through the back, if I went through the drum-cleaning shed and got in among the storage tanks. Only, when I started to leave, *he* was there." She did not quite look at the closed door. "He said he'd seen me sneak back. He said he'd been waiting to see what I was up to."

"And then?"

"He—" She closed her hands into fists; it was not a gesture of anger, but of remembered panic. "He wasn't the same person at all, Wes! He had a gun and he made me go into his office and he closed the door and phoned somebody he called Louis. She looked up and spoke with care: *"He* wanted to know when Louis was going to send you."

"Me?" Wesson asked, surprised, although it was logical enough when he thought about it. When you had two people to get rid of—and doubtless something drastic had been planned for him earlier, for which Janie's interference had also made her a candidate—it was easier to take care of them both at once.

Janie looked away and said stiffly, "Louis was to see that somebody named Wesson came here as soon as possible." She waited, as if hoping he would have something to say. "Then we waited for you. The watchman came up the stairs once, but Dr. Lowery took me into the private washroom back of the office, and the watchman didn't look there." She drew a long breath. "Then we waited some more. Then he suddenly remembered the envelope and had me bring it to him. He was sitting at the desk. I guess it was so—so *usual*, my bringing him a letter to read, that he forgot. He started to read and the gun was just lying there beside him. When I leaned over and picked it up his face got so surprised, and he reached for it and—and it shot him." She licked her lips. "I mean, I shot him. I suppose I did."

He wanted to help her but he did not dare to touch her. After a while, he asked, "How long ago was this?"

"I don't know," she said. "How could I know? It seemed like ages before I heard you. I was so afraid the watchman would come by and wonder why the door was locked."

WESSON frowned, trying to follow her reasoning. "You waited for me, even after what you'd heard him—"

"I guess I just wanted to be sure," she said, and looked up at him with sudden, disconcerting steadiness. Presently she said quietly, "I guess I've been kind of a fool, haven't I, Wes?"

He found himself unable to meet her eyes. He wanted to explain himself, but was stopped by the cold fact that would not be explained: that he had nothing to give her in return for the feeling she must have had for him, to try to do this for him. There was only one thing he could do, and he thought: Make it good now; get her out of here. Her question showed him the way.

He said carefully, clearing his throat, "Well, I wouldn't say *that*, Janie."

Slowly the color came flooding into her face; she had obviously been waiting for him to reassure her, to assert his innocence. Whether or not she had intended to let him convince her, she had been waiting for him to try.

He said angrily, "Don't look at me like that, Janie. When you spend four years of your life in uniform and all it gets you is a ten-point veteran's preference toward a lousy civil service job, which they then grab away from you because they don't like your female companions, what are you supposed to do?"

She licked her dry lips. "I wasn't thinking about that," she whispered. He realized that she was afraid of him. He was somebody, now, that she did not know; and she would not have been surprised to see him take out the gun.

He said, "I'm not going to shoot you, Janie; you can let go of that wall." He waited until she had straightened up. Then he jerked his head toward the closed door. "He killed himself. You weren't here. You went to see the show at the Park Theater—we saw the feature downtown last week, but you didn't realize that until you'd got inside. And you didn't care about the picture, anyway; you were just worrying about me."

He saw her wince, and went on: "Then you went home to bed. You can't help if they lost track of you; nobody'd told you to keep yourself available. If they ask how you got home from here, you took a streetcar. If nobody saw you, that isn't your fault."

She shook her head in weak protest. "But I *can't* just—"

He said irritably, "Don't let your conscience get the better of you. If they get the wrong person you can always stand up and say you did it, can't you?"

"Why are you—"

"Look," he said, "don't ask so many questions. I'm giving you a break, Janie. Because you're a nice girl. You don't want to get mixed up in this."

"You might have thought of that sooner," she breathed.

He said, "Damn it, I didn't ask you to go around killing people for me."

"No," she whispered, "no, you just gave me a ring and said you loved me." She never stopped watching him. "Wes, why are you helping me now? What do you want now?"

After a moment he made himself grin. "All right," he said. "All right, Janie." He slapped the letter against the palm of his hand. "This," he said, "this never existed. As long as this never existed, you never shot anybody. Do you understand, Janie? Letter, murder. No letter, no murder."

"It wasn't mur—"

"Do you think anybody's going to believe that, Janie? When you tell them why you came back here, they'll think you were my accomplice right along; you just got caught slipping this letter out of here for me, and killed him. Why, that's just about what happened, isn't it? How are you going to prove what your motives were; and who's going to care?"

She glanced at the rectangle of paper, then at his face. Her own face looked drained and exhausted, as if she had been through a long illness. "I shouldn't let you," she whispered. "Oh, I don't know what's *right* any more!"

Her voice said that she knew only too well what was right; and then her shoulders sagged a little, in surrender. She pulled at the buttons of her coat and reached inside. Her hand came out with a small object threaded on a string about her neck. She pulled hard, the string broke, and she dropped the thing into his hand and ran for the stairs.

Presently Wesson looked down at the engagement ring gleaming, with all the gleam you could buy for sixty-nine fifty these days, in the palm of his hand. He dropped it into his trouser pocket. He found that he was a little disappointed in Jane Collis. She should have marched bravely out to tell the F.B.I. all about the letter, even if she might ultimately be charged with murder. Perhaps she was going to do it after all, but remembering her small, weary face, he doubted it. Not tonight. And the longer she let it ride, the harder it would come. *So long, Janie.*

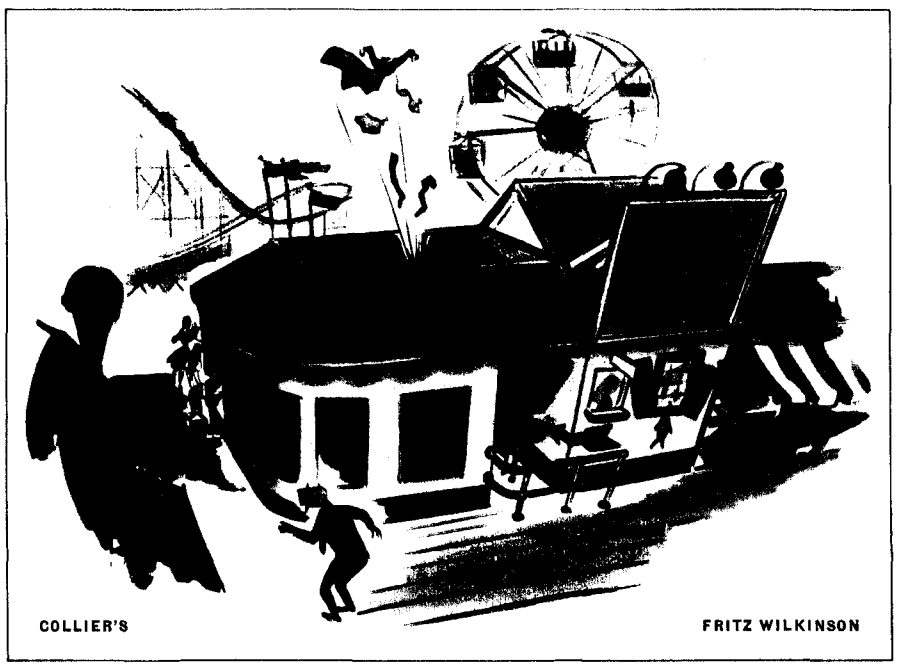
AFTER a long time, hearing nothing to indicate that she had not got safely clear, he opened the office door and went in to the dead man, with the feeling of disturbing somebody's privacy. He took the gun from his pocket and studied it from all angles. It was a small revolver and he was not surprised that the sound of it had not been heard outside this third-floor, insulated office. Only a couple of fingerprints seemed clear enough to be of any use to anybody. He smeared these lightly and put the gun on the rug, not too far from the body.

Straightening up, he looked around the place and thought of a dozen things he could do to make the scene more convincing. Don't get fancy now, he warned himself; come along, mastermind, before you louse it up.

All that was necessary was to leave the possibility of suicide open. He went out of the office, releasing the catch so that the door locked behind him: He intended to claim that it had been locked when he came and that he had therefore never looked inside. Then he took the papers from his pocket and studied them.

It seemed to him a little anticlimactic to discover that they were really no problem at all. He walked to one of the fume hoods and pulled the switch beside it. An exhaust fan set up a muted roaring in the metal duct that led outdoors, and he could feel the draft on the back of his neck. He burned the papers in the largest crucible the lab provided, and disposed of the ashes.

Faircraft presumably had the data on tap, and nobody else had any real business with it anyway. Finished, he felt rather noble and patriotic—he could, after all, have got a considerable amount of money for the papers, assuming he could have got them away from here—but the temptation had not really been very strong. Apparently, you had either



COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON



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to be born a traitor or get extremely hungry; and he was not yet that hungry.

They let him get three blocks before they stopped him. Wesson had never been searched before, and the experience left him angry and humiliated. Only the memory of what was behind him in the locked third-floor office enabled him to keep his temper under control. He watched them go through the carton of personal belongings which he had put into the rear seat without any attempt at concealment when he left the plant. Finally the big man, whose bandaged wrist gave him a reason for liking Wesson no better than Wesson liked him, came back along the sidewalk.

"You picked a funny time to drop by for your stuff."

Wesson said, "Maybe we just don't agree on what's funny."

RICHARDSON studied him thoughtfully. "You called me this morning. You offered to help us." After a moment he went on: "It may interest you to know that we got an anonymous telephone call telling us you'd try to break in here tonight. We were giving you a chance to bring it out to us."

"Bring what?" Wesson asked.

"What you were sent here to get."

Wesson said, "What I came after is in the back seat."

The big man looked him over coldly. "You're getting by with a lot of stuff, Mac," he murmured, and shifted the position of his injured arm as a reminder. "We're leaning over backward to go easy on you, because we think you *may* have got a raw deal. But don't push your credit too far."

Wesson waited, unimpressed. When the other remained silent, he asked, "May I go now?"

The big man hesitated, clearly quite aware that there was trickery involved here, and debating the best way to handle it: whether to let Wesson go for now, or take him back to Zenith and hold him while an attempt was made to discover what he had been doing in the place. It seemed to Wesson that midnight passed and dawn approached while he waited for the answer. He knew that he was not a good enough actor to behave naturally while waiting for them to discover Dr. Lowery's body. They would know he had known it was there.

"I guess you can run along, for now," the big man said reluctantly.

Wesson turned toward his car without, he hoped, any appearance of haste.

"Oh, Wesson."

This was part of the technique, he knew: to make you think you were safe, and then slug you unexpectedly from behind. He straightened up.

"Yes?"

"Where's your girl friend?"

"Marilyn?" he asked, making his voice surprised. "She was at the apartment when I left."

The big man chuckled. "You and your women! No, the little girl. She seems to've given our man the slip; we really haven't got enough people to keep an eye on everybody."

Wesson said, "Well, good for Janie. I didn't think she had it in her." He hoped his voice indicated that Janie's whereabouts did not interest him enough to speculate about them.

"I noticed," Richardson murmured, "that she seems to've given you back your ring. Or do you always carry a spare engagement ring in your pocket?"

It was like seeing an open manhole in the road ahead when you were doing seventy; for a moment he could not seem to catch his breath, until he realized that Richardson could not know that the ring had just been returned.

He heard his own voice saying smoothly, "No, she gave it back, all right. What did you expect after the reputation you've given me?" When the big man did not speak at once he went on to ask with innocent curiosity, "How did you know we were engaged?"

"Everybody in the place seemed to know about it. Was it supposed to be a secret?"

"Kind of," Wesson said; and, knowing that he had said enough on the subject, he waited, feeling the ring heavy and betraying in his pocket. He had not even thought about it; and Richardson had not given a sign that he had noticed it, until now. It occurred to Wesson that he had underestimated the man he was trying to outwit.

The F.B.I. man said deliberately, "Well, I guess you can go. Oh, just one thing more."

Wesson waited by the car without speaking.

"It was a woman who called us," the big man said. "Nice, sexy voice."

"Thanks."

"You haven't been a sucker for *her* again, have you?"

"What do I do, say yes?"

Richardson laughed. As Wesson bent to get into the car, he asked quietly, "Oh—you haven't seen your friend Dr. Lowery tonight, have you?"

Wesson felt his breathing stop, his heart stop. It seemed to him that the picture in his mind, of the dead man lying on the rug in the blue-white light of the fluorescent desk lamp, must be visible to everyone around him.

He glanced over his shoulder. "You seem to have a hell of a time keeping track of people," he said. "What do you want Doc for?"

The big man regarded him without liking. "Never mind," he said. "Beat it."

IT WAS raining a little when Wesson left the car near the tall apartment buildings that faced the park, and went inside the closest one. He did not really know why he had come back here except that there was no other place to go except his room, and he needed to talk to some one. The buzzer responded when he pushed the proper button. There were no questions from the voice box. Marilyn was waiting for him at the apartment door when he got out of the elevator. He did not think she had been expecting him. She stepped back to let him in, however; and he stopped to look at her for a brief moment as he passed her, a little shocked to see how slender and lovely and serene she looked, facing him. It would have been nicer to find her disheveled and reeling drunk. It was not pleasant to know that people could look as she looked and still be what she was.

He walked directly across the living room to the sideboard and poured himself a powerful drink. Then, on consideration, he returned half the slug to the bottle; his trained chemist's hand performing the task without spilling a drop. That was all the training was good for now—mixing drinks—he reflected bitterly. But this was clearly no time to be getting tight.

With the glass in his hand he turned again to look at her. She had not followed him across the room, but was standing by the little hallway, watching him. Something in her look reminded him that he still had his hat on and was therefore no gentleman.

"I thought you were going to meet Louis in the park," she said.

He didn't answer.

"Have you seen him?"

"No."

"Did you have—any trouble?" The small break betrayed her utterly.

"Should I have had?" he asked, and watched her turn and go to the windows, the soft chiffon gown she still wore swirling and eddying about her like mist. After a while, he said, "You're kind of a bitch, aren't you, Marilyn?"

"I suppose so." She did not move or look at him.

"Whose idea was this little trap, yours or his?"

"His."

"You'd say so, of course."

"Yes."

"But *you* called the F.B.I."

"Yes."

"The man said you had a nice, sexy voice."

"Did he?"

"I was to be caught with the goods on me?"

"Yes."

"You'll be disappointed to hear it didn't work," he said. "Because I burned the stuff."

She turned then, abruptly. He finished his drink, set the glass aside carefully, and walked across the room to her. She waited for him to reach her, unmoving. She did not seem to be afraid.

"You lousy little tramp," he said, standing over her. "I ought to beat your ears down."

"Yes," she said.

He pulled her to him roughly, to maul her, rumple her, to muss her fragile gown and her careful dignity, to hurt and humble her. But somehow the kiss did not turn out like that at all; and after a while he released her, bewildered and a little frightened by what had happened to his angry intentions. He found himself irrelevantly remembering that she had stepped behind him at a certain moment earlier this evening, probably to help disarm him, yet just possibly to shield him.

"What the hell are you, anyway?" he asked.

She turned away from him to look down at the headlights passing along the drives of the park across the street. The pavements were shiny with wetness. He stood behind her for a while, waiting for her to speak, until he realized from her breathing that she was trying very hard to keep from crying. Then he started to turn away, but she heard him move and stopped him with her hand.

"Don't."

"What?"

"I thought you were leaving."

He shook his head. "Just shedding my hat and coat. Okay with you?"

She smiled at his challenging tone. Her voice was suddenly quite prosaic. "Bring me my evening bag from the telephone stand, will you? I need a hanky, for some reason."

IN THE hallway, he glanced at his watch; twenty minutes had passed now since the F.B.I. had let him drive away. They would be in the Zenith building now; they would be up in the laboratory. If they had managed to locate the watchman with the key, they might even already have the office open. Once Dr. Lowery was found, they would be after Paul Wesson again.

He had no doubt that somebody was keeping track of him; it should not take them long to get here. The anticipation of the questions they would ask this time made him cringe; and he wondered if he would be able to stick to the story that the door had been locked and he had not known what lay behind it. Even so, he thought there was a very good chance that he would wind up being tried for murder. Well, you could not say he had not asked for it.

When you came right down to it, he reflected, you would have to go a long way to find another man who went to more trouble to play sucker for every woman who crossed his path. *And the wenches aren't even grateful!* he thought, remembering Janie's small, hostile, shamed face as she gave him back his ring and fled. Well, what did he want, he asked himself, a tin medal on a pink ribbon? She had gone, hadn't she? The trouble was, nobody seemed to appreciate what an innately fine and heroic person Paul Wesson really was. *Pass the crying towel this way.*

He wondered if Janie would speak up

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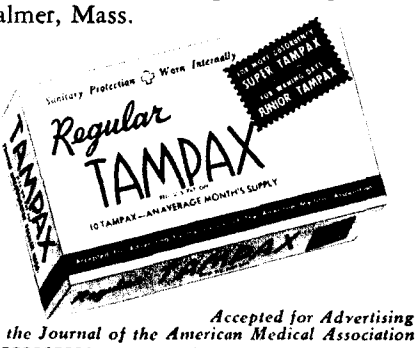


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if he were arrested. Once he would have had no doubts, but now he was not so sure. Thinking him to be a spy, a man who had used her and perhaps even laughed at her, Janie might very well let him be punished for what she had done, feeling that it was really his fault anyway, and that it would serve him right. And if she did not come forward of her own accord, he would only make himself look like a coward and a vicious fool if he tried to save himself by bringing her into it. Even if she were to volunteer a confession, there was a strong probability it would be thought that, still in love with him, she was lying to protect him. No, the story was his and he was stuck with it; in this game, apparently, you played for keeps.

When he came back into the living room, Marilyn was sitting at the end of the long sofa, nursing an unlighted cigarette, which she held up to him for a match. Somehow it was a relief to be with someone he owed nothing to, someone who could not be harmed by knowing him because she was already infected with the contagion it seemed he carried. In fact, when you came right down to it, it was she who had given it to him.

"Thanks," she said, leaning back from the flame he had held for her. "What happened to my purse?"

He laughed. "Sorry. I was thinking about something else. Shall I—"

She shook her head. "Do you want another drink?" she asked.

"No," he said. "Do you?"

"No," she murmured. "Even if I *am* a lush who's been tanking up all day, Paul, I don't want a drink, thank you."

He winced to hear the words he had spoken upstairs quoted back at him; they sounded crude and unpleasant.

She said, "You don't have to make me out worse than I am."

"I'm sorry."

Remembering the microphones in this apartment, he did not try to explain. He was not very eager, anyway, to confess that he had still retained enough illusions about her to think she might have been trying to help him; that he had, by reviling her, been trying to shield her from the suspicion of her associates.

AFTER a while he seated himself on the sofa beside her. Presently she put her hands on his arm lightly, as if to call his attention to what she was about to tell him.

"I did try to keep you from being involved in Washington, Paul," she said. "Even if you don't believe it. And I warned you this morning to get out. If you keep playing Secret Agent X-9 around the place, is it my fault if you get into trouble? Certainly I called the F.B.I.; I'd have done it even if Louis hadn't told me to, just to get you put out of circulation for a while."

"Why?" he asked.

She watched the ascending spiral of smoke from her cigarette. "If you saw a little kid loose in your laboratory, reaching for stuff that could burn him or kill him—" She looked at him with sudden directness. "And do you think I like having you around with that hangdog look, blaming me for everything that's happened to you since the day you were born, Paul? Do you think I like being needled and insulted and sneered at, yes, even struck"—she touched her cheek where a small bruise was still visible—"just so you can keep on telling yourself you're not still in love with me?

"I'm not much to be in love with, I admit, but have I ever done anything to take advantage of the fact that you go all rubber-legged when I kiss you? Have I? In Washington, did I ever ask you for anything, anything at all? As I remember, I was even very careful to go easy on your pocketbook when we went out together. Here, have I used my—my sex on you to make you do anything but get the hell out of something you don't know anything about and haven't the experience to handle? Or, if you're going to be stubborn and get your fool head shot off, I haven't tried to make you treat me with anything more than ordinary human decency until it happens, have I?"

"No," he said stiffly. "I suppose not."

"All right," she said. "And another thing: I don't like to be looked at and handled as if I were some kind of a tart, Paul. I'm not. Maybe it's nothing to my credit that I don't operate in the bedroom like the girl who had this place before me; but it just happens that I don't. That's just another conclusion you've jumped to."

"I never said—"

She said, rather breathlessly, "You've been waiting for me to start seducing you ever since I picked you up last night! Well, if you stay here tonight, you'll still sleep on this couch, Paul. In Washington, I was a messenger, nothing more. I had dates with these men and afterward there would be something in my purse and then I'd go somewhere else and there wouldn't be anything in my purse any longer.

"I'm not claiming that's anything to be proud of; and I'm not saying that at twenty-seven I'm as innocent as I was at seventeen; but that's my private life and my own business, and you can just keep wondering about it from now until you grow a long gray beard. But the next time you start to push me around, darling, I'm not going to be sweet and girlish and yielding; I'm going to crown you with a lamp. It isn't as if you were used to acting that way. It isn't as if you'd dream of acting that way with any other girl you know. Well, you're not going to act that way with me, either, Paul."

HE DID not speak. She got up and stabbed her cigarette into an ash tray that was already half full of stubs she must have put there, waiting, while he was at Zenith. The trays had all been empty, earlier that evening. She turned to look at him.

"You've got no right—" she began quickly.

"No right to what?"

"—to condemn. Oh, I guess you have," she whispered. "I suppose you can't divide a person up into different parts and judge them all separately. Can you? The funny thing is that quite often I still feel like quite a nice person, Paul, and when somebody like you treats me as if I were rubbish, it hurts. Of course you know that. That's why you do it, isn't it?"

He asked, "How did you get into this racket, anyway?"

"It wasn't a racket when I got into it," she said after a little pause. "It was more like a religion. You can do a lot of strange things for something you believe in; things that seem quite incomprehensible after you've stopped. But of course it was very breathless and thrilling, too, and that had something to do with it. I used to like excitement," she said, rather dryly.

He did not speak. Presently she came back to the sofa and sat down on the edge of it, facing him. "I don't suppose you'd ever understand," she said quietly. "I've never tried to tell— It really was like a religion. I was a nice girl from a wealthy family—they don't know where I am now or what name I'm using—and they used to have fits about the political ideas I came home with. They couldn't see where I got them. But it just seemed like the answer, when I was in college.

"The world we lived in had come all apart during the depression, but nobody at home would admit there was anything wrong with the world—or that anything should be done about it. The self-righteous way they talked because *we* could afford—The way they closed their eyes to *everything!* And then a boy gave me a book to read, and I went with him to a meeting—I don't even remember his name now—and it was like coming into a different place, where nobody was afraid to believe, really believe, that the world could be made a wonderful place to live in, if you were just willing to work and suffer for it."

Her face had seemed to soften and become young and almost eager as she talked. "And what they believed in," she said, "had a sort of beautiful, simple logic, and if it was harsh and cruel in a way, what's a revolution when you're seventeen years old and haven't ever seen anybody dead? And anyway, the official line was: nothing violent, nothing illegal. We believed it—why shouldn't we? We believed everything they told us!"

Her features were sharp now with self-contempt; and she looked at least thirty. "What nobody, *nobody* seems to realize is that we *weren't* betraying our country. We thought we were helping to save it. Along with the rest of the world."

"And now?" he asked gently.

"Now we're either running to the nearest platform to wash our dirty little disillusionments in public, or we're rationalizing, rationalizing, rationalizing . . ." She shivered. "But for some of us it's too late. We've already done too much . . . Did you know that a man in Washington killed himself two years ago because of something he'd passed along to me? He was about to be discovered, so he killed himself."

Wesson shook his head; he had not heard it.

She said, "They hushed it up. He was in the State Department. He left a note. That's why I had to disappear like that. *Now* do you see why I can't—why I have to keep on?" She rose again, standing with her back to him. "I suppose if I were really brave— But I'm not. And *they* know it. They always know just what kind of person you are, and what you can be made to do, and how to make you do it. They know that as long as I can keep on living in nice places and wearing nice clothes and having people admire me, I'm not going to help put myself in jail if I can avoid it. They don't worry because I don't think I'm saving the world any more.

"You won't believe it, Paul, but I really thought that in Washington—as late as that, two years ago!—I was working for world peace. Until I learned what some of the documents were I'd helped pass along, and where they'd gone to; and until the foreign situation made it so obvious what was going on over there . . ." She turned to look down at him. "I'm not asking you to feel sorry for me, darling. Why, a lot of the time I still kind of enjoy myself, in a hamactressy sort of way. It's, well, *exciting.*" She shivered again, and after a pause walked away across the room, saying, "I think I will have a drink, after all. Join me?"

"All right," he said. "Just a little one."

AS HE went forward to take it from her, he did not know what he was thinking, except that it was tinged with regret. Because it was too late to be explaining anything. It was too late. Even if he were in love with her, it was too late for love. He would wind up in court for murder, and she for something many people would consider worse than murder; and how they had got that way no longer really mattered.

Yet it was nice to have company. He smiled at her, taking the glass from her hand, and her smile answered him; then suddenly died. He also had heard the elevator come to a stop at this floor but he stared at her for a moment longer, and understood that she, too, had been waiting. She, too, was expecting someone or something. She had been a little surprised to see him, he remembered suddenly; she had thought she was opening the door for somebody else, someone for whom, he reminded himself, she had worn the fragile, becoming evening gown instead of changing into something more comfortable and less vulnerable.

Her glance at him was suddenly the glance of a stranger, as she put her glass aside and went hastily toward the door, but not so quickly that the bell did not ring before she got there.

Then Louis was in the hallway. Wesson heard the tall man's voice.

"Where?"

Marilyn answered with a jerk of her head. Louis brushed past her to stand in the archway, facing Wesson. Behind him, the slender fair-haired girl Wesson could no longer feel he knew had turned aside to pick up her silver-mesh evening bag from the telephone stand. She did not look around.

"What took you so long?" she asked the tall man sullenly. "God, I've had to tell him the whole story of my life, waiting for you to get here!"

"I know," Louis said. "I heard you."

The girl behind him glanced up quickly at the tone of his voice.

*(To be concluded next week)*

*Starting next week:*

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**By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER**

**Mason knew it was dangerous to paddle out on the bay that night, and he probably shouldn't have rescued the girl from the water. But before the night was over, she had given him a letter she found in a bottle—a letter written by a dead woman. It was the first clue in the strange and baffling**

**CASE OF THE NEGLIGENT NYMPH**



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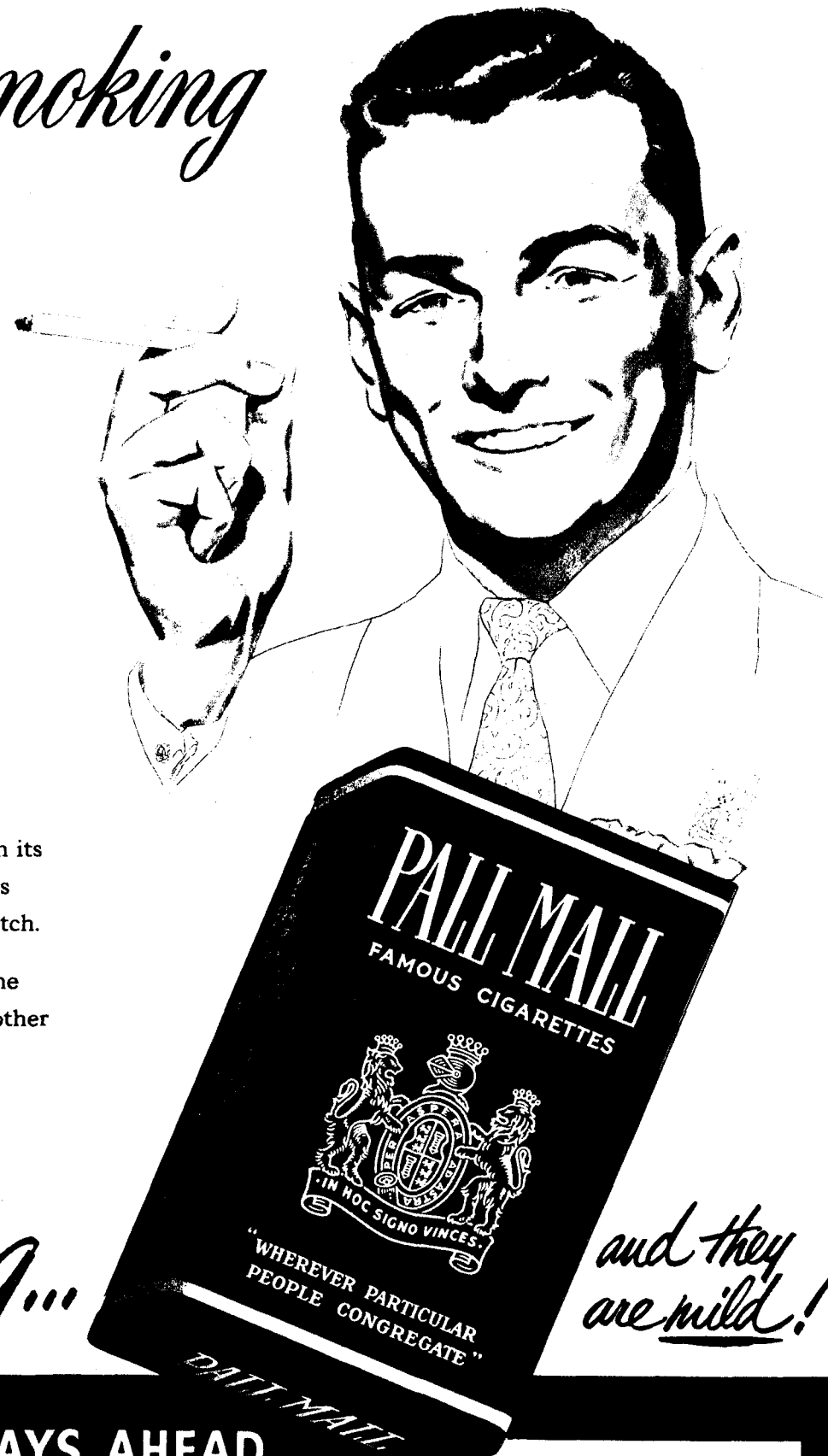


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# The Sleeper

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

made it clear. My problem, that is. Maybe nobody could really understand it and sympathize with it, except Jake Lang, who roomed with Mickey in college. Jake is Mickey's best friend and a teacher of history. He also has that pleasant sort of case on me which makes me take care with my make-up when I know he's coming to dinner. Mickey is aware of it, too, which does no harm.

There have been times, let me admit, when I've actually thought of Jake Lang and the way he probably gets out of bed in the morning. I can see him, quickly alert, jumping right out, racing to the window, taking deep breaths, smiling happily, and touching his toes ten times, ready for what the day has to bring. These daydreams, by the way, are the only times when I flirt back with Jake a little.

Anyhow, maybe my problem seems laughable, as the comic strips try to make out. But if you have a husband who's as sweet as pie when he's awake, and hell on wheels when he's asleep—and worse than that when he's in transition between sleep and wakefulness—you know what I mean.

THAT morning I woke up early, when the sky was pink and pale yellow and promising heat that would bake Danny to a deeper shade of brown. Danny is our one and only. Four years old, with my square solid build and Mickey's gorgeous eyes.

It promised more. It was the day of the Sunday-school picnic. Danny had planned on it for weeks. Mickey was master of ceremonies, running the races, giving the prizes, all that. There's an easygoing, unhurried quality about him (when he's awake) that makes everybody feel he has plenty of time and room for them. And he has.

Well, I thought, a happy day ahead. I got up quietly, not that it made any difference to my husband. I stood for a moment watching him. Mickey has a variety of interesting slumber positions, like those ads. This morning it was the huddled one—his knees pulled up under his chin, his hand making a cup for his lean cheek.

*I'll let him sleep, I thought, telling* myself I was generous, and knowing all the while I was a coward. The longer I could postpone those first minutes . . . I bathed, dressed and went to wake Danny.

Bless his heart, he's like me. He was leaning, wide-eyed, and as fresh, as bright as the morning itself, against the window sill. "It's going to be a gay day, gay day, gay day," he chanted.

I dressed him and sent him downstairs. Then I tackled my morning duty.

Mickey had changed position. He was on his back, arms crossed on his chest, breath moving rhythmically and sweetly through his lips.

"Mickey," I said, in my firm but not too startling voice, "It's morning. It's time to get up. It's a good day. The Sunday-school picnic. The picnic. Mickey, the picnic."

They say never to startle a sleepwalker. When we were first married I startled Mickey. The morning after our wedding.

There was a knock on the door. Chiffon-clad as I was, bridal as I was, I hesitated to answer it. I grabbed Mickey by the arm. I shook him. He cried, among other things, "Let me alone, you fiend! Take your hands off me, you unmitigated idiot!" There was more, which the years and the determination on my part have blotted from my memory. I burst into great hiccuping sobs and felt tears chase down my cheeks. I was too new to the game to notice that Mickey's eyes remained closed, that his breath stayed even.

When at last he woke, probably because my sobs constituted a strange sound, and also because the knocking grew louder, his expression was sheer tragedy. He reached for me, held me close, ignored the pounding on the door, and nuzzled against my hair.

"My darling, my darling," he crooned. "What is it? Are you unhappy? Are you sorry? Are you afraid of being married? Don't you love me any more? Oh, Lissa, sweet, sweet Lissa—"

I pointed hysterically at the door. He misinterpreted my gesture. He sprang, stalked, yanked and glared. The bellboy, startled, dropped back a safe distance from Mickey's fists. He thrust out a sheaf of telegrams and rushed away.

Mickey came back to me. "Just congratulations, darling," he murmured. "Nothing to frighten you."

I sobbed louder. He rocked me back and forth. I struggled against him. "It's not the bellboy," I hiccuped at last. "It's you." I told him. I repeated every single word. His face faded to white. There was utter astonishment written on it.

When I finished he said very quietly, "You must have dreamed it, Lissa. I was asleep, totally asleep, until I woke to find you crying. I couldn't say such things to you—ever."

Well, he had. I knew it. I knew vaguely, too, and for the first time that what Mickey said in his sleep he never remembered. It was our honeymoon, you understand. We forgot it.

The next morning I slipped out of bed. I told myself I'd let him wake up of his own accord. Poor innocent that I was. I dressed alone. I breakfasted alone. I took a long walk. I knitted half a mitten. I absorbed the pitying glances of the other women, who probably thought my new husband was a brute.

At exactly 12:22 P.M. Mickey stretched, yawned, stared blindly at the ceiling, dug into the blankets again, stretched, yawned, stared upward, put one foot out slowly and looked at his watch. He jumped then. "Why didn't you call me?" he asked wildly. "I rented a boat, remember. To go across the lake—"

"I remember," I said calmly.

Mickey knelt down beside me. "Always wake me," he begged. "Please, dear, promise."

I would have pledged anything when he held me like that. I did manage to say, "You should learn to wake yourself, Mickey. It's your own responsibility . . ."

He listened. He agreed with everything I said. He always does—when he's awake. . . .

By the morning of the Sunday-school picnic I had a system. I started off by repeating little phrases, the important words. After a while, sometimes, the words seeped through and he would stir and mumble and slowly come to life. If I shook him, he was liable to get violent.

"The picnic, Mickey," I sang. "It's a fine day for the picnic. Everybody will be waiting for you."

It went on and on. The louder I got the deeper Mickey burrowed into the mattress and the hotter the familiar anger burned in me. I went downstairs and left him.

After breakfast Danny and I packed the sandwiches, wrapped the pickles and stuffed eggs and fitted the cakebox carefully into the basket. It was ten o'clock.

I went back upstairs, I gave it a good try. Then I thought: All right. This once, seeing you won't lose your job, let yourself look silly. Let someone substitute for you. When they ask me, so help me, I'll tell them. I'll tell everybody in the church that you wouldn't bother to wake up for the picnic.

I stormed out of the room. I whisked up an armful of soiled clothes and a box of soap. I thudded down the stairs, growing angrier at every step. After three slam-down furies, I took off, but literally.

I hit every step, sure, but with a part of my anatomy geographically remote from my feet. I came to the bottom exhausted, one ankle twisted under me, my heart in my throat, and scared to move. Something, I knew with a miserable certainty, was going to hurt horribly if I tried to get my foot straight.

Danny started to cry. Foof, our fox terrier, scampered in circles, enjoying the new game. I let the tears come. I turned my aching head at the sound of a muffled noise.

Mickey stood at the top of the stairs, his hair on end, his pajamas rumpled and his feet bare.

"Whassat?" he cried in the thick tones that belonged to his sleep-to-waking interludes. "Whassat? That white fluff?"

"Soap flakes," I replied, with what dignity I could muster.

"Oh." He sounded vastly relieved. "Thought the stuffing came out of you." Before I could speak he turned on his heel. A moment later I heard the bedsprings squeak.

I took a deep breath, leaned against the banister, hung on and tried to pull my foot out into the open. All the blood in my body turned to water, and Danny's face was a silly little pink balloon that bobbed here, there, everywhere, without benefit of strings.

*"Mickey,"* I screamed frantically. "Mickey, Mickey, Mickey." But my voice came out a desperate, gasping whisper. I gathered myself together like a drawstring bag. I concentrated on the pink balloon.

"Danny," I said, "get Daddy. Get him right away."

THE balloon hippety-hopped upward past my felled body and I let myself go away somewhere.

*I came back reluctantly, pulled* by really excruciating pain in my ankle—and hands on my shoulders. I opened my eyes wearily. The pink balloon was Danny's face again. The hands were his little frightened ones.

"He won't wake up. He won't wake up," Danny was crying. "Something's wrong with Daddy, too. He sends me away."

How well I've hidden it, I thought bitterly. I took a deep breath. "Now listen, Danny," I said carefully, "you go next door, across the lawn, and tell Mrs Elenhof to come right over here. Hurry, and come right back with her."

I watched the small figure go, then I took the line of least resistance and passed out again.

*When I came to the next time,* my ankle hurt more but my mind was clearer and Mrs. Elenhof was in charge. "Stay where you are. Don't move. I'll get Mr. Benson. Where is he?" she was saying.

That's when I decided. That's when I said to myself: "This is the last straw. Absolutely and finally the last. I'll fix his little wagon. Enough is enough."

It's strange what determination can do for you. "He's away," I said aloud, and with truth. "Will you please call Mr. Jacob Lang—he's in the book—and ask if he'll take me wherever I should go? And would you take Danny to your house?"

I lay there calmly, beating out the waves of pain as they came.

Jake's round face was concerned, his



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brown eyes tender. His hands on my shoulders were warm and big. I leaned against him and let myself cry weakly.

"Jake," I murmured. "Dear, dear Jake." Then he took over. . . .

It must have looked very cozy to Mickey, that hospital room, with twilight at the windows and the lamp over Jake's head, and Jake's flowers glowing everywhere. I sneaked a quick glance in the mirror when I heard his familiar footsteps. I looked young and frail, and sort of pretty. My trussed-up ankle was effectively bulky. I settled back.

He stood for a moment in the doorway, his wonderful eyes eating me up. Then his gaze switched to Jake, deeply seated in the one comfortable chair, the evening paper spread across his knees.

"So," Mickey said accusingly, "this is where you are."

Jake stared back at him calmly. "This is where she is," he answered. "And where the hell have you been?"

"Nowhere. Everywhere," Mickey cried frantically. "I've called every friend we have. I've paced the streets. Finally in desperation I checked the hospitals—" He stopped. He looked slightly stunned. "I don't even know what's the matter with you, Lissa," he whispered.

I maintained my icy silence. Jake answered him.

"She fell downstairs. She broke her ankle. She'd be lying there in agony yet—"

"You woke up all by yourself?" I interrupted sweetly.

MICKEY was across the room in a blaze. His curls stood on end. His beard was popping like new spring grass. His tie cuddled against his ear. His arms were the surcease I'd wanted all this unkind day. I forced myself to stay rigid.

"My darling," he moaned. "I thought I dreamed it. I thought it was a nightmare—you and the stuffing and the fall —and all the time—and I went right back—oh, Lissa—"

I disengaged him, gently but firmly, as they say. I lifted one languid hand.

"I'm really very tired," I sighed in a ladylike way. "If you wouldn't mind?"

Mickey pulled himself to his feet. He glared at Jake. "You heard what she said," he commanded.

Jake began to fold his paper, slowly. "I heard," he answered. "Let's go, bud." He rose with deliberation.

Mickey turned to me. "But you want me to stay, don't you, Lissa? I have to know about this—I have to know where Danny is and when to get him—"

"Danny is well taken care of," I said.

"But he should be with me."

I slipped a little then. "With you?" I laughed scornfully. "I wouldn't trust Foof alone with you. He'd starve to death before you woke up."

There was an utter, utter silence. When it began to hum a little, I said, "Thanks, Jake dear, for everything. For the care and the flowers and all."

Jake came to the other side of the bed. He put his hand around my extended one. From the corner of my eye I saw Mickey take the flowers into his glance, then into his thoughts. He looked dazed and too much like Danny for my comfort.

"I'll see you tomorrow," Jake promised. He smoothed back my hair with one tender hand. He straightened. "Come along, chum," he said, and headed for the door.

Mickey leaned over me. "Lissa," he murmured, his eyes turning me to melted butter, "I'm sorry. If I could just have your pain—if I were just there in bed instead of you—"

That did it. "You'd be utterly, completely happy," I cried. "For one solid week, day and night, you could lie on your back and slumber and snore and have to be awake only long enough for somebody to bathe you and feed you. Well, it's not you. It's me. Go break your own ankle."

I turned my head away. It was real this time, my anger. It had been a grueling, lonesome experience. I kept my eyes tightly closed. After a while Mickey's footsteps slushed sadly across the floor and out the door.

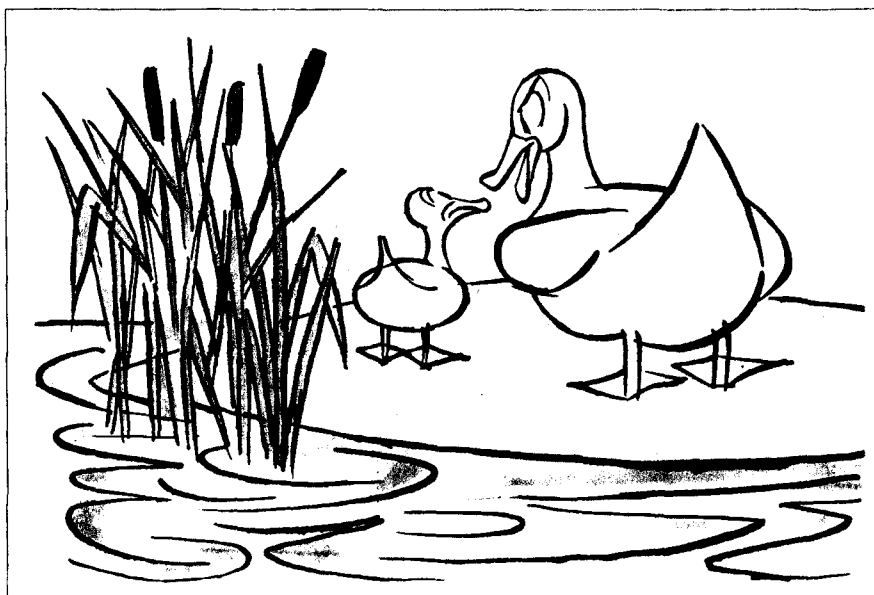
I cried then and a nurse came and gave me a lovely shot in the arm and I went to sleep.

Somewhere ten thousand miles away a bell was ringing. It kept insisting and I fought my way through cotton fluff and clouds, and after a while I got my eyes open. The bell was still ringing. It was the phone by my bed.

I dragged the receiver from the hook. Vaguely I realized that the windows were fogged with early-morning gray.

"H'lo," I managed. This, I thought, is the way waking up seems to Mickey —like making a long journey, against great hazards, into another world.

Mickey's voice was rich with feeling. "Sweetheart," he said, "Lissa. Are you all right this morning?"



"Stop trying to walk straight. You're supposed to waddle"

COLLIER'S — MISCHA RICHTER

"Not morning," I muttered.

"It's six o'clock," Mickey's voice informed me indignantly. "I've been waiting for hours to call you."

That was a dash of cold water. "You?" I asked unbelievingly. Then I yawned.

"How can I sleep?" he yelled. "A father who isn't to be trusted with his own child? A husband who lets his wife suffer while he snuggles in bed? Who sends his wife into the arms of another man—" He stopped abruptly.

I didn't give him the denial he waited for.

He hurried on. "I didn't mean that. I know old Jake." Oh, the condescension of the handsome male, I thought. "But Lissa, how can I sleep with such a load on my conscience? Besides, alone in the house this way—why, do you know the whole thing might burn down over me and I'd never know it?"

"Get yourself a dishpan," I suggested. "Get yourself a flatiron." I yawned again. "Excuse me, Mickey," I murmured. "I'm so tired. Call me later." I hung up before I burst into laughter, or broke down and tried to comfort him.

WELL, that's the way it was. I taught Mickey his lesson. I was pretty smug about it, and why not. It was a lovely week in the hospital. Catching up on my rest and reading, flowers from two men, and my friends in and out. Of course I missed Danny terribly. But, except for Mickey, I had a beautiful time.

Along about Thursday I began to worry about Mickey. Every evening he showed up with flowers and candy. He was neat and he was shaven. He was concerned and he was polite to the other callers, even Jake. But he sat bolt upright in a straight chair. After he relayed the latest news of Danny he seemed to pull in on himself. He regarded me steadily from his fine eyes and answered my questions. But there were such circles under his eyes, such hollows in his cheeks, such a trancelike air about him.

I asked him, "Is Mrs. Elenhof feeding you all right, Mickey?"

"She's an excellent cook," he answered enigmatically.

"You—you don't feel ill, do you?" I persisted.

"Me? I'm fine. Just fine and dandy," he said bitterly.

When the time was up he kissed me on the cheek and walked, like a zombie, into the night.

By Sunday, when I was allowed to go home if I stayed put and kept my foot up, I was sure Mickey had lost ten pounds, had fallen out of love with me, and that my lesson had bounced back to hit me in the heart.

Sunday night, when Mrs. Elenhof had left, and Danny's shyness had gone to exuberance, then to hysterics and then to sleep, Mickey came in to see me.

"I'll say good night now," he said. "It's good to have you home. I'm—sleeping in the back room. I don't want to disturb you."

"But you won't disturb me, Mickey."

He shook his head. "I'm afraid I will." He leaned over me. This time he let his lips come down on mine and I'll admit it shook me to my anklebone. I reached up for him. But somehow he was away and gone and his voice was calling a second good night from the door.

I lay awake for a long time. When I finally drifted off into a troubled doze I was awakened by a noise. I sat up, my heart thudding. It came again. Footsteps. Measured heavy footsteps. I started to shake.

A burglar was just a perfect thing in this house. No chance to wake milord without telling the burglar all about it. No chance to chase him myself with a bad ankle.

The steps seemed to come near, then recede, then approach again. My terror mounted. Trapped, helpless, virtually alone, with my innocent child in the next room—I pulled myself from the bed.

I clutched the canes I'd come home with. One for leaning and one for beating, I told myself bravely. I limped as quietly as possible across the room and into the hall. Shuffling and dragging, I pulled nearer and nearer to the sound.

It seemed to come from the darkness of the back room. As helpless as Danny, I thought wildly. Mickey, sleeping his deep defenseless slumber, was as helpless as Danny. I held onto the wall with one cane upraised. I pushed open the door and yelled, "Halt! Stop, thief!"

The footsteps stopped. The light went on. I blinked against its dazzle. Through it and over it, I faced my husband. He was wide-awake, smoking a cigarette.

He was by my side in a moment. He carried me back to bed. He held me gently and let me sob.

"I thought it was a burglar," I snuffled. "I had to protect Danny—" Mickey's shoulder was warm and hard.

His voice overrode my sobs. "You shouldn't have to protect Danny. You shouldn't have to look after yourself. That's what I'm supposed to be for. Oh, Lissa—Lissa, I haven't slept a wink in a week. I don't think I'll ever be able to sleep again. You've lived a whole life I don't know anything about. And somewhere in it you fell downstairs and in love with Jake—not that I blame you—" He stopped.

I stared at him, stunned. He looked so tired. So raggedly exhausted. Why, he really hasn't slept, I thought in amazement. Mickey has honest-to-goodness insomnia.

I giggled. I couldn't help it.

Mickey looked down into my face, but he didn't relax his grip on me. I answered the question he wouldn't ask.

"Me in love with Jake," I murmured. "Foolish. Silly. Me in love with anybody in the world but you."

It was a kiss to make history, that one. I forgot I had ankles. The whole bed had a sort of floating quality, like a dirigible.

But the back of my mind talked to me all right. It said: "Listen you, a wife is supposed to help her husband. Some wives have to work every day, or put up with their husbands' hang-overs every Sunday. And Mickey's so good, so happy, never touching a drop, and the superintendent of the Sunday school, and not making eyes at the girls even when they ask for it. The things he says when he is still asleep are the only unkind words that have been sent your way in seven long years."

I KISSED him back. I told him how wonderful he was. I said I forgave him. I meant it. I meant it all through me.

All right, so I'd have to be an alarm clock. But there were all the bottles he'd sterilized and the diapers he'd washed. There were the nights when Danny had the colic and Mickey sent me to the movies while he walked around the table for hours. There was the way he held me when I was discouraged. And the way he rubbed my neck when my head ached. There was so much more, of tenderness and support, companionship and love.

At last I pulled away. Mickey stretched hugely. He leaned back against the pillows. He grinned. "Good," he rejoiced. "Good."

Then he went on, almost apologetically, "I think," he said, "that I'll just take a little rest before I go to the back room. It's been quite a week."

I watched him settle himself lovingly, every bone, every joint, every bit of flesh treasuring the feel of our bed. I saw his head go back.

I thought: Heaven forbid it should happen, but if he should pass on before me, I can truthfully say to my friends, "Doesn't he look natural?"

I leaned over him. I put my hands on his dark hair. I smoothed it. I said something I had never said to Mickey in all our married life. "Go to sleep, darling."

"Why, darling," he murmured drowsily. "Since you've suggested it—I do believe I will."

His long lashes drooped complacently.

You can't win, you know. Not in marriage, you can't. THE END



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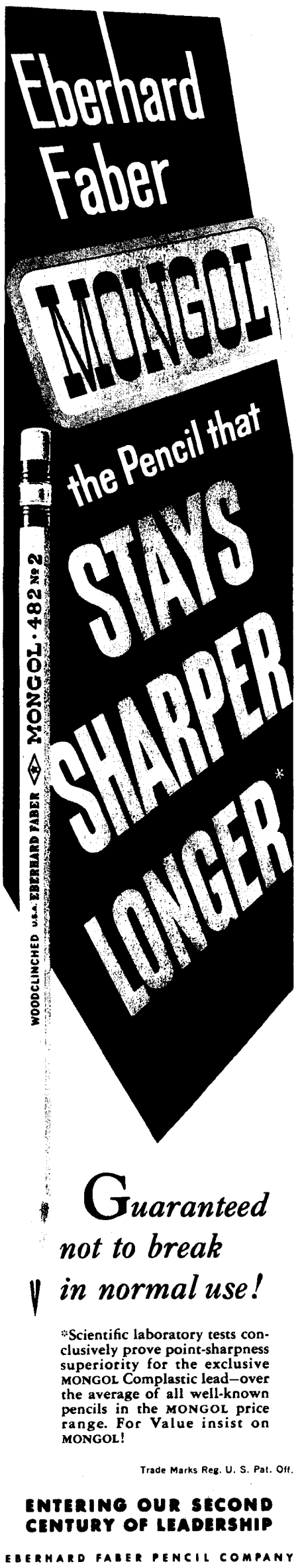
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# Renegade

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

McBride. Remember? And nobody gets a chance to quit Bear Creek twice. On your way!"

Rory measured him for a moment, and thinking of the rumors that had followed him, I told myself, "Here it comes." But he said gently, "I've got a job card in my pocket says you ordered a chopper. The union sent me out to fill the job. Like it or not, you'll put me on—or I'll have every jack in camp pulling the pin."

There were lumps of muscle along the line of Sven's jaw and I waited for him to put an end to this quickly, the way I'd seen him do a hundred times before—with his fists. But he didn't. He hesitated a moment, then scowled and turned away. This was no time to have work tied up and he knew it. "He'll work with you, Mike," he told me. "Red Nielsen will run the crew. Go to work."

WE RIGGED a new blade and took over where the Dane had left off. You don't drop a redwood like you would a willow sapling, so we were the rest of the day just finishing the undercut. The next morning we began cutting out the notch; handwork now with double-bitted axes. We worked in pairs from the scaffolding we had set up around the butt, and I paired off with Rory. His gimpy leg didn't seem to bother him, and he could still use an ax with the best. After half an hour we stopped for a rest while Red and his partner, Swede Bjorlund, took over.

They were hard at it when Sven came into the clearing. He nodded to me, ignored Rory. Rory squatted down beside a stump, saying nothing, his eyes half closed, squinting along the path that had been bulldozed out for the fall.

Redwood differs from fir and pine in that respect. It takes experience and skill to bring it down all in one piece. It's so brittle you've got to prepare a bed for it; move boulders, fill in gullies and, finally, lay down a mat of limbs and brush to break its fall. That's called a lay and it's got to be right. If it isn't, or if the head faller fails to drop his tree dead center, all you've got left is maybe a hundred tons or so of splinters when it hits the ground. And you can't mill matchwood. So that's where the head faller earns his extra pay. However, with the contract running close, Sven himself had staked out this bed.

Of course Rory didn't know that, or if he knew it he didn't care. He spat and shook his head. "You been in Eureka lately, Mike?"

I didn't get it. I said, "Sure. Why?"

"I've seen better beds in the Blue Bonnet Inn," Rory said, grinning.

Sven swung around as though his calks were swiveled. His fair skin was burnished copper, and veins were ridged across his fists. "You could do better, McBride?"

Rory's eyes widened a little. He got slowly to his feet. "If I couldn't, I'd throw my gloves away."

Sven's lips peeled back in what might have been a smile but wasn't. "When you're heading a crew, McBride, you'll get a chance. But you won't be heading one while I'm pushing this show. I want no men killed in my camp—the way it happened down Mendocino way. And I'm taking no lip from boomers the likes of you. You hear me?"

Rory heard him. Rory took it. That's what surprised me. Twice now he had let a challenge go, twice he had let Sven bluff him down. Then, a moment later as Sven turned and stalked down the trail, I had the answer. Rory's eyes never left his back. He said at last, "Lindquist playing that Mason girl, Mike?"

"Why, yes," I said. "He is."

He shook his head and said simply, "No good. That's for me, Mike. I'm going to marry her."

"Are you now?" I said. Helen Mason would have something to say about that, I thought. And Sven Lindquist, for sure.

I needn't have worried about Helen, though. I saw her that same night as I leaned against the bunkhouse wall finishing my pipe. She was walking up the trail from the creek, hand in hand with Rory McBride. They were shadowed by the ferns that bordered the trail, but moonlight filtering through the crown cover showed me their faces as clear as if it had been midday. Neither of them was saying anything aloud, but the way they were looking at each other no words were necessary. They had it bad.

As I turned away I saw Sven come out of the darkened doorway of the timekeeper's shack. When he saw me he stopped and fumbled for a cigarette, hiding his face from me. But I saw it a moment later as he struck a match. It was an old man's face, ages older than his forty years.

I said, "You been seeing Maggie Quinn lately?"

He held the match and the flame struck reflecting fire in his pale blue eyes. "Your business, Mike?"

"No," I said, "it isn't. But neither of us are as young as we used to be."

"Meaning McBride is?"

I said, "Yes. And you and Maggie got along. You always did. Before—"

"Before Helen?" I saw his big hands curling.

I'd been knocked flat on my back before. I probably would be again, right now. "They're young, Sven. He's been to school. So has Helen. They understand each other. And he could go places if—"

I let it hang there and waited for the smack of fists across my mouth. It didn't come, but I found myself wishing it had, for his face was as hard and expressionless as a fire-charred stump when he turned and went into the bunkhouse. It didn't look good for Rory McBride.

AND it wasn't. It started the next day. Sven rode Rory hard. Sven began neglecting the other gangs and concentrating his attention on our four-man crew. His eyes seldom left McBride. I would see him watching Rory as if the younger man was a problem in falling, a renegade that would take special methods of cutting down.

A thing like that can get you, and to make it worse, throughout it all Sven never spoke to McBride except to find something wrong. In the past, Rory would have settled it quickly; he would have fought Sven and then quit. But there are some things you can't settle with fists, and this was one of them. Sven knew Rory wouldn't quit.

And Sven knew something else, a thing I'd tried not to think too much about. It was that faint shadow behind Rory's eyes. It all came out into the open the day we dropped the two-hundred-footer. We had finished the crosscut on the back of the tree, opposite and a little above the notch. We started the steel wedges behind the saw, opening up the cut.

A little while later Red Nielsen said, "That'll do it, boys," and we stopped the saw and cleaned all the spare gear off the scaffolding. The rest would be done with the wedges alone, driving them in, levering upward on the narrow hinge of wood that remained, bending the trunk forward until gravity took told. Red nodded at me. "Okay, Mike. Start driving."

I was reaching for a sledge when Sven, squatted at the edge of the clearing, got slowly to his feet. "No," he told Nielsen. "That's a job for a strong man, a young man," and he was looking straight at Rory McBride.

Rory didn't meet his eyes. He just nodded shortly, shrugged in that way he had and picked up the heavy two-handed hammer. He climbed to the scaffolding and began banging away at the wedges. It wasn't ten minutes before Red said, "She's talking."

Rory climbed down unhurriedly, forcing himself to take it slow and easy. He had barely reached the ground when the top began to tremble, whispering out its dying agony to the skies. Slowly at first, then faster, a shudder ran through the trunk, and with a sound like a death rattle in a quiet room the wood fiber began tearing loose in the hinge. We all stood there, boot soles pegged to the dust, waiting for the first telltale movement of the crown to show which way it was going to fall.

I think I saw it first: the hinge giving way on one side, holding firm on the other. A sidewinder, a renegade, sure as there's poker on payday. It wasn't falling true, or falling at all; it was just hesitating, wavering. Only guess or God could tell which way she'd go or when. And still we stood. Only a fool would run, until he was certain which direction it would take. Only a fool, or a man mortally afraid.

And that's when I saw Rory McBride running, not deliberate now, but running wildly, his calks flashing in the sunlight as he leaped in long bounding strides away—any way—from the towering destruction above him. I heard someone shout, "Rory, you fool!" It was my own voice and it was the echo of another sound, a long-drawn-out sigh as the tree leaned into space and started down.

I saw the direction it was taking then, and there was no need to move. It was describing a descending arc toward the lay, but wide by fifty yards. We stood there, awed, unmoving, listening to the crown screaming in a wind of its own making. The tree landed with a crash that must have rattled the boulders in the creek bed half a mile away. It landed on the hard ground and fractured into a million pieces.

Silently I turned away. Half a week's work was gone over the dam—and the contract nearing the deadline.

Sven's face was blond thunder as he turned on Nielsen. "There's no market for matchwood in these parts, Jack. Mix yourself a walk. Get out!"

I looked at him in wonder. Even the tyee logger himself can't call them right all the time. Felling a redwood is skill, sure. But luck is in there, too, and Red had been unlucky, that was all.

But Sven was speaking then, not to Red, but to Rory McBride, and I had the answer, suddenly, clearly. Rory had stopped at the edge of the clearing, standing quietly except for his breath drawing in deep convulsive gasps. Sweat ran in slow rivulets down his face. He had run, all right, but not that hard. And the day was cool.

LINDQUIST said, "I told you once that if you were heading a crew you'd get a chance to do better. You're heading this one now, McBride. You'll find another tree marked beyond that stand of fern yonder. I've staked out the lay. It's all yours. Get at it." He turned and stomped away.

So that was it. I looked at Rory and his eyes weren't good to see. There was no fight in them now, nor in him. I doubted if there ever would be again. It had all been just a sham, masking the fear that held him. Sven had seen it, recognized it, and waited. And now his waiting was done. If Rory showed yellow on this one, after the way he'd shot



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off his mouth, he'd never boss another crew from here to the Canadian line.

Rory could refuse, of course. But could he? Thinking of Helen Mason, I knew he couldn't. Not if he wanted to marry her. Not if he wanted to live with himself. And Rory knew it, too. Sven had him where he wanted him and we all knew it. Sven would break him now, do a real job on him.

I told myself that maybe Rory would be lucky, that everything would come off all right, but once I'd seen the tree that Sven had picked I knew I was kidding myself. It had a slight list and the limbs of the crown were clustered unevenly at one side. It was a potential leaner if I'd ever seen one. Looking at it I felt the blood hammering in my ears. I said, "That no good boxhead! Look, kid, I'll—"

But he just looked at me, then shook his head and picked up one end of the saw. "Let's get at it, Mike."

Strangely enough, luck was with him —up to a point. Strangely, too, Sven let him alone, figuring, I guess, that if you give a man rope enough— Well, Sven was right. Rory's luck ran out. That's when Sven poured it on.

WE HAD been four days getting to the point where the big one was ready to drop. Rory was like a man in a dream, a bad dream, although he'd done his job beautifully. But Sven was always close by, watching, yet never saying a word. He was like a man watching a dam in a spring flood, waiting for the first telltale crack to show at its weakest point. He didn't have long to wait.

The day the wedges went in, Sven walked up to the notch. There was nothing he could find wrong with the job, I'll say that. The scarf was as smooth as a picnic table and the solid wood left for the hinge was evened off to a fraction of an inch on either side. I didn't see how we could miss.

But we did. Swede Bjorlund was at the wedges, driving carefully, each stroke of his sledge a skillful, calculated blow. Rory himself was on watch, listening for signs of talk, eying the giant for the slightest hint of movement. He got to his feet finally. His mouth was a hard pale line. I noticed the shadows under his eyes and I realized the strain he had been under the last few days. There was no sign of it, though, in his voice when he said, "She's whispering, Swede. Get clear."

Bjorlund climbed down and we waited. Minutes later we were still waiting and I had a premonition of what was to come. I said, "She's not going. She's—"

Then slowly there was movement in the crown, the familiar crackling of wood fiber in the hinge. The trunk shivered almost imperceptibly, started to gather momentum. Then like a diver about to plunge into icy water it hesitated and stopped. It hung there, leaning at a slight angle as if a prayer or a puff of wind would send it toppling earthward. But I knew it wouldn't, for Rory McBride had a leaner on his hands. I'd seen them before and I knew that neither a puff nor a prayer would budge it. There was only one thing now that would do the trick, and that was for a good man with an ax to start in again on the notch, chopping doggedly, carefully, until something gave way.

It sounds easy, but it isn't. First, some of the work has to be done within the huge notch itself. You can't stand to one side and reach the center of a sixteen-foot cut with a four-foot ax. Secondly, when a leaner goes, there's seldom any warning. One minute it is standing there seemingly as firm as if rooted in hell itself, the next it is plummeting downward, its limbs screaming, its trunk a Gargantuan bludgeon ready to crush the life from anyone or anything in its path. Rory knew. Rory remembered.

It was in the fine sweat standing out on his upper lip, in the paleness ringing his mouth. I waited for him to speak. He tried—I give him that. The set line of his mouth softened for a moment, but no words came out. His eyes worked quickly around the clearing then, going from man to man; when they met mine I turned away, sudden sickness retching in my bowels. Naked, craven fear in a man full grown is not a pleasant thing to see, and Rory McBride was afraid.

I looked at Sven. He stood a little apart, half-closed fists resting on his hips, watching Rory as he had watched him for the past week. His pale eyes were expressionless, measuring the younger man. His whole face was impassive, though for a second I thought I caught a brittle, triumphant shine behind his eyes, but I couldn't be sure. It was Rory's tree, and Rory's problem. What was he going to do about it?

As head faller, of course, it was his job and his alone. But there was an out. He could push his authority and order one of his crew into the notch. He could take that way out—if he didn't object to peddling shoelaces from here on out. For he'd be through, finished, wherever timber grew tall, sure as loggers wear calks.

But Sven Lindquist gave Rory another out, if you could call it that. His lip was curled, the hard gleam of his teeth matching that in his eyes when he said, "Shall I drop that tree for you, McBride?"

I WAITED for the answer while everyone, everything, time itself, stood still. Yet it couldn't have been more than a few seconds. Maybe it was Sven's words, or the tone, or the naked scorn in those frosty eyes. Or maybe it was a girl's face upturned to his in the moonlight. Maybe it was a lot of things, but a faint shudder shook Rory's body, then he sighed and picked up an ax and started toward the tree. When he spoke, his voice was so low I could hardly hear the words. "No, this is my chore, Lindquist."

I started forward to give him a hand. It could be a two-man job. It had been once before.

He turned and said, "No, Mike. Lindquist wants nobody killed on this claim —unless, maybe, me." He climbed up onto the scaffolding and the ax was swinging in great, rounding, confident blows.

He paused once for breath and to look up at the stricken giant towering above him. His face was bloodless, with dark sweat-stained hair falling over his eyes.

Then he was at it again, the blade biting into the wood, the chips raining down like flakes of raw gold. Suddenly there was a whisper, far off, like wind in a distant canyon and Bjorlund shouted, "She's agoing!" The whisper became a sullen roar as the crown seemed to float off into the sky like a cloud breaking from a mountain peak.

Rory was out of the notch like a cat, leaping to the ground, the ax still gripped loosely in his fist as if he had forgotten it was there. And this time he did not run. He stood there, legs planted wide, eyes raised to the falling giant as if he were defying luck, as if he knew the tree would fall to within an inch of where he had planned.

And it did. The crown gathered momentum, its death moan mounting to a shriek as it roared toward the earth. It hit with a crash that shook the woods, yet gently for all of that, straight and true down the center of Sven's staked-out lay. Dust rose gray and gagging, obscuring the final seconds of death. But when it settled at last, the tree lay full length, cleaned of every limb by the force of its fall, yet whole and unblemished for the full length of its trunk. It had been a beautiful piece of work.

Then Rory turned and I looked at him almost reluctantly. I needn't have been afraid. His eyes were unclouded, with a kind of inner pride shining there, and the old crooked smile turning the corners of his mouth. "There's your tree," he told Sven, "and your contract. I hope it makes you happy."

THEN the smile was gone and he pulled his gloves from a hip pocket and flung them to the ground. "I'll be hitting the grade. I've never been a man to stay where I wasn't wanted. And I'm taking Helen with me."

He stepped forward quickly, knuckles pale across his fists. "But before I go—" He wasn't a drunken troublemaker now, spoiling for a fight. He was very calm, a man with a job still half finished, eager to get it done.

I peeled off my own gloves then. I'd seen Sven fight and I knew how tough he could be. "And if the kid can't do it," I told him, "I can. Of all the box-headed bitter old—"

But Sven was speaking then, not even noticing me, looking straight at Rory McBride. "I told you once that no man quits Bear Creek twice. That still goes. You're fired, McBride. Get your time." He jerked his hat down hard over his eyes, hiding what was there. I'd have sworn it was a smile.

I was sure of it a moment later as he went on: "A married man needs a steady job. No girl should be tied to a boomer. There'll be another contract when this is finished. Bigger yet. South of here, down Mendocino way. I'll need a side push. I had the timekeeper change your rating." He turned and walked away.

"Sven—" I began, but he was out of sight where the trail took a bend around a clump of fern. Before I got there I heard other footsteps, lighter, coming up the trail and Sven talking again, gently now, and a girl's voice, anxious, answering him.

I heard Sven say gruffly, "Between hating me and loving you, that man of yours has found something he lost a year ago. Something he won't lose again, given a little understanding. Helen, I'll leave that to you." Then he was walking on, his calks making a scuffling sound in the ground cover as he headed for Maggie Quinn's shack. Well, those two always had got along. They always would. They talked the same language. I went back and picked up my gloves. They'd still do me for a while.

THE END

## *Picture Postmarks*

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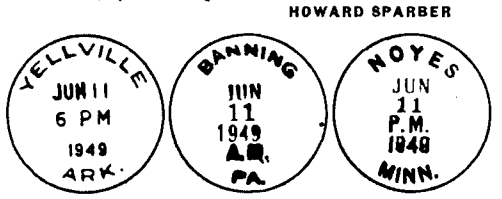


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# Why I Am Becoming an American

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

remember noticing how vast America was and I let it go at that. All I cared about then was my own comfort—good meals, soft beds, pleasant companionship. How could I have been so smug and ignorant? Like many Britishers who visit the United States I behaved selfishly and didn't bother to learn anything about the people and the country.

Back in England I devoted myself to golf with such concentration that I won several championships. Had I been in America I certainly would have become a professional, but class distinctions in England made such a career difficult for a man of my background.

Meanwhile the family finances were going to pot. Neither my mother nor I ever had the slightest talent for handling money. We spent without a thought for the proverbial rainy day—and at that time rain clouds were evident in the sky. To bolster my finances temporarily I wrote two books on sports, which were published and proved profitable.

For me, like most of my countrymen, the seven war years were a period of existence and not of living. In 1940 my mother died, a victim of the London bombings. The aftereffects of my youthful accident debarred me from active military service and so I spent the entire war as an unpaid assistant in the radium department of a London hospital—frustrated by my minor activity, an insignificant cog in the mighty struggle.

### Present Regime Disliked

Immediately after the war something happened to England, or rather something which had been happening for the preceding ten years suddenly came to a head. A regime which I disliked and of which I disapproved was elected to replace Churchill. I don't want this to sound as if I left England in a huff because I didn't like the way the game was going. It wasn't that. My reasons were deeper.

Until World War II, England had been a "comfortable" country. We of the rising generation knew that if we had brains, ambition and energy we would find our place in the sun. But for most of us the war and the Socialist government which followed it spelled the end of that era. Many of the values we cherished had changed.

Our critics told us "the change was inevitable; England exploited and lived off her colonies and dominions but now they are deciding to manage their own lives." This may have been partly true but there was another and stronger reason—England, fighting beside her allies in two wars, had bled herself white.

Today, harassed by staggering taxes, insufficient food and years of austerity, the future looks black. Not just the economic future but the very opportunity for a normal life. Today the upper-class Englishman of some culture and education has no hope—and hope is more important than money.

England's hope has been cast down to some extent by anxiety over the spread of Communism on the Continent and in the Far East. There is something of the same fear over here. Congress is debating Communism, the courts have it on trial, the newspapers discuss its dangers.

Yet to an outsider like me, the situation here seems far from critical. The essence of Communism is antipathetic to the essence of everything America stands for and believes in. Should the two systems ever collide in the United States I take it for granted that Communism would explode like a pricked balloon. The only justification I can find for all the excitement is that whatever America does she does in a big way. And having decided that Communism represents a peril, the United States is enjoying a national nightmare.

I suppose what really made me decide to become a citizen of the United States was the American youth I saw descending on Britain in the early 1940s. The vitality, optimism, cheerfulness and friendliness of those American soldiers acted like an electric shock—its impact was terrific. It could be felt in the streets, in the restaurants and even in one's home where they were guests. Everywhere they brought a newness and a sense of exhilaration that European youth no longer has. I did not quite realize at the time what an effect it was having on me but subconsciously I began to want to share their way of life. And so in 1945 I left England for America for the second time. It was a sober contrast to my first carefree crossing. I landed at La Guardia airport with two suitcases and $40—it would have been $30 had I not won $10 from a fellow passenger at gin rummy.

"Pierre, when I walk out of here I want to tie up traffic!"

COLLIER'S — BANDEL LINN

I obviously had to make a quick start at earning a living. About the only way I could see to do it was through my somewhat rusty talent for writing. I approached several editors who were courteous but had nothing to offer me. My capital had shrunk to $2.50 when I made a fortunate call on Stanley Woodward, then sports editor of the New York Herald Tribune, who knew something of my background in golf. He commissioned me to do three feature articles. After those, at his suggestion, I took a train for St. Louis where the Post-Dispatch ordered seven more.

After St. Louis I traveled from place to place (I have been in 47 of the 48 states) observing the American scene, selling articles and even originating two Pacific Coast radio programs. I had my ups and downs, my hard knocks and my successes. Sometimes I was hungry and sometimes I feasted. But gradually I began to feel that I belonged.

Even today, although I regard myself as practically an American, there are some aspects of life here to which I am not quite adjusted. I do not like the incessant noise. I suppose I'll get used to it, but the clatter of an American city is overpowering to me. The clanking of streetcars, the grinding of clutches, the sirens, the honking of motor horns, the never-ending hum of traffic, the doormen with their eternal whistles—it's all bewildering and upsetting.

The American police officer is a sight that dismays a European. He looks like a walking arsenal with his belt full of bullets, handcuffs, clubs and revolvers. Because the British police are unarmed all this paraphernalia at first appears to be ominous. I still have a vague feeling of apprehension when passing one of the genial, blue-uniformed guardians of the peace. In England the "bobby" is the servant of the people; here the "cop" is the personification and voice of authority.

The speed of living here, at least in the big cities, is nerve-racking. Most foreigners promptly get the idea that Americans live at the rate of a fire engine, engaged in a never-ending pursuit of money.

Fortunately I never believed the legends that the streets of United States cities were lined with gold, that this was an El Dorado where something could be had for nothing. But I have been able to see that if one takes advantage of his opportunities and uses his head it may be possible to acquire a little reserve of one's own. In other words America is still a land of opportunity. That is what makes the life so desirable. Men with imagination and gumption can still succeed. I'll admit that they can succeed abroad too, but by comparison the percentage of success is pitifully small.

Of course there is always the temptation to identify success with dollars. Americans have a peculiar double standard in their dealings with money. On the one hand they throw away unbelievable sums with a generosity staggering to the European; on the other, they tend to overemphasize the importance of money. But it ill behooves a Britisher to discuss the dollar on a rational basis either from the American viewpoint or his own, for where would all Europe be were it not for the American dollar?

Any individual coming to a new country and seeking a fresh start must be sure of three things. First, that he is wanted; second, that he understands the people; and third, that he can justify his existence. Once he is certain about these three points he has a right to apply for citizenship.

### Fond Memories of Homeland

Yet there are many strings to be cut in removing oneself from the Old World. Nearly every man loves the country in which he was born and brought up. Nobody can wipe out the joyous memories of childhood and home.

But in a fast-moving, often unkind world, we cannot live on memories, sweet though they may be, and we can't just stand still. We have to be active and creative if we're going to survive. Young Englishmen like myself are drawn to America because success here assumes innumerable shapes and the competition is open to all ranks and classes. My profession as a writer has given me a chance to observe Americans from the pinnacles of Washington, D.C., to Skid Row. And I have found that here more than in any other country the deserving have full opportunity to exercise their talents.

That is why I regard my decision as more than a merely personal problem. I feel keenly that Englishmen who wish to transfer their allegiance should come here while they are still young enough to contribute something definite to the building of America. I heard Judge John Sullivan of Lawrence, Massachusetts, administer the oath of allegiance to 80 naturalized citizens, many of them elderly people. He admonished those who were tardy in their patriotism:

"I dislike to say this but it may have a good effect. I hate to see applicants for citizenship coming into this court in the eve of life after many years of residence in this country. . . . I like to feel that candidates are motivated by a desire to give something to this country. But our laws are so liberal that I am compelled to welcome these applicants despite the selfish interest which seems to inspire their applications."

Not long ago I was in Hollywood and made a radio recording with Jimmy Durante. While waiting for the technicians to get ready, he asked me about my future.

When I told him I had decided to become an American citizen he said, "Well done. I know you'll get along fine, provided you realize that everything in America is a production."

In Jimmy's odd word, "production," I find a fundamental reason why life in America is more rewarding than life in Britain. England is struggling to maintain what it has. America is pressing forward, determined to improve on what it has and to produce more of what the world needs. And so every individual, although he may not be aware of it, is actually putting his bit of production into this vast pattern of creation.

Jimmy may not agree with my interpretation of his advice. Perhaps what he



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meant was that every American who is starting a new career must sell himself or, if he is starting a new business, must try to dramatize it. If a man is opening a grocery store or a delicatessen or a laundry, he should make it stand out from its competitors if he would attract business. But in England the man who makes himself conspicuous and tries to do things differently is apt to be considered a pushing bounder.

If I were asked to name the outstanding quality in American character that attracts the foreigner, I should reply without hesitation—kindness. By kindness I mean the general desire to be helpful, the warmth of affection and generosity. The spontaneous kindness typical of Americans is shown in many ways. It is only necessary to announce in the press or over the radio that somebody is in trouble and the whole country seems to come to the rescue. I am not talking of national emergencies but of simple, domestic tragedies. A young wife needs a rare operation, a baby falls down a well, a sick boy is grieving over his lost dog—incidents like these bring hundreds of offers of aid.

This kindness is no mere surface emotion—it is a very real part of the national character. It shows up especially in the American's relationship with children, and its effect on the children is marked. The naturalness of the American child is fascinating, although I fear some of my English friends would say "exasperating." Boys and girls here are not afraid of older people—indeed they often call their parents by their first names. They are free from years of tradition and subjection. They are uninhibited.

In Britain children are brought up according to the traditions of their station. The upper-class ones are taken away from the home to suffer the rigors of an English boarding school. In the first two years there the institutional pattern tends to destroy all individuality. Then the unfortunate children spend the next year regaining what is left of their characters, and the last year crushing those younger than themselves who are just entering the mill. The working-class child, on the other hand, generally gets little education and what he gets is of limited usefulness. He goes to work in his middle teens and makes his way as best he can in the groove which has been allotted to him.

Here in the United States, regardless of one's position at birth, everybody has much the same chance at Education Unlimited. There are good schools everywhere and a college education may be had by anybody who really wants it.

### Admires American Women

Something needs to be said about American women. I am like nearly everyone else in my enthusiastic admiration for them. Men here are often blamed for putting women on a pedestal and handing them the reins of authority. While it is true that European men have never given their women such equality and freedom, the experiment seems justified by the results. Women here, particularly those in their early forties, have self-reliance and good judgment. But their independence frightens me a bit—particularly when I recall that they control a substantial percentage of the wealth of the country.

The emphasis Americans place on personality and personality development shows to best advantage in the family circle. There is nothing like it anywhere else in the world. It is tremendously attractive to the newcomer to find Mother's Day, Father's Day and goodness knows how many other days, giving to each individual of the family a separate significance.

My first experience with American family life came when I paid a visit of three months to a typical home in Long Beach, California. I was the first Briton they had ever entertained as a guest. Naturally we regarded each other with a certain amount of curiosity but they soon found that I was a rather ordinary human being. I shall always remember a remark the mother made to me after I had been there a week. "Why," she said, "I thought the British had no sense of humor." In this household there were the father, mother and three children. Every action, thought and plan was regulated to consider the entire family.

CASEY JONES

### *Kachoo!*

Whed goldenrod bakes ids debut
Ad leaves are cribsod patches,
I feel akid to all I view,
'Cause I've a doze that batches.

—DOROTHY B. GRISWOLD

From my observations I have decided that American family life is the most unselfish form of living I have ever encountered. It is very honest and it makes religion an integral part of the home without attempting to stuff it down anyone's throat. There is none of the "Englishman's home is his castle" philosophy because many Americans apparently regard their home mostly as a sleeping and refueling station. Nevertheless, despite this casual attitude family ties are strong.

In Britain, even today, family life is stuffy, and in France and Italy, hectic and unpredictable. There's something pleasingly solid about the American family at home.

Sport is another wonderful feature of American life. It is everybody's pleasure. I have heard the criticism that while "most Americans are not direct participants, they pay handsomely to see either amateurs or professionals in competition." Such a criticism is very superficial. Most Americans are actually skilled in the games they follow. They have played baseball as boys in the sand lots of a thousand towns and cities; they know football from actual experience with the pigskin; they are ardent golfers, tennis players, skaters, fishermen.

The whole nation loves sport, as I found out during the first World Series after my arrival. It was impossible to do any business during the days the contest was on. Radios blared away in homes, offices and automobiles. At first it drove me mad. Then I began to catch the contagion and found myself just as enthusiastic and excited as my neighbors. I couldn't understand all of it very clearly since I was still too new at the game and its terminology—and the announcers called the teams by so many different names. But when the next season came around I was a thoroughgoing fan, attending every game I could get to and understanding within myself the fierce and real joy Americans get out of sport.

I like the universality of recreation in America. Perhaps I might add a word here that is almost critical. Americans go at things so hard that they sometimes seem to regard recreation with the same seriousness as business. At least half a dozen people have said to me, "When I work, I work hard; when I play, I play hard." But what if one just wants to play, not "play hard"? One of my week-end hostesses considered it her duty to set up an entertainment schedule for her guests in which every moment was blue-printed. I think this is going a bit too far. Recreation should be exactly what the individual wants it to be—not an exacting program of organized pleasure.

If talk is any measure of accomplishment, everybody in America is an eminent politician. You can discuss any political subject you want to with your elevator man, bus driver or waitress and get a factual, skillful argument. Each one will tell you, "If I were in Congress, I'd soon stop this or that." But as I see it most of their political activity begins and ends in talk. Few of these fervent spirits have any intention of actually coming to grips with the matter. Politics in America is still considered a specialized game. That is why we see the contradictory picture of a democracy often ruled by bosses, big and little.

Nevertheless it is dangerous to make sweeping statements about Americans in politics. They will stand for just so much pushing around and then they rebel. In comparison with England, where nationalization is threatening the individual ambitions of so many, the American political scene is pretty attractive. Certainly much more so than that of the Old World with its tightening grip of totalitarianism of one kind or another.

But even Americans experienced in foreign politics are likely to have a fantastic notion of what the British royal family is and what it represents to the people. Only recently I met a prominent Washington official who had served in England during the war. When I told him I was going to become an American he asked, whimsically, "What will you do without your king?" I told him simply and honestly that I would miss the king and queen very much. I shall miss the pageantry and splendor that goes with the royal family. All this is part of British heritage—and a passing part, I fear. It is too expensive for an age when austerity must prevail.

### Abhors Class Distinction

In America, thank goodness, class distinction does not exist, at least not in the sense with which that term is used on the other side of the Atlantic. The overpowering weight of class distinction in England is suffocating to imaginative minds on both sides of the fence. Even in my boyhood nobody really liked it and as I grew older I became more and more aware that I wanted to live somewhere where it didn't exist.

Of course, it is impossible to escape class distinctions entirely. Yet the wonderfully informal way of living in America makes obnoxious snobbery defeat itself and creates a very happy and easy atmosphere for all to enjoy.

Yes, I want to stay here for many, many reasons. The incredible beauty of the land itself with its different climates, scenes and colorings—the fantastic loveliness of New York City at night resting under a blanket of snow—the dying sun over the mountains of Arizona—the beauty of evening along the Pacific Coast—the silence of the Texas plains—the changing scenes and fascinating sounds on the banks of the Mississippi—the weird lament from the whistle of a train as it races across the vast country—all these tug at my heartstrings and say, *This is your home!*

Not only *my* home but a refuge for the dispossessed, the disenfranchised and the unwanted throughout the earth. Although the United States has temporarily departed from her ancient policy of giving shelter to all who knock at her doors, she is more than ever the hope of the world. Essentially, the American soldiers in England were fighting to preserve Main Street, ice-cream sodas, hot dogs, baseball, the white-steepled church on the village green. I did not understand that then, but now that I have put out a few roots I am beginning to sense what these things mean.

Americans need never be afraid of Communism and Communists—certainly not as something that will arise and flourish within their own body politic. Communism is merely a skin rash to annoy a struggling giant. Indeed the United States does not yet know its own strength and Americans do not yet fully understand the glory of being an American.

THE END

## VIEWPOINT

"Clean and press"

"Now be very careful of the colors and hand-press the pleats. The buttons must be removed before cleaning"

COLLIER'S

DAVE GERARD



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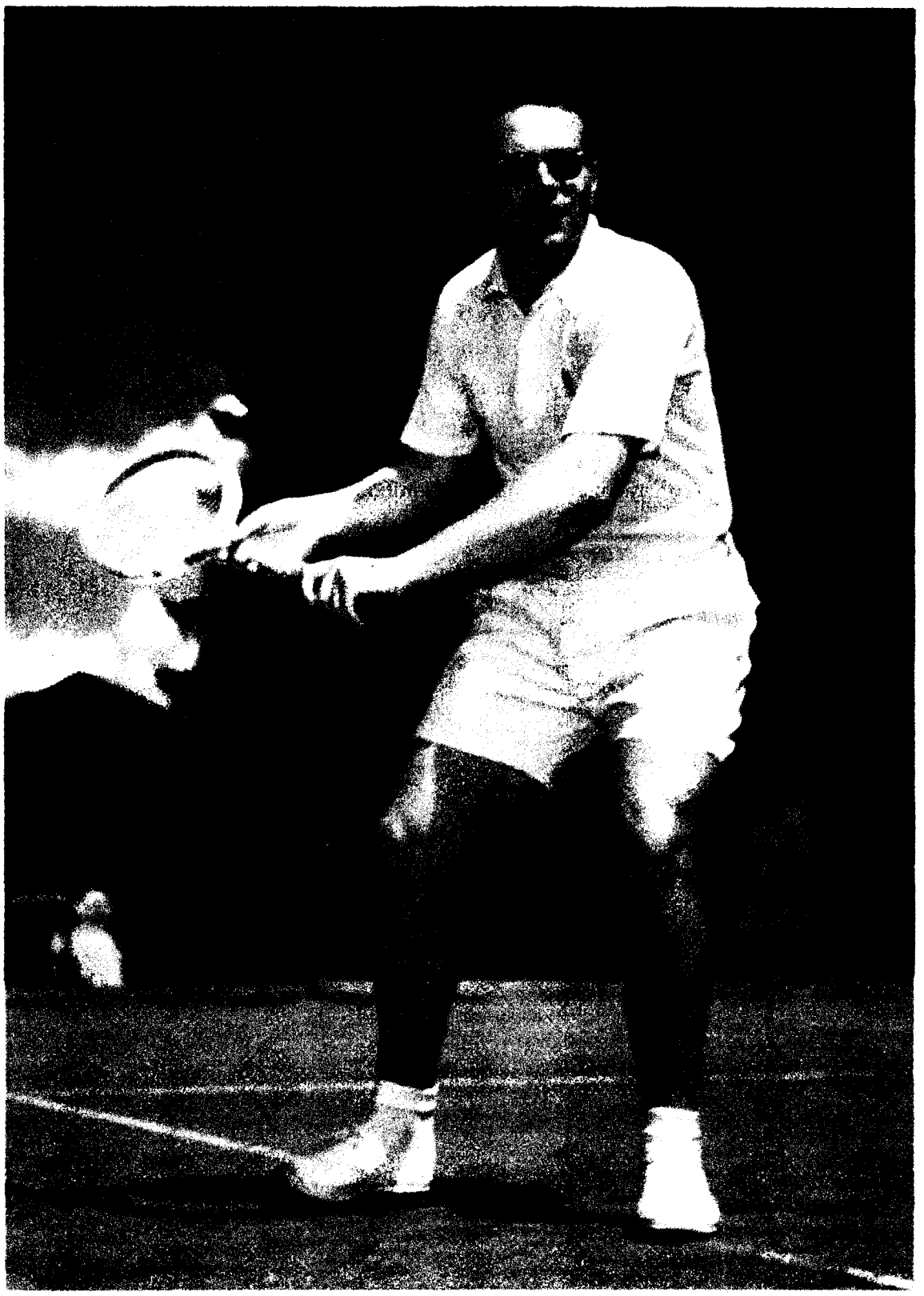
# STAR
# *Without a Country*

## By BILL FAY

**Red newspapers in Prague blasted Jaroslav Drobny and forced him into exile because he lost in the finals at Wimbledon**



**Since his return to international competition in 1946, Drobny has carried the Czech team to the Davis Cup International finals, beat Wimbledon-champ Bob Falkenburg and upset powerful Jack Kramer**

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY WERNER BISCHOF

THE story of Papa Drobny and his son Jaroslav is the story of two birthday presents. Papa bought the first—a little wooden paddle for Jaroslav—when the boy was seven. That was 21 years ago. Jaroslav bought the second—a bright red motor bike for Papa—last winter. But before we tell you about the motor bike, you must know more about Papa Drobny.

For 30 years now Papa has been rolling the courts at the International Lawn Tennis Club in Prague. Papa has never made much money but his family has lived comfortably in the caretaker's cottage at the front gate.

As a boy Jaroslav wanted a tennis racket but the little wooden paddle was all Papa could afford. Papa said, "Learn the strokes by swinging the paddle. You may keep the money you earn as a ball boy and soon you can buy a racket."

Jaroslav chased balls all summer. On his eighth birthday he bought a racket. At ten he won the club tournament for ball boys. He was tall and skinny and wore glasses—another item that cut into the limited family budget—and Papa was worried about his pipestem legs.

"No muscles," Papa complained. "This winter you will ice-skate and play soccer."

Somewhere Papa found the money for the ice skates and a soccer ball, and Jaroslav began to develop muscles. At fifteen he was the most sought-after athlete in Prague. "The Sokol wants you to play only soccer," Papa sighed, "and the Olympic committee wants you to play only hockey and the Davis Cup officials want you to play only tennis. I tell them all it is too soon for us to decide."

Papa's decision was made, finally, on a summer day in 1938—one of the two happiest days in Papa's life. (The other, of course, was the day he climbed aboard that red motor bike.) That summer day Papa was up at four thirty to prepare the grandstand court. Eight hours Papa worked, straight through lunch, because this was the day of the big match between Don Budge, champion of the United States, and the seventeen-year-old Czechoslovakian star, Jaroslav Drobny.

### Papa Makes a Prediction

When Budge came out to warm up, Papa pushed his roller through the back gate. The crowded grandstand—packed with Prague society—was no place for an old man in overalls. Papa sat on his roller behind the court and watched the long, five-set match through a slit in the canvas backdrop. Budge finally beat Jaroslav, but Papa was satisfied.

"Our son's backhand was not good," Papa told the family at dinner, "but his forehand and service were as good as the American's."

"The backhand will improve," Jaroslav promised.

Papa beamed. "If Budge is the champion of the world, our son can be the next champion in two more years."

That was 11 years ago. Jaroslav is somewhat behind schedule. Although he is regarded as second best among the world's top amateurs (Ted Schroeder is No. 1), distracting influences have prevented Drobny from working full-time on Papa's championship program. Specifically, Jaroslav has had to outpoint three formidable opponents—the German army, the Communist-controlled Prague press and the Russian Secret Police. He also has been driven into exile by the Czech Communists and now is being listed on tournament drawsheets as Jaroslav Drobny, the man without a country.

When the Germans occupied Prague, the International Club was converted into an officers' recreation camp. Papa kept the courts open until the ball shortage became acute—20 balls per month for 500 players. But while the ball supply held out, left-handed Jaroslav sharpened his backhand by losing to the camp commander—a difficult trick.

"The colonel was a temperamental little man," Jaroslav recalls. "When *(Continued on page 73)*

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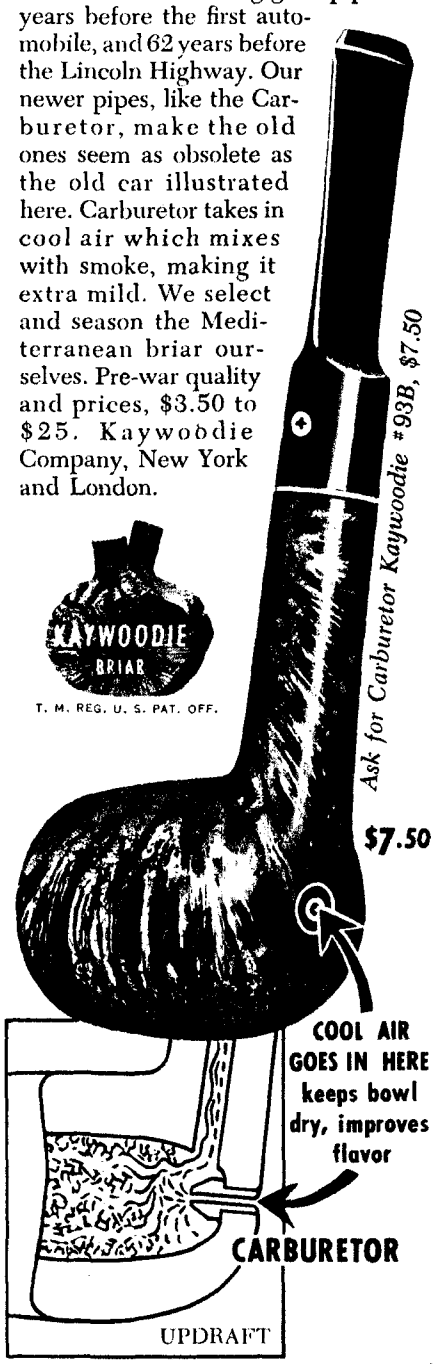

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# The Forty-Niners Listen in the Hills

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

"Would you like to ride over to that mesa we flew over the other day?" he asked.

"Sure," Arah said. "I have a hunch it's worth looking at."

On landing, the two men climbed out and, with Arah leading the way, they walked for perhaps 10 minutes toward the edge of the cliffs. There it was: a mile long, a half-mile wide, and 100 feet thick. Shumway thinks it is probably the biggest radioactive dome ever discovered.

Even if Arah doesn't make his fortune in uranium, he will at least know he was trying in the only place he could try. The Colorado plateau is the only known location of commercially minable uranium in the entire United States—a rather bleak fact to contemplate jn this, the Atomic Age. Moreover, it is very low-grade uranium, combined mostly with vanadium, and it averages well under one per cent. The uranium found in the pitchblende deposits of Canada and the Belgian Congo—and in Czechoslovakia, where the Russians are said to be operating 30 mines—sometimes runs as high as 60 per cent.

Recently geologists have been looking toward northern Michigan as a possible future source, but so far they are only playing a hunch; no real uranium deposits have been discovered there as yet. There are deposits in Wyoming for sure, but they appear to be spread so thinly—through the mud of an old lake bed—that trying to recover the uranium would, in all probability, be like trying to recover gold from sea water. It's there, but it isn't worth the trouble.

Thus the United States is left, at least for the present, in the rather awkward position of having to depend exclusively on the Colorado plateau for its entire domestic supply of the metal which, in the scholarly language of the Atomic Energy Commission, "is today the only naturally occurring substance that can be used as a basic raw material in the large-scale production of atomic energy."

Thorium, another radioactive metal under the control of the commission, may conceivably be used in the future for nuclear fission, but that day is still so far away that at present the commission is not even stock-piling thorium-bearing ores.

### Origin Is Unknown

Equally awkward is the fact that no one knows the secret of uranium—where it was found originally, how it was formed, or even where it is most likely to be found now. Sometimes it occurs in petrified trees which are imbedded in rock formations; it even turns up unexpectedly in the bones of prehistoric fossils, and in the stems and leaves of plants. The United States Geological Survey, the Bureau of Mines and the Atomic Energy Commission are trying to determine its genesis in order to put prospecting on a more scientific basis.

The knowledge that there is uranium on the plateau is nothing new. While uranium was being used in Europe in the latter part of the 18th Century for paint pigments, the Navajo Indians were scraping it off the rocks and daubing it on their faces as war paint. They still do, in fact, for their ceremonial dances.

In 1899 a Colorado ore called carnotite was found to contain uranium, vanadium and radium. So from 1911 to 1923 the carnotite ores on the plateau were mined extensively for both uranium and radium, with some vanadium as a by-product. The radium, of course, was the principal prize. The uranium, in that comparatively peaceful era, was not especially prized for its possible use in creating atomic explosions, but was used instead for more constructive purposes.

In 1923, however, a flood of radium from the wondrously rich deposits of the Belgian Congo hit the market with such an overwhelming effect that the mining of the Colorado ores came to a virtual standstill. But in 1937 the ores were tapped again, this time for vanadium, a metal used in strengthening steel.

Then during the war, all the uranium that was not imported from Canada or the Congo for the atomic bombs was gleaned mostly from the refuse piles of the old vanadium mills on the plateau.

Now, of course, uranium is indisputably king.

### Enormous Change in Value

Old-timers on the plateau are still a little bewildered by this sudden reverence for uranium. Fifty years ago Louis Lacher, a retired miner in Naturita, Colorado, used to pick uranium off the ground, and about all he could say for it was that it got in his way.

Like all the plateau men, Louis has a collection of rocks and ore samples in his home. When he shows it to you he points to a specimen of high-grade uranium ore and says:

"Look at that. You'll never find it any better. And do you know what? Well, sir, I once had a chance to buy three claims full of the stuff for $100. And I wouldn't do it. Well, those claims are now part of the Maggie C mine, and I'll miss my guess if the Maggie C hasn't produced $10,000,000 worth of uranium since I turned that offer down. Now if I was out looking for uranium, I probably couldn't find a pebble of the stuff."

Louis is probably right. The difficulty of locating good ore bodies has been described best by Philip C. Leahy, the husky, thirty-six-year-old director of the AEC's Colorado Raw Materials Office in Grand Junction, where sample ores are assayed and filed away for future reference.

"It's like this," Leahy says. "Spread a layer of white beans over the bottom of a tub. Toss in one or two blue beans. Cover the layer with a newspaper and repeat the operation until the tub is full. (The layers represent the formations where the ore is found.) Now take a long hatpin, poke it down through the layers, and see how many blue beans you can hit. That's drilling for uranium."

In actual practice, of course, the search is not quite so unrewarding as it sounds. Drilling, pulling up samples, and establishing from the pattern of the drill holes just where the uranium pockets lie is still the most scientific way of locating and trapping the fickle metal. That is why the AEC and the Geological Survey are sinking holes in the plateau at the rate of some 400,000 feet a year. Since the maximum drilling depth seldom exceeds 400 feet—and 400 feet is exceptionally deep—the plateau is being punctured at the rate of *more* than 1,000 test jabs a year, each of which is capped with a red-topped pipe and numbered for future reference.

Several independent companies are also drilling, for profit rather than for simple exploration. Inasmuch as these companies intend to stake claims wherever they hit good ore bodies, they are understandably reticent about broadcasting either the extent or the results of their drilling. One foreman puts it this way:

"I don't say anything about what we've got unless somebody comes right out and asks me. Then I lie to him."

### Shumway Gets Head Start

In a way, Arah Shumway operates on the same prospecting philosophy. After he found the big uranium deposit in White Canyon he was afraid to get up at miners' meetings for fear he would blurt out his secret. Finally, and inevitably, the word got around; but Arah had the head start he wanted. He is now ready to start mining.

Almost anyone can go prospecting, but

COLLIER'S

"It started to rain, so we had to bring our toys into the house"

LOWELL HOPPES



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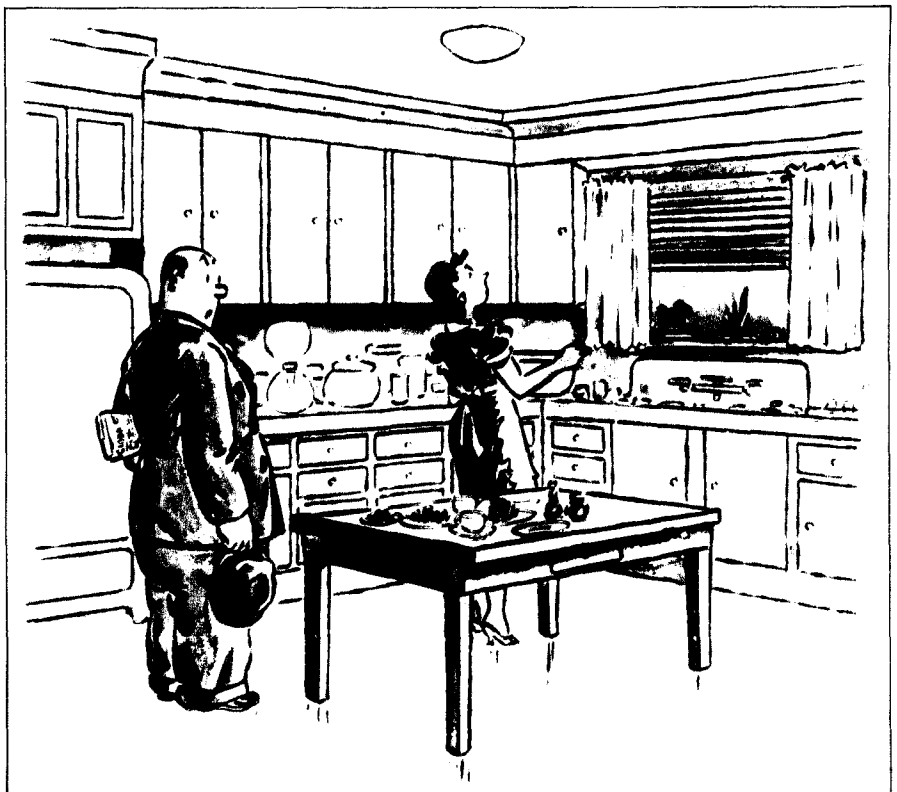


"I hope you didn't fuss tonight, dear.
I'm not very hungr— Luvva Mike!
Is this all we gonna have for dinner?"

COLLIER'S JAY IRVING

large-scale mining operations are beyond the means of most individuals. Mining means compressors, jackhammers, ore cars, rails, explosives and various other expensive necessities. The cost of assembling this equipment is one of the reasons why the uranium rush on the Colorado plateau has been limited to a relatively small group of men.

Another reason is the glittering, $10,000 bonus the AEC will pay for the discovery and delivery of the first 20 tons of 20 per cent ore. The AEC already knows of the uranium on the plateau; it wants people to start looking in new places. Besides, it is a pretty safe bet that a prospector could spend the rest of his life in the rocks and sagebrush of the plateau without finding 20 tons of even 2 per cent ore, let alone 20 per cent ore.

Arah Shumway knows of some higher-than-average deposits on the Navajo Indian Reservation in northern Arizona, but those present additional, unusual complications.

As Arah says, "Whenever I find it there, I kick the dirt back over it. The politics are too much for me."

What Arah means is that a lone prospector doesn't stand much of a chance on the reservation. If he finds uranium there he is required to bid at public auction on the land containing it. It does not take much imagination to see that a large, powerful company interested in uranium can quickly send investigators to the area, have them check on the deposits and then, if they are worth while, outbid the poor prospector who found the uranium in the first place.

### Number of "Prospectors" Small

Despite the popular tendency to describe the activities on the plateau as an old-fashioned rush, it is estimated that in the entire 125,000-square-mile area there are no more than 800 men who are actively engaged in mining and prospecting for uranium. Even that figure may be excessive. As of May 31st only 341 licenses had been issued for the mining and selling of uranium ore. Of these only about 250 are currently active. No license is needed for prospecting.

In addition to the miners there are probably no more than 60 or 70 Johnny-come-latelies traversing the canyons and tablelands as prospectors. The newcomers have been swallowed up so quickly and easily in the silence of the vast plateau that there is nothing to show that they are there except an occasional war-surplus jeep parked at the bottom of a mesa.

In this primitive region it is natural that there should be rugged mining camps and colorful names like Calamity Mesa and Disappointment Valley. But there are no boom towns, rip-roaring faro games, or men with heavy sacks of uranium in their saddlebags.

Mining and prospecting on the plateau is not for dilettantes. Most of the men there have spent their lives in damp tunnels chipping away at the dripping walls for radium, vanadium or uranium.

### Radio the Outside Link

The people on the plateau don't rely on railroads, because the nearest tracks are apt to be 200 miles away. There are no telephones. Although the camp at Calamity Mesa is less isolated than most, its only connection with the outside world is a short-wave radio set which is operated on the U.S. Grazing Service wave length for one hour a day. The government office at Grand Junction serves as a relay point.

The roads—if there are roads—are rocky trails blasted out by dynamite, or they are simply vague tracks wandering over the mesas and through the canyons.

A popular way of giving directions is to say: "Well, to get to where you want to go, you take Highway 550 until you come to Highway 160. Turn off on 160 and follow that until you come to Highway 47. Turn off on 47 until you come to Highway 95. Turn off on 95 and go for about 12 miles. Then just turn off."

It is cold in the high mountain passes and steaming hot in the canyons. On the plateau there are rattlesnakes, poisonous lizards and scorpions, ugly Gila monsters, biting gnats, deer flies and even an occasional ferocious eagle. And always, except for the buzzing of the flies, there is silence.

Yet, because of the new fever for uranium, men live and work there. Aside from the obvious fact that uranium is of supreme importance to the government of the United States, what are the men on the plateau getting out of it?

It has lately been popular to describe uranium as being 45 times more valuable than gold. But the prospectors and miners on the plateau find such an evaluation confusing. There are probably several ways of looking at this comparison. Being veterans, they are well aware that a ton of *good* gold ore will yield perhaps an ounce of gold—worth $35. Ten tons would be worth $350.

On the other hand, 10 tons of uranium ore of the kind found on the plateau would have to run *exceptionally* high in uranium content to be worth even $60 a ton or $600 for 10 tons. One miner has estimated that most of the ore being brought out of the plateau averages about $25 a ton, or $10 less than good gold ore will bring. The men on the plateau can only conclude that the magic, 45-to-1 ratio applies to someone else's uranium.

### Sitton Struck It Rich

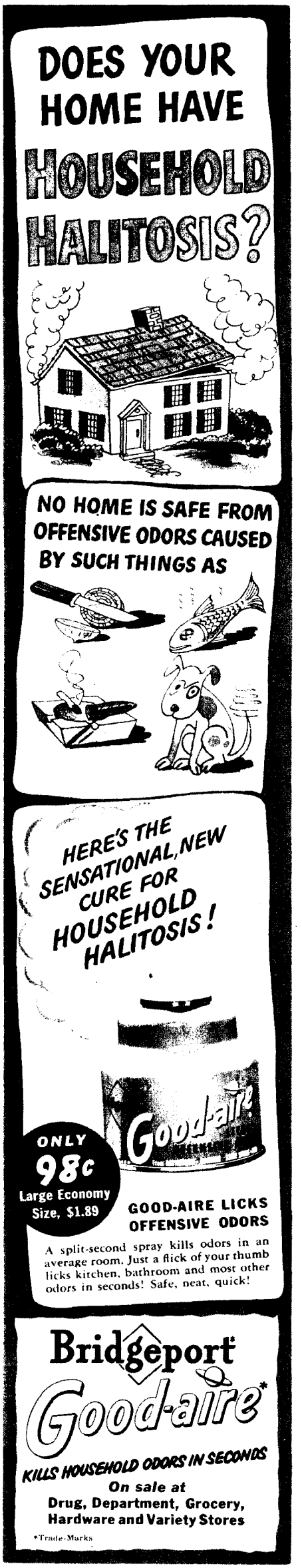
Arah Shumway knows of only one man who has made a real fortune from uranium. He is F. A. Sitton, now the mayor, bank president and principal property owner of Dove Creek, Colorado. Sitton, a tall, neat, bespectacled man of fifty, is known as the Uranium King of America—a title he resents. Nevertheless, even if he were to stop drilling for new deposits right now, he would still have enough ore already pinpointed in the ground to keep him busy with mining operations for the next five years.

Sitton arrived in Dove Creek 29 years ago from the Missouri Ozarks. There were two houses in the town then and Sitton was broke. "Otherwise," he says now, "I would have left the next morning." Sitton and Dove Creek grew together, although Sitton personally has far outstripped Dove Creek, which is still only a hamlet. At first Sitton taught country school. Then he started homesteading. He bid on the mail contract that brought the first daily mail to Dove Creek, picked up farm properties, and finally spread into beans and wheat. He bought a garage, a grocery store and a hardware store. He founded a bank and was elected mayor. In 1935 he started grubstaking prospectors in return for half their claims.

Sitton now owns some 200 claims in six groups, and his ore is of such a generally high quality that it has become common on the plateau to hear unusually good ore described as "Sitton ore." Sitton recently sold a half interest in one of his groups of claims to a Texas oilman for $125,000. At the same time he refused $500,000 in cash for the other half. He has 41 men working in five mines for $1.50 an hour. In addition he has road crews, water hauler and two diamond-drill crews. He is, in fact, so deep in uranium that he has it stacked in boxes in his office at the bank. He even uses chunks of high-grade ore for doorstops.

Sitton's ore, like all ore mined from the plateau, is refined in one of six widely scattered mills. Generally speaking the refining operation is one in which the uranium is extracted from the ore and processed into a yellow or black powder. The black powder is simply uranium oxide which has gone through one more step than the yellow powder. At Grand Junction the powder is collected in innocent-looking barrels which are shunted to mysterious destinations for further, secret processing.

Five of the six mills are operated by two vanadium companies, the Vanadium Corporation of America and the United States Vanadium Corporation. The mills are at White Canyon, Utah, and Naturita, Durango, Rifle and Uravan, Colorado. The Uravan mill is not working now but is scheduled to resume operations around the first of the year. The AEC itself operates the sixth mill, at Monticello, Utah, a new plant which, it is hoped, will serve as a model for others to come. THE END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# Give Me My Golden Arm

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

doll in the big toy box under the kitchen stove. Cherry thought that looked like fun and took a toy in her teeth. When Mrs. Warhorst came into the living room again, Cherry and I were creeping rapidly through the house with the last two dolls in our teeth. Mrs. W. had the ruler in her hand. She swung it pretty close to the end of my spine—she must have been tempted to let me have one. I didn't trust her, and I galloped like a cow racing a railroad train. Only there was Rocky standing in the kitchen door watching me charging along.

"De Lucie!" shouts your mother, in an awful voice. "Your clean apron! What a spectacle you make of yourself." "Aw, Moosie's just a great big kid, Grandma," puts in Stuart. Isn't he sweet for just eight? Rocky had come back for his pencil. We found it and he beat it, but he looked at me with kind of a sympathetic smile.

I changed the rugs in the library with the living-room rugs. They don't fit, but they look swell.

Stu has poison ivy.

I'm thinking of painting the kitchen pink. Okay? Respectfully your friend

De Lucie

Sunday

Dear Mrs. Iredale:

Your telegram received.

I changed them back.

We put on calamine lotion.

I won't paint it pink.

Don't get excited. It's bad for your putting.

The upstairs maid next door, Astrid, came over last night to see if I would go to Playtime Park with her to pick up a sailor, as we both get Saturday evening off. You know me—I promised I would never pick up a sailor. Besides, I only like cops. Only Rocky, my cop, doesn't care for me. Ah me, Rocky, thy black eyes, ah me. That's like poetry, isn't it?

I don't know if you ever saw Astrid. She is Swedish and has yellow hair too thick and curly, and a big mouth full of big teeth, only one front one is just screwed in temporary, and it flops out if she guffaws. Anyhow I went with Astrid. Well, these two little guys wearing shirts with horses on them were in a little boat behind us when we went through the Tunnel of Venice, and they kept saying we were cute.

When we came out on the wooden platform at the end of the ride one of them said, "Miss De Lucie, how is the little girl Cherry?" Astrid says, "Hillo, fellas!" But I says, "Don't speak to them —I promised." And I marched her over to the Strength-Tester where you wham a kind of a lever like a seesaw with a hammer to see if you can ring the bell at the very top. Well, Astrid knocked the bell as far as Dish-Washer. I got it to Panty-Waist first, and then I whirled the hammer good and rang the bell clear up to Joe Louis and stepped triumphantly back on this guy's toe. He yowled. He shouldn't have stood so close behind. But I was sorry.

He says, white-faced, "Think nothing of it. I'm sure only three-four toes are pulverized. Give my kindest regards to Sherry."

"Not Sherry, Cherry," I corrects him.

"Ha, ha, you spoke to them," says Astrid. "Hillo, fellas!" And of course it was the two guys that had followed us from the Tunnel of Venice. "How do you know my name? I never saw you before," says I, but he wouldn't tell.

Then they invited us to have a cup of coffee at the stand, so we did. They are rich college boys and they are awful polite. They are quite a little smaller than Astrid and me. My guy is very dark, named Raoul, rhymes with howl. He goes to Harvard and is going to buy a horse named Ponder that won the Kentucky Derby, as soon as he gets his next week's allowance. Astrid's guy is Dominick, and he goes to Harvard too and is going to buy a horse named Citation.

So I told Raoul my name is really Margaret Rose and I'm in the movies. Everybody pretends like that at Playtime Park. And he says, "Don't kid me —that's all horsefeathers. Your name is De Lucie and you're nurse for two little kids. I've seen you before." Isn't that funny? So I told him, "You're wrong about one thing. I'm not a nurse. I'm the cook at the Iredales, and they are my best friends."

At nearly ten o'clock I says we have to get to a radio to hear the Mister's Ten O'Clock Talk, and they were very much interested to hear that my boss is the famous radio commentator Wally Iredale. We found a radio to listen to in a little place that sells taffy apples. Astrid's tooth came out twice, the taffy being sticky. Did you hear the Mister last night? Oh, he was grand, like always. His Ten O'Clock Talk was about THAT WHICH THOU LONGEST FOR, O DISCONTENTED MAN, TAKE, AND PAY THE PRICE. Well, Mrs. Iredale, I am not discontented. I am the luckiest woman in the world and have the nicest job. But there is one thing I long for, and that is Rocky, but I haven't got the price.

"I use the same roll over and over ... They never come out anyway"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"That ain't so dumb, I get it," says Astrid, chewing on her taffy apple. "I wanted this pernamunt wave and I paid the price, twenty dollars plus a whole afternoon of suffering being roasted under a hot drier."

"And I wanted to take my Saturday evening off even if Mrs. Iredale is away," I says, "and I've paid the price, wondering all evening if Cherry has walked in her sleep again with only Stuart and old Mrs. Warhorst to listen for her. Worry is a big price to pay, besides the sixty cents these here taffy apples cost me."

"That's all horsefeathers," says Raoul grinning at Dominick. "Because I wanted a big flashy car and I didn't pay no price at all! Let's go to your house, De Lucie, as your boss is broadcasting in New York. We can have a shot of his whisky free, as long as they don't sell any hard stuff at this crazy park."

"You aren't coming to my house," I says, "because Mrs. Iredale's mother is there, and she is a war horse and no doubt of it!"

"You girls got any money you want to invest?" asks Raoul. "I can double your money for you in one week—got some private tips on the hors—I mean on bonds and stocks that are going up."

"I've got three hundred and one dollars saved up," I said, "and I can't decide exactly what I'm saving it for, there are so many wonderful things to buy. Maybe I'll spend half of it to travel and see a lot of this big United States on my two weeks' vacation. Maybe I'll spend half of it for a violin and take lessons. The other half goes to the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls, where I was brought up, to start a fund for a swimming pool. It's so hot and dull there in the summer. But you can't guess how many thousand dishes I washed and how many hundred beds I made and how many times I dusted the piano to make that dough."

"I'll turn that three hundred into six hundred and you can buy a swell used car. Keep the extra dollar."

"That's nice of you, Raoul. That money looks very beautiful right where it is, in the bottom of the rag bag in my own clothes closet."

Raoul drove me home in a shining big red car. "You can't come in farther than the kitchen," I says. When we walked into the kitchen and turned on the light there was a mouse just skittering across the floor and Raoul put his foot on it quick as a wink and killed it. That made me feel bad. He was just too fast, like a snake. For a minute I thought, better not have any guy at all if you can't have Rocky. Still, a rich boy with all the troubles of the rich you should feel sorry for, and you ought to have sympathy for a Harvard student with all that hard studying on his mind.

So he kissed me good night and it felt quite good. Isn't that a strange thing, Mrs. Iredale? I shut my eyes and tried to pretend it was Rocky, but Raoul had on a good deal of sweet perfumery.

"Gimme my golden arm!" says a low voice, and we broke apart like a doughnut. Stuart was standing in the doorway to the dining room, grinning like a fiend. "Wait till I tell Rocky!"

"Who's Rocky?"

"De Lucie's cop."

"Gotta go. Good-by," and he was gone.

"Cherry has been yelling her head off, De Lucie. Bad dream. Come upstairs and comfort her," says Stuart, so I did.

The Mister didn't get home till all hours. I guess he was tying one on as you are away. I moved all the furniture around in the dining room, put the table against one wall and lined up all the chairs in a long row opposite.

Well, enjoy the relaxing or you can't putt. Respectfully, your friend

De Lucie

Tuesday

Dear Mrs. Iredale:

Your telegram received.

The Mister was not either plastered —he got up for breakfast.

I moved the dining-room furniture back.

I will be careful about smooching.

I won't let any strange men into the house.

Don't get excited. Your scores will suffer.

I told the Mister I met a Harvard man and how could I be sure he was a Harvard man and he said, "Let's see. Well, you might ask him what a Harvard bag is." So I will do that if Raoul calls up. He didn't happen to tell me his last name or address.

Mrs. Warhorst and I get along fine as long as I keep the children quiet and our voices low. So the kids and I have been playing a new game without any speaking in it. Every time I open a closet door Stu is hiding there and he tips slowly out, stiff like a corpse. I do it too, so does Baby. She shrieks with excitement though, and drives your mother crazy.

Mrs. Iredale, I have something bad to confess. I told an outright lie. To the Mister of all people, who is not a rat nor a wolf like many, but is about a thousand years ahead of almost everybody but Rocky in being a fine man, as you know. He asks me can I swim, because if so he will drive me with the children to the Beach Club tomorrow and I can go swimming with them instead of just sitting on the bench keeping an eye on them. I tells the Mister, sure, of course, I can do anything. Which was a lie. I can't swim. Where would I learn—in the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls? We didn't have any pool or beach and very small bathtubs. But I did want so much to go in the water with the kids.

What I meant to do was learn to swim during the night. That would make it not a lie. So I looked at the pictures of the boys' class in swimming in the Beach Club yearbook, and I figured what you do is kick your feet up and down at the same time that you paddle with your hands. I practiced face down on the kitchen floor like a turtle, with Cherry imitating me. Your mother stalked in and said that I was more bats every day, but she didn't catch on. Then I walked to the village with Cherry and I bought a one-piece bathing suit, tight white wrinkled crepy stuff, and a short white beach coat to wear over it.

I decided to go out alone, after midnight, to the club, and figure out how to swim. I thought if I could hold on to the edge of the pool, as the little ones do, and kick my feet, I might find myself swimming. So last night after Cherry and Stu were asleep—and the Mister and Mrs. Warhorst too I suppose—I took the bus that goes out near the Beach Club, with my new bathing suit on and the beach coat. My legs looked awfully long and bare. The bus filled up with people at the movie, and among them were Astrid and Dominick. I said hello, and my heart beat hard like it was in my neck.

"Why, De Lucie," yells Astrid, "where you going this hour of the night? I bet you're going to meet a sailor."

"Why not?" I says and rings the bell to get off, half a mile too soon, and I had to walk along the deserted woods road to the club. I wasn't scared, I had a flashlight. The club was awfully dark too, all the lights out but a dim one in the telephone room. I slipped around the clubhouse to where the pool was shining in the dark, light under a sky full of stars.

I took off my coat and let myself into the water at the shallow end. I waded toward the deep end and tried and tried to swim, but one foot would always go down to the bottom when I didn't want it to. I wasn't learning a thing. So I held on to the groove at the side and kicked my feet. I moved down the edge by my hands until I got to deep water, and then I threw myself off and tried to swim to the shallow end. Woosh, I sank like an old bedstead.

I jumped and took in a faceful of chlorine water and clutched the edge and pulled myself up. Then I sat on the tiles and panted. How could little boys like Stu swim so easily? Maybe the thing was to dive first. I didn't want to dive way under as Stuart does, so I joined my two hands under my chin like a stone angel and went headfirst over the side into the



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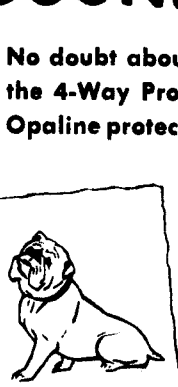

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pool. I struck the top of my skull on the bottom and all but dashed my brains out—not that I was using any—and went all dizzy, with stars and sparks and crescents going off in my head like a Fourth-of-July flowerpot. I came up strangling, thrashing around frantically to find the edge. I remember seeing the sky once, so beautiful, so sweetly full of stars.

My head was singing, whether from the crack I took hitting the bottom, or because I was filling up with water I don't know.

When I came to, I heard a voice saying, "Breathe, breathe, De Lucie." I found myself lying on the icy tiles beside the pool with my face turned sidewise on my right arm, and two hands were shoving my ribs in and out. "One, two, three, four, five. Breathe now, you dumb girl. Breathe, dammit."

"I am breathing—stop swearing," I says. "Let me be now."

I lay there on the edge of the pool a long time, and I was very cold. I didn't know who it was sitting panting beside me. I had my eyes shut. I wished it would turn out to be Rocky, but I didn't look at him. I just felt the warmth coming back into my cold bones and the pain in my chest and head going away.

"You saved my life," I said. "Thank you. I will always be grateful."

"Aw, that's all horsefeathers."

"How did you get me out?"

"Me and Dominick shoved you to the shallow end and hauled you out. You weigh a ton. Don't talk loud—better if nobody knows you were here. They might think we brought you out to the club and I'm unpopular enough without that. I don't want no scandal."

I was surprised, because when you swim close to the Pearly Gates scandal is silly.

"That's the window of my room right above the bathhouse. I've been living at the club all summer—saw you here plenty of times with the Iredale children. Dominick came in from the movies and said he saw you coming here on the bus. We heard someone coughing and sputtering and looked out to see if a dog was drownding. Boy, your eyes was popping!"

I opened my eyes, to see Raoul and Dominick kneeling beside me. I shook their wet hands and thanked them. "I'll run up and get a coat and drive you home," says Raoul. He brought me my white coat to put on over my wet suit. We tiptoed to the parking lot. I got in a big green car Raoul pointed to, and he drove me home. I felt too shaky to talk, but I leaned on Raoul and shivered, and he drove with one arm around me, singing and whistling. I will tell you a funny thing, Mrs. Iredale. When someone saves your life you feel as if they had done a great deed for their country. Still, there seemed to me to be something goofy about this guy, and I felt as if he was way out in left field half the time.

I asked him "What is a Harvard bag?" "A Harvard bag is an old fat dame," he says. I'll have to ask the Mister.

"What can I do to repay you for saving my life?" I asks Raoul in a low voice when I was unlocking the back door.

"Horsefeathers. Or, I'll tell you what. Let me have your three hundred to invest for you, and I'll double it by tomorrow night so you can buy yourself a swell little used car."

I didn't want a car. I didn't want my money doubled. But naturally I didn't like to refuse. So I whispered, "Okay, wait in the kitchen and be quiet." Then I went to rummage in my rag bag.

When I brought out my three hundred dollars, Raoul wasn't there, but Mrs. Warhorst was striding into the kitchen in her bathrobe, with a hard look on her face. "De Lucie! I heard burglars! What have you got on, you ridiculous girl?" She was staring at my beach coat and long bare legs.

"I went swimming."

"At three o'clock in the morning? I won't have it! I'll advise Mrs. Iredale to let you go." She rummaged in the table drawer and brought out our little double-edged meat ax that we make cube steaks with. "Call the police. I'm sure I heard a burglar."

"Oh, that's silly," I gasped, wondering where Raoul had gone.

Stuart appeared in the dining-room door exactly as he had last night in pajamas but perfectly composed. "Same guy," he says calmly.

"What do you mean?"

"Same guy that you had last night. Wandering around the living room."

Raoul forced his way past Stuart into the kitchen, gasped when he saw the meat ax, and clutched my hand fearfully. "Stu, call the police!" shouts your mother.

"It's my friend!" I says. "He saved me from drowning."

"Where were you?" inquires Mrs. Warhorst balefully. "What were you doing, young man?"

"Looking for the television," Raoul says.

"Good-by, sweetie," I says fondly, acting a part, and puts my money in his hand and shoved him out the door onto the porch. I was dying. I turned around and I don't know if I hated to meet Stu's eye or Mrs. Warhorst's the most.

"This I will not tolerate," the old lady snorts. "A girl like you in charge of two innocent little children. I'll write my daughter."

"I'll write her," I whispers, wondering how you can sink through the floor. "Just don't tell the Mister."

I forgot to let you know, I moved everything in the Mister's study into your little sewing room, and everything in your little sewing room into the Mister's study so he would have better light and more room for his books. Don't bother to telegraph—he threatened to crown me and I moved them all back already.

Respectfully, your friend
De Lucie

Thursday

Dear Mrs. Iredale:

Your telegram received.

Mr. Iredale already told me. A Harvard bag is what professors carry books and themes in.

I already told Mr. Iredale that I can't swim.

I am very, very glad that you are coming home. It is better when you are here. We all think so. I can hardly hold the fort any longer. We are so tired of scraped carrots. Mrs. Warhorst has fired me twice. I won't go. I wonder why your putting went to pieces.

I had an awful day. Just awful.

I couldn't get to sleep after I went to bed. So I got up and tiptoed around the house looking at Cherry sleeping, and Stuart sleeping. Then I lay awake until the birds started twittering. I didn't wake up when my alarm went off, and had to hurry like mad to get the Mister's breakfast because he was leaving to broadcast from some other towns. When I opened my closet door for a clean uniform, Stu was hiding in one corner and he tipped out solemnly like a corpse and Cherry tipped out stiff like a corpse from another corner, and this time I was the one who screamed and screamed and Mrs. W. came running. She's mad at me though—we don't speak. Mr. Iredale told the kids before he left that it was too cold to go swimming.

Mrs. Warhorst had made her own coffee—I was so ashamed—and taken her gardening things and gone out to spray the roses. But pretty soon she got cold and came in and went up to her room for a sweater and came flying down white-faced. If anybody as wide as a refrigerator can be said to fly.

"De Lucie, my crystal hand has gone, with my five rings and two diamond bracelets on it. Have you seen it?"

"No, ma'am! I haven't even been upstairs to make the beds yet."

"Stuart, have you seen it?"

"No, Grandma. Not today. You told us to keep out of your room unless you asked us in specially."

"Cherry?"

"Give me my golden arm! I gottcha!"

"Was it there when you got up?" I asked very nervously.

"I don't know. I dressed for the garden without putting on my rings. Oh, De Lucie! That dark man you brought in! Looking for the television set indeed!"

I was just sick with fright. I wanted to phone the Mister to ask what to do, but he couldn't be reached until evening.

"Let's ask Rocky," suggested Stu. "That cop that's a friend of ours, Grandma."

"No!" I said.

The last thing I wanted to do was to tell Rocky I had picked up a stranger at Playtime Park. "Let's search all over, Stu."

"Grandma has gone into her room, and I think she is telephoning," the little boy reported. "They'll pinch your little man, De Lucie."

"Oh, Stuart, help me. He didn't do it, I'm sure. I don't see why the police should arrest him just because he was in the house for a few minutes yesterday."

"You'll have to tell Rocky the truth then."

I gave up. I gave up all my hopes of winning Rocky. "All right, Stuart. We'll ask Rocky to help Raoul."

"I pass his father's house every day when there is school," Stu informed me. "I'll show you, De Lucie, if you and Cherry walk over there with me."

Rocky lives in a nice white house with a lot of garden around it, way in the other end of the village. His mother came to the door, a pretty middle-aged woman in a clean apron. She was timid with us, and didn't seem to understand English very well. I know a smuttering of Italian because I've been studying it from a book on account of Rocky. But all I could remember was, *"Il capitano dà un cappello agli amici,"* meaning, "The captain gives a hat to the friends." And I couldn't think of any way to work it in.

Cherry ran and found Rocky cutting the grass in the back yard, and he stopped cutting and came up and shook hands, so clean and strong and quiet in his white shirt and cop's pants. So I told the truth, how I stepped on Raoul's foot and made friends with him, and how he saved me when I was drowning at the club at midnight, and how he was a rich member of the club, but still it seemed as if he might have lifted the golden arm.

"Oh, De Lucie!" Rocky kept saying. "You've got to grow up. You didn't much want to tell me, did you?"

"No," I said, pretty nearly ready to cry, "but I gotta be decent even if it makes everybody despise me."

His mother said something very slowly in Italian, and Rocky nodded his head.

"What's your mother saying about me?" I asked jealously.

He translated very softly. "I think it's from the Bible. 'All his transgressions that he hath committed, they shall not be mentioned unto him.' Well, you go home and wait, and calm the old lady down. I'll get out my little jalopy and find out about your friend Raoul."

So then Stu and Cherry and I took a cab home. I felt happy and calm. There's a man, a real man like Mr. Iredale, I thought. He'll tend to everything.

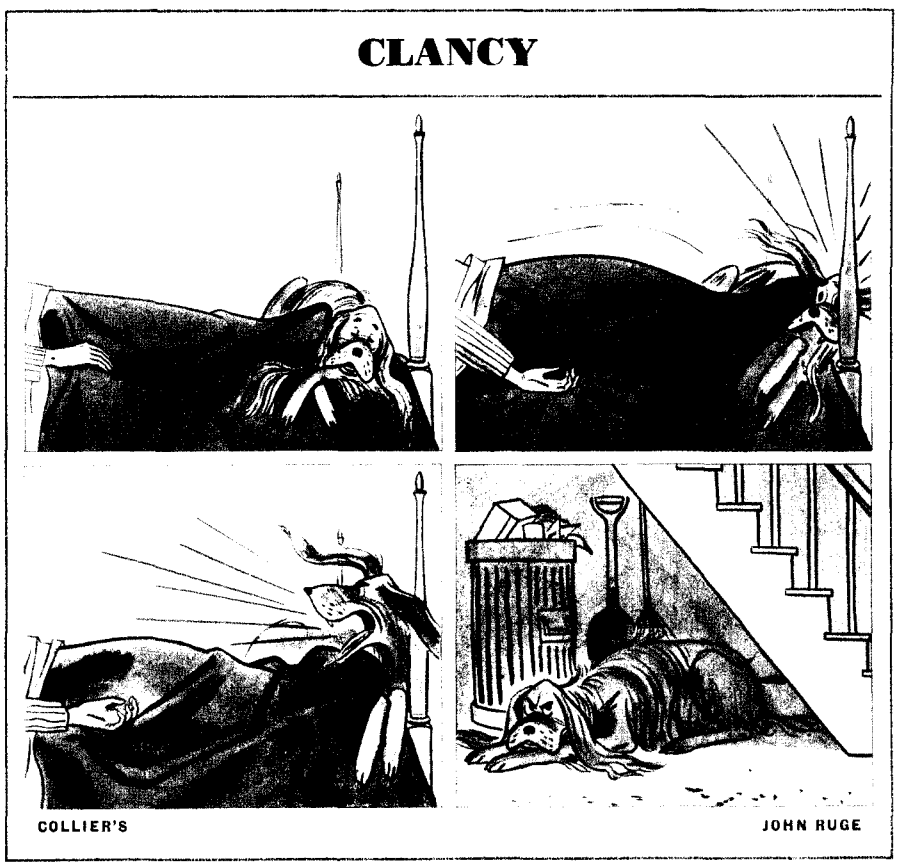
I did the beds, and I did the dishes, and I made meat pie and apple dumplings for lunch. Mrs. Warhorst wasn't speaking to me. "You just watch when your father gets home," she said to Cherry. "He'll have something to say to De Lucie that she isn't going to like. Such as, take your wages and go."

After a while, Rocky rang the front doorbell. He came in looking very trim and professional and handsome, with his hat in his hand and his short black hair as polished as his shoes. I called Mrs. Warhorst and she strode in looking like iron, and bowed to him. We stood up in the living room, and Cherry racketed around like one possessed, yelling, "Gimme my golden arm! Gimme my golden arm!" until we couldn't hear ourselves speak.

"I went to the Beach Club," Rocky reported, "and I asked for Raoul, describing him to the switchboard girl, and she pointed him out to me right away. He was sitting in the Beach Club bus that takes the employees to the station on their days off. It was almost ready to leave."

"He's an employee?" said Mrs. Warhorst.

"Works in the men's bathhouse, picking up towels and cleaning up. The bed-



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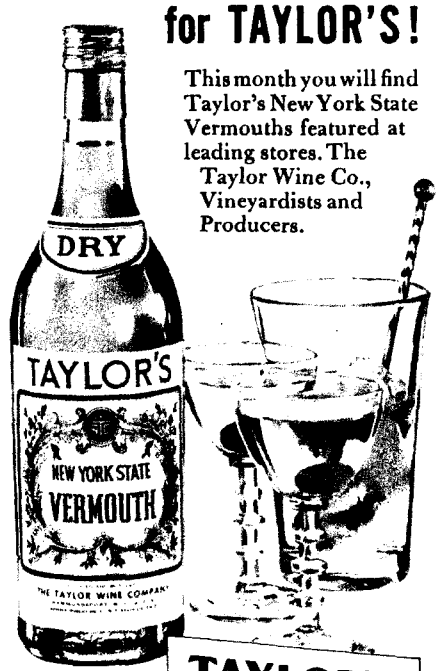


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rooms for the help look out over the pool."

"But his big cars!" I said.

"The two cars he used were borrowed from the parking lot. He always returns them. Hasn't any police record. The owners don't like it much. He's sort of a cheerful grafter."

"Not a Harvard man of course," Mrs. Warhorst said.

"Public School 43, to the fifth grade. He ain't such a bad guy. About two-thirds honest."

"Where is my golden arm?" wailed Mrs. Warhorst.

"I asked Raoul about the golden arm. He never heard of it. He wanted to go to the horse races. I said to him, 'Did you take anything from Miss De Lucie's home?' and he gave me this. He had intended to bet it on the races for you."

He handed me a roll of bills. It was my three hundred. I blushed from my bangs to my heels.

"I am aghast!" declared Mrs. Warhorst. "This is gruesome!"

"Pack rat," muttered Cherry, crawling rapidly past us. A doll fell out of her mouth as she spoke. We all looked lovingly at the little girl, and we all yelled at once, "Pack rat!"

"Cherry, tell Grandma!" the old lady begged. "Where did you take my golden arm this morning when you played pack rat? Before Grandma was awake, or De Lucie was awake, or Stuart was awake."

But I was running out to the kitchen, and diving into the big toy box under the stove. I clawed among the dolls and blocks and brought up the crystal hand and golden arm, not broken, with one glittering ring still on a glass finger. Mrs. Warhorst searched wildly up to her elbows in toys, and found the other rings and her two bracelets.

"De Lucie, I was too hasty. Cherry darling, why didn't you tell Grandma?"

"Pack rats can't talk," said Cherry.

"You like it quiet," added Stu.

Rocky was already at the telephone reporting that the jewelry was found. "I mostly turns up at home," he explained "We often find that happens."

Cherry had flung herself at me and hung around my waist like a sash "Moosie, my Moosie!"

"Cherry loves me all the time," I remarked, wiping my eyes.

I changed the side-porch furniture to the back porch, and the front-porch furniture to the side porch, and the back-porch furniture to the front porch. Don't telegraph—you'll be home yourself to change it, thank God.

Respectfully your friend
De Lucie

P.S. Rocky thinks it is a shame that I never learned how to swim. We are going to the Public Beach on his next afternoon off and he is going to teach me. Whoops!

THE END

# The Red Dog

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

ever came. I began to write to other friends in the village; and in each letter I asked for news of my dog. Some of them answered—but of those that did, none spoke of the dog. Spook is dead, I thought. He must be—otherwise they would answer. Rather than face the actuality of it, I gave up making inquiries and tried my best to put the dog from my mind.

FOUR years passed; the war was over. I had married and my wife and I lived in the city. Summer was here and we had taken a small house in the upstate village for our vacation. As we packed the bags in the car, Laurette suddenly looked up and said, "Suppose we run into your Spook—?"

"Spook is dead," I said shortly, and she took one look at my face and never finished her question.

The minute we arrived at the village I drove to the garage, although the tank was still half full. I left Laurette in the car and went into the office. My friend greeted me as if only a week end had intervened since our last meeting, as if there had been no war, as if there had never been a question of a dog between us. Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer and blurted out, "What happened to Spook?"

"Why, nothing happened to him," my friend said. "He's as hale and hearty as you or I. I saw him only the other day."

My relief was so sharp that there was no room for anger. Bewildered, I said, "What do you mean you saw him? Don't you have him any more?"

At that he had the grace to look shamefaced. He said, "I was drafted, and I didn't know I was going to be turned down, so I gave him away—to a minister, lives up above Willow."

"Why didn't you answer my letters?"

His face flushed with embarrassment. "I'm no hand at writing," he said. "Don't think I've written a letter in ten years."

I stared at him. Was it possible that he, having read my letters pleading for news of the dog, didn't realize what Spook meant to me?

The fact that he didn't was written on his honest embarrassed face. He was country-bred; to him a dog was an animal; it slept outdoors with the other animals and when fall came it was hunted, and that was all.

"What's the name of the minister?" I asked him.

"Oh, Spook's not with him any more. To tell the truth, he's had five, maybe six masters since then. Lives up with some summer people named Croker now, up past Shady. But we all see him; he visits around—makes plenty of stops. He's a valley dog now."

"A valley dog?"

"On his own. Cruises back and forth. Twenty miles one way or the other's nothing to him. Perfect condition, hard as nails. In the fall a man goes out with a gun and there's Spook ready and willing to tag along."

There was nothing to say; it was obvious that he thought the life of a valley dog the best possible life any dog could have.

"Sorry about the letters," he said, still ashamed.

"It's all right," I said. I paid for my gas and went out to the car. I drove the mile to the house without saying anything. All the way, Laurette kept looking at me. When we turned into the drive, she said gently, "Spook's alive, isn't he?"

I nodded my head, and we let it go at that. After dinner I told her the whole story and she let me tell it without asking any questions. At the end, she asked, "Are you going to try to see him?"

"Well, sure," I said. "Why not?"

"I wouldn't," Laurette said. "It would only hurt you, and it would hurt him more. Don't try to find him; it sounds as if he's very happy now."

"Don't be silly. Do you think he'd remember me? After four years and six masters?"

She just looked at me and that was the end of the discussion. Two weeks passed and we worked and went swimming and lay around and we never talked about the dog.

Then one day I saw Spook.

During a climb up the side of the valley I had stopped to rest on a rock which overlooked an open pasture in the woods beneath me. A boy of about sixteen came out of the trees, and then a second later Spook raced out into the sunlight. I knew him at once. I would have known Spook anywhere.

The boy walked straight across the pasture; but Spook, as was his habit, quartered the field, racing far ahead, then back again. And all the time the sun was glancing from his coat as if from a shield of burnished copper. I had seldom seen him look so well or so beautiful. It took them about three minutes to cross the field; then the trees on the far side swallowed them both. The pasture had never been so empty.

When I returned to the house I told Laurette about it.

She said, "Away up there on the side of the hill—how could you know it was Spook?"

"How do I know you're you?" I asked her.

The next time I saw Spook, Laurette was with me. It was night, during one of those heavy summer rainstorms that come up so suddenly. We were having dinner on the covered terrace of the local restaurant. Padding up the street came a dog—head down, tail down, looking as miserable as only an Irish setter can when it's soaking wet. As the dog came into the light cast by the terrace lamps, I said, "That looks like Spook." I must have pronounced the name quite loudly, for the dog stopped and his head came up. It was Spook.

He pushed in the screen door, walked across the flagged terrace, water dripping from his matted coat, and came up to my side. He stood there looking up into my face for a minute, then—without a bark or a wag of his tail—curled up on the stone at my feet. He dropped his head on his paws, but never once closed his eyes; he watched every move I made, just the way he used to. Four years, four long years, I thought and I felt all sort of choked up. The waitress brought our food; and at the sight of the wet dog, she said, "Here, you—"

"Let him be!" I said, so sharply that the woman was startled. Laurette explained to her. Once during the meal I got up to go into the bar. Spook got up and went with me, all the way there and back, his head so close to my leg that my trousers brushed against him.

When we left the restaurant, Spook followed us; when I opened the door of the car, he was first in, over the front seat, and into his accustomed place in the right-hand back corner, his head pressed against the window. "What are you going to do?" Laurette asked me.

"What can I do on a night like this?" I asked.

She nodded her head understandingly. "Let's go home then," she said.

WE TOOK Spook back to the little house with us. The open fire dried out his coat and the feathers on his legs and tail got all curly blond. He lay there on the floor between Laurette's chair and my desk, his head toward me. If I stood up, he was instantly on his feet. At about ten o'clock, exactly as he had always done, he came over to my chair, placed a paw on my knee, cocked his head to one side and gazed silently up into my face.

"What does he want?" Laurette asked.

"Out," I said, and I got up and opened the screen door for him. The rain had stopped and the moon had risen. Staring out into the darkness which had swallowed up the dog, I said over my shoulder, "Well, that's that, I guess. He'll go home now, to wherever home is." And, for an instant I was filled with



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regret that I had so sternly held myself back from touching him or even so much as speaking to him in the old intimate way.

Back at the desk I couldn't work. I stared at the blank paper in my typewriter: The paper didn't exist for me, nor the room—not even Laurette existed for me. I was caught in the world outside the house; my ears strained for the slightest whisper or rustle in the grass.

AT ABOUT eleven, two quick, imperious barks sounded outside the screen door. Laurette lifted her eyebrows inquiringly. "He wants in," I told her. I jumped up from my chair and stood there helplessly in the center of the room, not knowing what to do.

"Well, go on," Laurette said, "let him in. We'll talk later."

So I let him in, and when he went to bed he took his usual position on the floor beside my bed. I could hear him

"I'm glad I'm a bachelor"
COLLIER'S BORIS DRUCKER

there, breathing softly in the darkness. Laurette talked to me.

"This is why I didn't want you to see him again," she said.

"But he was only two years old when I left him—and after four years, who would believe he'd remember this way?" His act of remembrance had been with me all night; it was a wonderful thing. "It's just as if I had never gone away," I said.

"Try not to think of that," Laurette said. "Think of Spook. Think how beautiful and fit he is, and remember that he's leading the proper life for a dog. A whole valley to roam in. What kind of a life would he lead with us in the city? With both of us working, what would he have? A walk on a lead twice a day? Never any grass, or sun—never to run free. You wouldn't want to take him back to that now that he's had the other, would you?"

"But I'm not doing anything," I protested. "I haven't even petted him. He's doing it all himself."

"The decision is up to you. You have to make it."

"All right, then," I said. "We'll take him back to the Crokers' tomorrow." She reached across and patted my arm and said no more. I don't know how long it took me to get to sleep that night. All I remember now is that once during the night I heard Spook get up and change position; I heard him turning round and round. Then I heard him hit the floor with a thud the way setters do. As he stretched out again I heard him sigh, a sound that seemed to contain all the contentment in the world. . . .

We started for the Croker place at noon the next day. It was blazing hot. We drove the five miles in complete silence, except for Spook, who, occasionally, would whine anxiously deep in his throat.

We turned off the road and up the lane and circled the drive of the big house. When I took Spook out of the car, my fingers tight about his collar, he was whining continually, and nothing in the world could have made me look into his eyes.

The boy I had seen in the pasture that other morning answered my knock; he looked astounded at seeing me with the dog. And all the time I talked to him, explaining what had happened, Spook kept pulling to break my hold on his collar. At last the boy understood the situation and took hold of Spook's collar, and I got back in the car and drove off.

We had gone only about a mile on the macadam when I saw him in the rear-view mirror. He was racing after the car, running his heart out. "That fool kid let him loose!" I said, and put on speed, but I couldn't tear my eyes from the mirror. He kept running and running, and the sun kept beating down on him, and I knew he would never give up. Suddenly Laurette said in a tense voice, "Do you want to kill him? Stop the car! Stop the car, do you hear?"

Pulling off the road onto the grass, I got out of the car and waited. Spook came up and sank exhausted at my feet, his chest laboring painfully, his tongue hanging from his mouth. There was a little sound from the car and I turned around: Laurette was crying softly, the tears running down her cheeks.

"Spook, poor Spook," she kept saying through her sobs. "Don't worry any more, not any more, please. We'll take him with us. It'll be all right, fine. You can walk him in the morning before you go to work, and I'll come home on my lunch hour and take him then. And Bessy won't mind taking him out once in the afternoon." Bessy was our maid. "We'll manage somehow," Laurette said.

I patted her shoulder and gave her my handkerchief. I put Spook in the back of the car and turned it around and headed back for the Croker place. Laurette put a restraining hand on my arm. "No, dear," I said, "it wouldn't work. Last night you talked with your head; now you're talking with your heart. Believe me, the head's better."

This time I told the boy to lock Spook in the house, and when we drove away, I drove very fast and Laurette said nothing about the speed.

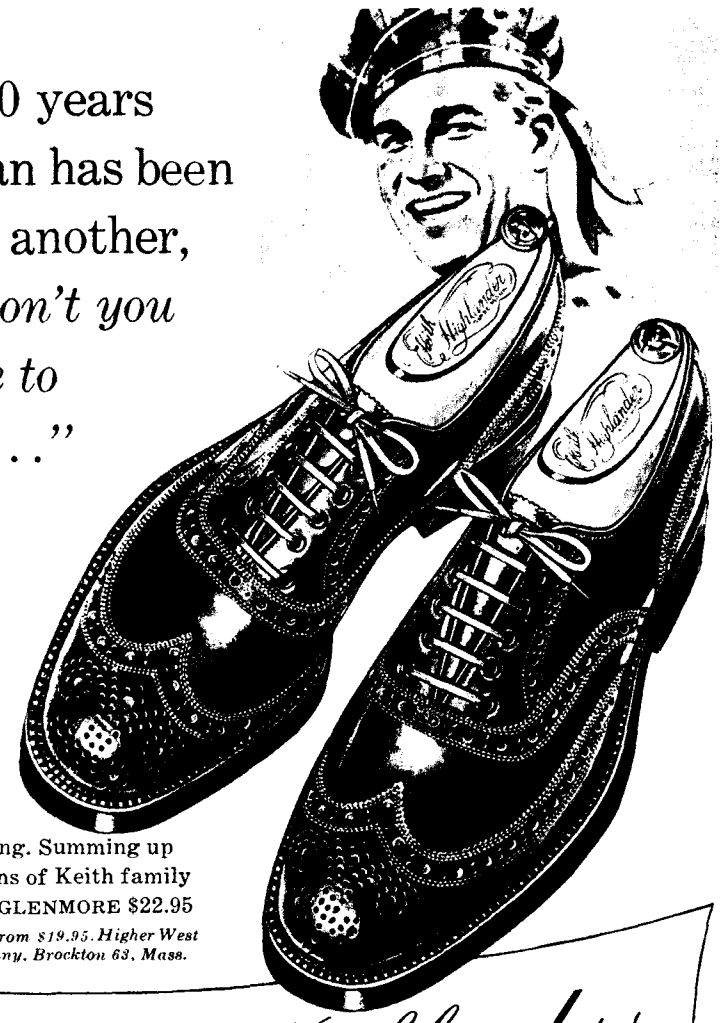
ALL this took place more than three years ago. Today, I rarely think of Spook, consciously anyway. But three or four times every year, I have a recurring dream, a horrible nightmare.

The scene of the dream is always the same: the stretch of macadam highway. I am myself, in the car, and at the same time I am Spook—and I run and I run and the car never stops, and the hard cruel road hits my paws and the sun beats down on me, and I keep saying over and over again: He doesn't want me, he doesn't want me . . . And then I feel a grief so sharp that I cannot contain it and my heart swells and swells and threatens to burst with the sheer pity of it. At this point I always wake up in a cold sweat and I slip quietly out of bed, for I have never told Laurette about the recurring dream.

I go into the living room and light a cigarette and stare out of the window. The streets are empty; the dark, cold, stone houses hem them in. There are no trees, and that helps. I force myself to remember Spook as I saw him that day in the green pasture running free, with the soft grass beneath his feet and the wind whipping his ears back and the sun striking from his gleaming copper coat. That helps, too.

I put out my cigarette and go back to bed and to sleep. But even now, three years later, even now after writing it all down, I do not know whether the decision I made for Spook was right or wrong. THE END


For 190 years one man has been telling another, *"Why don't you change to Keith..."*



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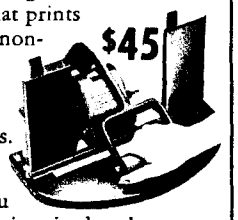

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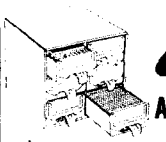

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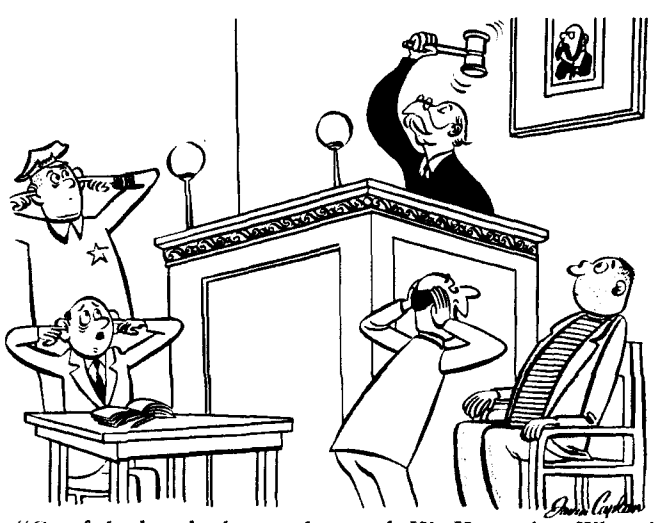

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# Unholy Crusade

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

going to beat the Marshall Plan. The country is an ideal testing ground. It is the most Westernized nation in the Soviet bloc, has the highest standard of living and education, a disciplined working class, 2,500,000 party members out of 12,500,000 inhabitants (every fifth person is a member of the Communist party), modern industries and a well-developed agriculture.

If Czechoslovakia, at the end of her Five-Year Plan in 1954, should be better off than France or Italy when ERP aid runs out, it would be a great victory for Moscow.

### The Church Is Attacked

To prepare Czechoslovakia for the all-out drive, the Communists must break down the last stronghold of organized resistance, which happens to be the Catholic Church. Their tactics became apparent at the Ninth Congress of Czechoslovakia's Communist party last May, when Václav Kopecký, the Czechoslovak Minister of Information, said, among other things, "We recognize freedom of religion but we must reserve for the state the right to educate our children in and outside of school in the Marxist-Leninist ideology." He then quoted President Gottwald's words, "We won't permit anybody to overthrow our republic!" and added, "not even traitors in priest's clothes."

In front of the baroque palace of Archbishop Josef Beran, across the square from Hradčany Palace, the residence of President Gottwald, I saw two tommy-gunmen wearing plain clothes.

"They are standing there all the time," Czech friends told me. "The State Security Police—*Stráž státní bezpečnosti*—as we call our Secret Police. You'll find them also in front of the cathedral, near the Romanesque Basilica of St. George, the many other churches in town and the Monastery of the Premonstratensians at Strahov."

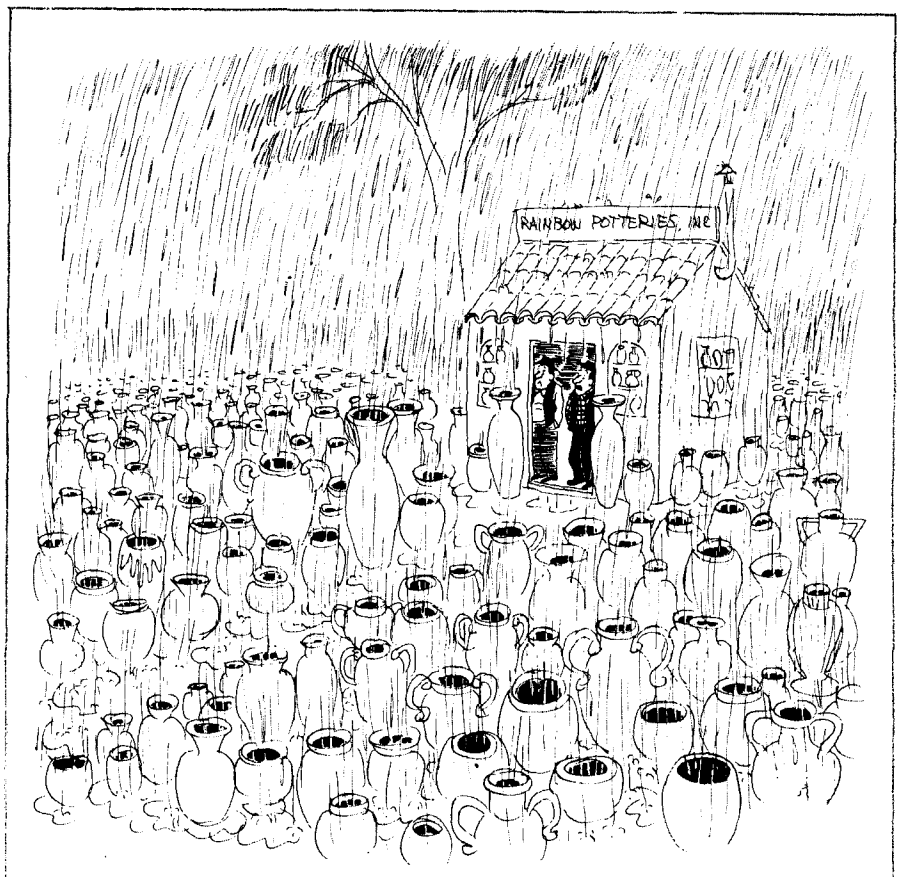
While we were talking, a black car drove up in front of Archbishop Beran's palace. Four men in civilian clothes jumped out, waved at the tommy-gunners and walked in.

"Another search party," my friends said. "Last week they seized a mimeograph and some documents at the consistory. They open all letters and tap the wires and make themselves at home there. Beran is practically a prisoner in his own palace. He should be afraid of them. As a matter of fact, *they* are all afraid of *him*."

I had seen Archbishop Beran a few days earlier in Prague's fourteenth century Gothic Cathedral of St. Vitus, where Holy Roman emperors and Bohemian kings, among them Good King Wenceslaus, are buried. Even wearing his white-and-gold stole and the gold-scarlet miter the archbishop looked more like a schoolmaster than a high church dignitary. He is a stocky, inconspicuous man. He was born sixty-four years ago in Pilsen, where his father was a teacher, and he is as Czech as the beer that made his native city famous.

Josef Beran graduated from Prague's Charles University and studied for the priesthood in Rome where he was ordained in 1911. During the first World War he was an army chaplain. In 1925 he became religious headmaster of all schools in Czechoslovakia, supervising religious education, which had ceased to be compulsory in 1918. On July 6, 1942, during the German occupation of Czechoslovakia, he was appointed Archbishop of Prague.

Beran never made any "deals" with the Nazis. He has always been a loyal Czech patriot; President Benes awarded him a high military decoration for his wartime activities. He was in constant trouble with the German authorities in Prague and was finally carried off in 1942 to the Dachau concentration camp, where he spent almost three years.




COLLIER'S "Pick up, empty, set down. Pick up . . ." ROBERT DAY

"For three years he kept telling me he wanted to marry a girl just like me. And yesterday he did"

COLLIER'S LEONARD DOVE

"He never asked for special favors," I was told by a man who spent four years in Dachau and knew Beran well. "He was always ready to aid and comfort the other prisoners, regardless of race and religion. He was a fine man."

The archbishop is very popular with the people of Czechoslovakia, even the Czech Communists. He is a typical Czech, honest, hardheaded and level-minded. They understand him. They think he's got the right name; "Beran" in Czech means "ram."

A Czech Communist told me, "We dislike Beran but we can't help admiring him. His hands are clean. There are no ugly rumors about him. And he doesn't want to become a martyr. Yet, he stubbornly resists all attempts by the state to dominate the church. He's a great fellow."

It isn't uncommon to hear Czech Communists talk like that. Most of them are not atheists. In fact, I know quite a few members of the party who go to church on Sunday morning—through a side door so their names won't be taken down by the little stool pigeons in front of the church. Then after Mass they are apt to walk off to a party meeting.

### Part-time Communists

"During the week I am a Communist and a hard-working member of the party," a Communist official told me. "But what I'm doing on Sunday is my own business."

The Vatican's excommunication order against all Roman Catholic Communists has met a curious reaction in this atmosphere of contradictions. Czechoslovakian Communists, in effect, want to nationalize Heaven but have no objections to letting God stay on as general manager provided He will take orders from the Czech government.

To exploit the confusion they are trying to create in the people's minds with this strange form of reasoning, the Communists are laboriously dredging up the dead and forgotten religious battles of the middle ages. John Huss, the Bohemian priest and reformer who broke with Rome and was burned at the stake as a heretic in 1415, has been exhumed by Gottwald's propagandists as a "popular hero." Under government pressure, the controversial religious books of the late Alois Jirásek, an eclipsed Czech novelist, have been turned into current Czech "best sellers."

### Beran Takes a Stand

A few months after the Communist Revolution of February, 1948, church lands were expropriated. The Communist-dominated National Front offered to agree to a special law which would compensate the church for the seized property, and also provide for maintenance of church schools, boost salaries for priests, and cover all other church expenses. There was only one catch to the offer: It would bring the Roman Catholic Church under complete control of the Communist state.

"We are willing to sign an agreement," said the Czech and Slovak bishops under Archbishop Beran, "but we won't accept a dictate."

During the ensuing months of deadlock the state continued to pay for the churches. No churches were closed. Last Christmas was celebrated in the traditional Christian way, with the blessing of the Communist government which distributed over 8,000,000 ration-free food parcels.

But hundreds of priests and church dignitaries have been arrested. Recently, the government-controlled Catholic Clergy Gazette listed over 400 vacancies for priests and over a score of higher positions in the church. Then the Communists created what amounts to a puppet church of their own, the "Committee of Catholic Action."

On June 10th the "committee" published a resolution saying, "We recognize the Holy Father as the visible head of the church, we submit to him in all matters concerning faith, morals and church discipline. . . . We want forever to remain faithful members of the Roman Catholic Church. But we cannot be in-



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different to the most burning social problems of the day. We condemn capitalism as an economic system which is the embodiment of selfishness in economic and private life. Capitalism as an economic-social system is outspokenly anti-Christian and sinful."

Czechoslovakia's Catholic party, for years a power in the country's domestic politics, was next to be undermined. Its leader, the late Monsignore Jan Šrámek, had been a member of many a Cabinet and was Prime Minister during the government's exile in London. When the Communists decided to break up the party they had to strengthen the "progressive Catholic elements." Prime Minister Zapotocký offered the post of Minister of Health to the leader of the "progressive Catholics," Josef Plojhar, a priest who had been read out of the People's party and suspended as priest by Archbishop Beran.

Plojhar, a tall, strong man with a dominating personality, was formerly parish priest and vice mayor of the Bohemian town of Budweis. When the government ordered that Communist party members, workers and employees spend some of their Sundays working in "voluntary" brigades instead of going to church Plojhar, by way of setting a shining example, joined a brigade and was seen wearing his frock and working all day long. His goal is a Czechoslovakian Catholic hierarchy independent of Rome.

### A Careful Distinction

"I'm not exactly a Communist," he said not long ago. "I happen to be a Christian Socialist. My ideas run parallel to those of the Communist materialists. I obey the Pope in matters of religion but I protest when the church mingles with political issues and tries to exert political influence. Foreign capitalists and liberals must not be permitted to succeed in their efforts to use the Catholic Church in Czechoslovakia as a bulwark against Socialist reforms."

The "Socialist reforms" have failed to appeal to Czechoslovakia's peasants. Deeply religious, strongly individualistic, shrewd and suspicious folk, they don't trust the Communist government in the first place. They account for one third of Czechoslovakia's population (and have more than 1,400,000 farmholds of 44 acres and less).

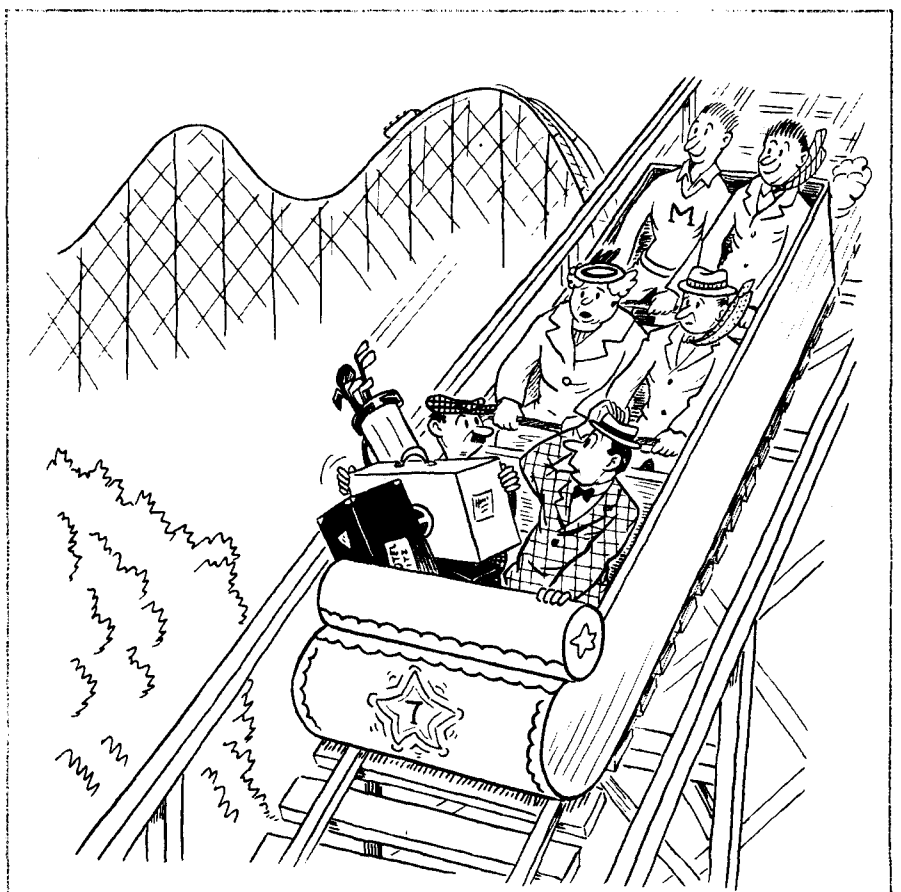
The government has been trying hard to convince them that they must produce more food at cheaper prices. But in Bohemia and Moravia many are prepared to do the opposite—practice passive resistance and produce less food—should their priests be harmed. In Slovakia, the strongest and most conservative Catholic stronghold, armed peasant bands already have battled police and Communist workers' militia so successfully that martial law has had to be invoked.

### A Resistance Plan

"They now tell me what to produce," an old Slovak peasant in Turčansky Svatý Martin said to me. "They set the delivery quotas. They make the prices. If I don't reach my quota of grain or eggs I have to go out and buy grain or eggs from other peasants in order to fulfill my quotas and avoid heavy fines. I must sell my products to the co-operative stores. Well, I've done all that, and more. But if the Communists will arrest our parish priest, as they tried to a few weeks ago, I will stop working my fields and will raise my pitchfork against their police."

The battle for Czechoslovakia will be long and arduous. Hundreds of thousands of formerly lukewarm believers have become militant Catholics since the outbreak of the schism. Never have there been so many fresh flowers under the statues of the saints, in front of the churches and on the old stone bridges of Prague. The lights under the pictures of the Virgin Mary never go out these days. And the old Czech greeting, *"S Bohem!"* (With God) is used in a defiant, almost provocative way.

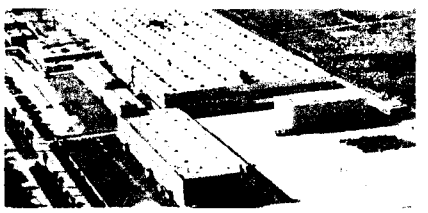
There are far too many "Horáks" in Czechoslovakia for the Communists' comfort; women like Mrs. Horáková who will keep on going to church no matter what their party husbands tell them; children whose allegiance is to God, not to the state. The Horáks can't be wiped out without wiping out the country itself. THE END



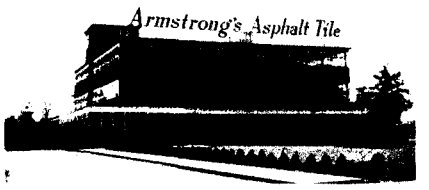
COLLIER'S "Where do you think you're going?" ERIC ERICSON


**IN ARKANSAS**—JAQUES MANUFACTURING COMPANY, North Little Rock. This plant, completed in 1948, manufactures baking powder for national distribution and for export trade. Reasons for locating in THE MIDDLE SOUTH include access to markets and dependable labor.

# MIDDLE SOUTH MARKETS ATTRACT *New Industry*



**IN LOUISIANA**—AMERICAN RADIATOR AND STANDARD SANITARY CORPORATION obtained a New Orleans site in 1949. A multi-million dollar operation, the plant will make water closets, drinking fountains, lavatories, and similar equipment. Markets—both domestic and foreign—plus low cost natural gas and a dependable labor supply were reasons for the selection of this location.




**IN MISSISSIPPI**—ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY, Jackson. Built in 1947 and expanded in 1948, this plant makes asphalt tile flooring. The site was selected for reasons which included distribution facilities, availability of raw materials, a favorable local attitude and dependable labor.

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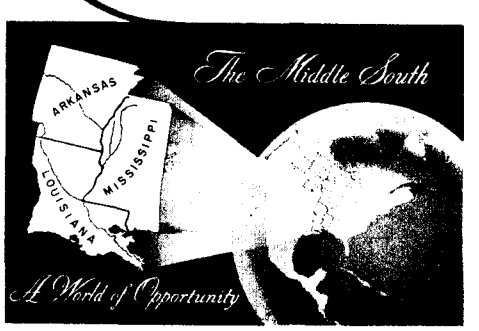


*Information Source: Sales Management "Survey of Buying Power" 1939-1947




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# Psycho Ward No. 3

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

The court cases—the chronic alcoholics, the wife beaters, the psychopaths of a dozen different shapes and sizes who are picked up by the police—get the same consideration as anyone else. Such a case passed through Dr. de Shon's office shortly after Mary Bonomi that morning. He was brought in by two policemen who were holding him firmly by each arm. He was a big man, well over six feet, with a ruddy face that would have been almost handsome except for a large nose that was squashed slightly to the right side. His name was John Reilly.

"Raising hell all over town last night," the first policeman told Dr. de Shon. "Still pretty hopped up."

Reilly smiled at the doctor. "I can't stay long," he explained. "I'm a busy man. Got a big job ahead."

"What job?" De Shon asked.

Reilly stared at him in amazement. "You mean you haven't heard? I'm running for President. I'm launching my campaign within a few days."

"When did you decide to run?" De Shon inquired.

### Plotting the Campaign

"Two weeks ago," Reilly said. "It came to me just like that. There was no other candidate in the field. No one had thrown his hat in the ring. So I decided to get in first. I've lived in Boston all my life. I know the politicians from top to bottom. They'll stand behind me. I've arranged conferences with them for next week. Then I'm getting together with that young Congressman Roosevelt. He'll manage my campaign. A great combination, Reilly and Roosevelt. It's unbeatable."

"He was making speeches," one of the cops broke in, "getting up on the tables in every bar and asking them to nominate him right on the spot."

"That was just the beginning," Reilly said. "I go on the radio next week. I got to talk to the people from coast to coast."

Dr. de Shon made some notes and then asked, "Have you ever had any mental illness?"

The big man shook his head vigorously.

"Any sort of sick feeling lately?"

Reilly scratched his head for a minute. "Well, yes," he said. "But just a few dizzy spells now and then. Passed right over. I paint as a hobby. It's probably the paint smell that gets me. Fills me right up. Sometimes I feel like I'm going to explode. Then it passes off. So I don't worry about it. I got too much to do with my campaign now to worry about things like that."

Dr. de Shon stood up. "We're going to keep you here a little while, Reilly. We want to check on those dizzy spells."

"Here?" Reilly shouted. "What about my campaign?" He began to pace up and down the room thrashing his arms. The two policemen moved toward him. De Shon motioned them away. "I got speaking engagements next week. I got important meetings. I can't afford to waste any time."

"Look at it this way," Dr. de Shon said quietly. "If we find there's nothing wrong, you've lost only a few days. But if you need treatment, well, it's better to get it done now. You'd be foolish to start your campaign if you weren't in top condition."

"You've got something there," Reilly said, stopping his pacing. "I should have thought of that myself. You're a doctor, right? Well, I like the way you talk. So you know what I'm going to do as soon as I get my campaign started? I'm going to put you on my staff."

He shook the doctor's hand vigorously and followed the attendant out the door.

That was Case No. 2 in Boston Psychopathic's admission office that morning. But what would have happened to a patient like John Reilly in hundreds of other important cities in the country?

Go to San Antonio, Texas (metropolitan area: 319,000 population), a vital industrial area. You won't find a single public psychiatric ward there. Go to Augusta, Georgia. To take care of the mentally sick in this city of about 90,000, there are twelve beds in the general ward of the University Hospital. And even those twelve beds are barred to "disturbed patients." No public psychiatric ward exists in Savannah either. One general hospital has 13 psychiatric beds —but most of them are held for private patients.

Where do the thousands of psychiatric cases in Georgia go? Their only recourse is the State Hospital at Milledgeville —an ideal lockup for the completely insane, a tragedy for those requiring treatment and cure. Public psychiatric facilities in every city in Georgia, says Dr. Rives Chalmers, vice-president of the Atlanta Mental Hygiene Society, can only be described as "deplorably inadequate."

COLLIER'S "I find it superb for perking up leftovers" CHON DAY

In Cleveland, a city of over 878,000, the psychiatric wards at the City Hospital are so packed that one sheriff reported: "I got a jail full of psychiatric cases. Last week it was 34 men and 16 women, all of them picked up from the streets, all of them needing mental care desperately. But there just isn't room for them anywhere. I've had cases locked up here for months. I even had one woman, an epileptic, who was expecting a child in a few weeks. I screamed bloody murder but I still couldn't find any psychiatric ward to take care of her."

### Washington Is No Better

What about public psychiatric wards in Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane and other cities in Washington? The answer, according to George F. Ault, executive director of the Washington Society for Mental Hygiene, is "just plain none." The most shocking fact of all is that most Washington cities actually have ordinances prohibiting bed-patient psychiatric care within city limits.

"Shocking," was the way Dr. Samuel Hamilton, former adviser on psychiatric care to the U.S. Public Health Service, described the psychiatric ward of Detroit's Receiving Hospital a few years back. "The place was bursting at the seams. At night, after they had filled every bed, they dragged mattresses out on the floor of the halls. Even after all the mattresses had been taken, there were still patients standing."

Of the 55 cities in the country with populations of 100-250 thousand, 34 have no public psychiatric wards at all. On this tragic list you can find such key centers as Des Moines, Iowa; Flint, Michigan; Oklahoma City and Tulsa, Oklahoma; Chattanooga and Knoxville, Tennessee; Norfolk, Virginia; Long Beach, California; Akron and Dayton, Ohio; Scranton and Reading, Pennsylvania; South Bend and Gary, Indiana; and Fort Worth, Texas.

But don't get optimistic over the remaining 21 cities that do have psychiatric wards. Like Indianapolis, which is even larger, they may have fine ones—on paper only. Most of their facilities fall far short of the demand. Indianapolis, for instance, actually has only 55 beds. None of the cities near by has any. So the Indiana capital must not only bear its own but its neighbors' burden.

When you get down to the cities in the 50-100 thousand population bracket, the figures are really disastrous. Of 107 cities, 97 have no public psychiatric ward at all.

Large areas of the country like Maine, Iowa, Arkansas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Florida are completely barren of psychiatric wards. In the whole Rocky Mountain area, for example, the only place where the mentally ill can go is the Colorado Psychopathic Hospital at Denver.

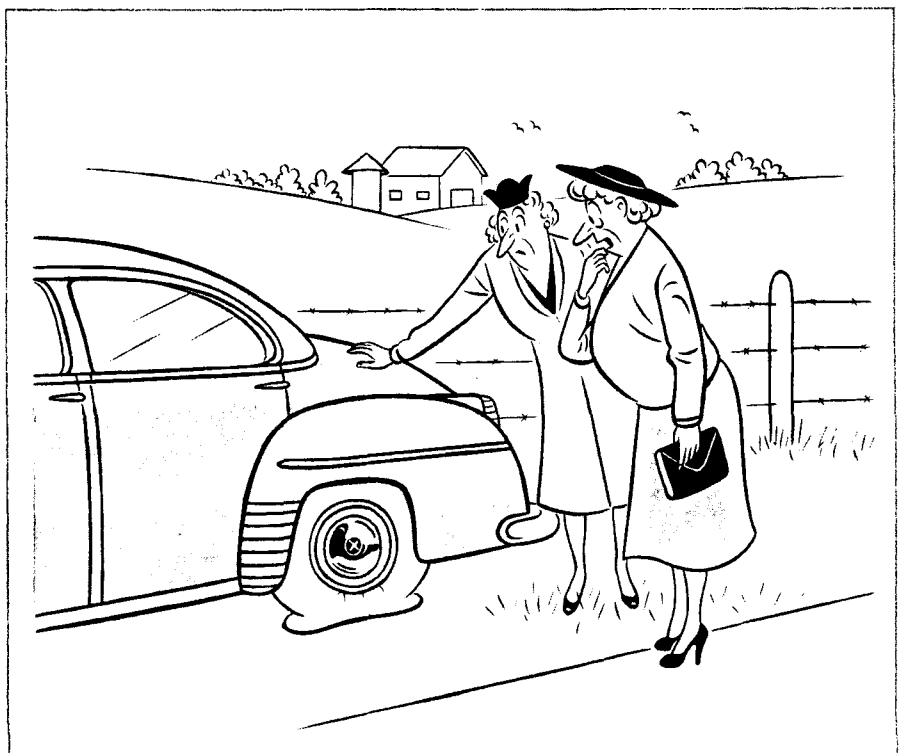
Of course there are bright spots in the picture: San Francisco's Langley-Porter, Buffalo's Edward J. Meyer Memorial, the Henry Phipps Psychiatric Clinic at Baltimore's Johns Hopkins, and Boston Psychopathic—to mention a few.

The largest public wards of all are in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago. New York's Bellevue Hospital has 630 beds, accommodating 22-24 thousand patients every year in the psychiatric division. Kings County Hospital handles almost half as many. The Philadelphia General Hospital has 300 beds. Chicago's Cook County Hospital has 175.

Having a psychiatric ward to which patients can come is only part of the solution. More important is what happens to them after they get there. To find out, I followed one patient at Boston Psychopathic through her whole course of treatment. Her name was Mrs. Alice Gordon. Her treatment began five minutes after she had been given a bed in Ward No. 3 and Dr. Abraham Kaye had been assigned to her case.

Like many of the younger staff members at the hospital, Dr. Kaye started his psychiatric training in the Army, shortly after he graduated from Boston University School of Medicine in 1942. He was a flight surgeon with the Army Air Force for three years and then spent two years at Worcester State Mental Hospital before coming to Boston Psychopathic. Here he has only 12-15 patients to look after at one time compared to the 200-800 that many doctors are responsible for at the large state hospitals. "That's what makes the difference," Dr. Kaye said. "I can spend almost an hour a day with each patient during the first few weeks when it counts most."

After Mrs. Gordon was bathed and had her hair washed by the ward nurse, Dr. Kaye went to see her. Ward 3, which is on the third floor of the four-story hospital, has green walls and flowered-print curtains. One of the walls is decorated with a giant mural painted by the patients. In one corner there is a table with a radio and a stack of maga-



COLLIER'S "Well, at least we've located the trouble" JEFF KEATE



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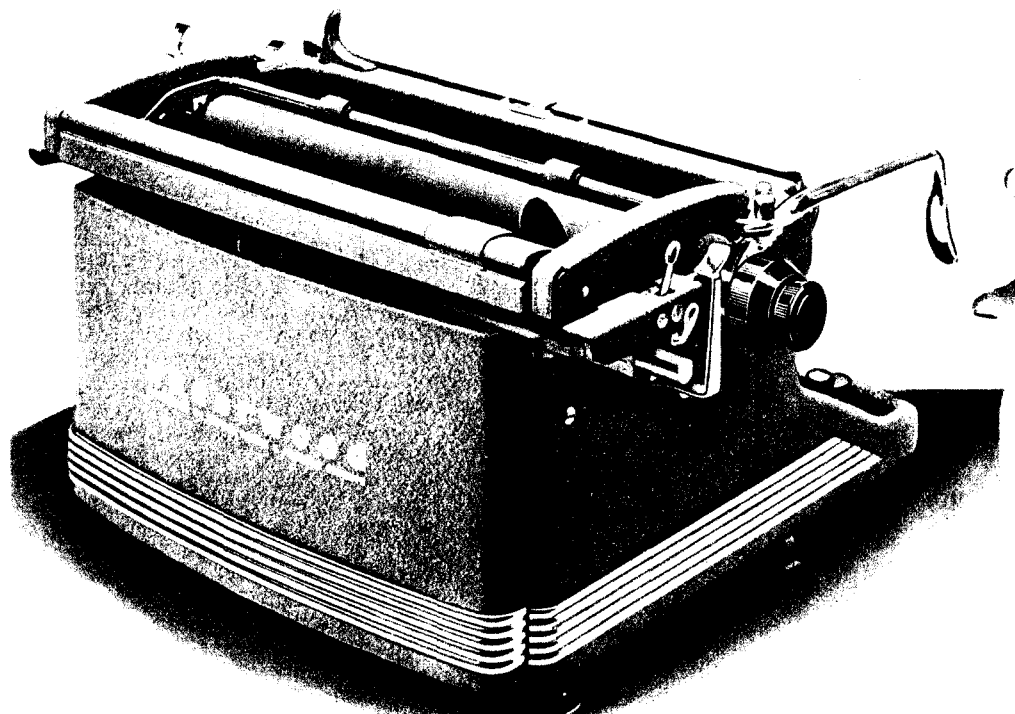

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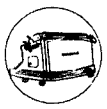

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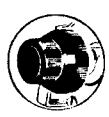

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zines. "We try to keep the wards as homey and informal as possible," Dr. Kaye explained.

In the nurses' office Dr. Kaye glanced through the folder on Mrs. Gordon, which included the report from her private physician and the notes from Dr. de Shon's conversation with her husband earlier that morning. Mrs. Gordon had had attacks of depression since she was fourteen. The worst attack had been three years ago, after her father had died. At that time she had been confined to a rest home for six months. Just a week before coming to Boston Psychopathic, she had gone into another depression, with periods of silence lasting for days. Two afternoons before, her aunt had come to the house and found her lying on the kitchen floor with the gas jets open. The fire department revived her.

### Assigned to a Ward

Because Dr. de Shon had written "Definitely suicidal" on her report, Mrs. Gordon was placed in a bed not far from the nurses' office. She had to be watched carefully—but not too carefully. Over-attention only serves to provoke a case of depression.

As Dr. Kaye walked into the ward a tall, dark-haired girl rushed up to him. "You've got to help me," she cried, waving a small piece of cloth in front of him. "I can't get my sash tied. I'm due at a cocktail party in ten minutes and I simply can't get this thing tied."

None of the other patients paid any attention to her outburst. A few of them wandered around aimlessly. One woman was standing in the corner staring at a spot on the wall. The rest sat on their beds. Occasionally one of them would start to sing a snatch of song or shout something across the room. Except for these outbursts, the ward was quiet.

Alice Gordon was sitting on her bed, her shoulders slumped forward, her head sunk on her chest. She was a frail, ashen-haired woman, not much over thirty. "Hello," Dr. Kaye said. "I'd like to talk with you." She didn't move. "What's your name?" he asked.

She raised her head slightly and mumbled, "Alice."

"What's your last name?" he asked. But her head had sunk back on her chest. She didn't answer.

Later that afternoon, Dr. Kaye took X rays of her and gave her a complete physical examination. The X rays were particularly important since any weakness in her spinal column or bonal structure had to be checked before such violent treatment as electric shock or insulin shock could be administered.

During the next few days Mrs. Gordon was also given an electroencephalogram test, which would detect epilepsy or any other abnormalities in the electrical waves of her brain. Two electrodes, covered with a salt and water solution and attached to an amplifying box, were clamped to her head. The electricity in her brain, amplified at the rate of 1,000,000 to 1, went through the electrodes and was finally transcribed on a graph in another box.

In her pneumoencephalogram test to detect tumors or other organic damage, part of Mrs. Gordon's brain fluid and spinal fluid were withdrawn and replaced with air. As a result a sharply outlined picture of the brain could be made on X-ray film. Neither test revealed any abnormal symptoms.

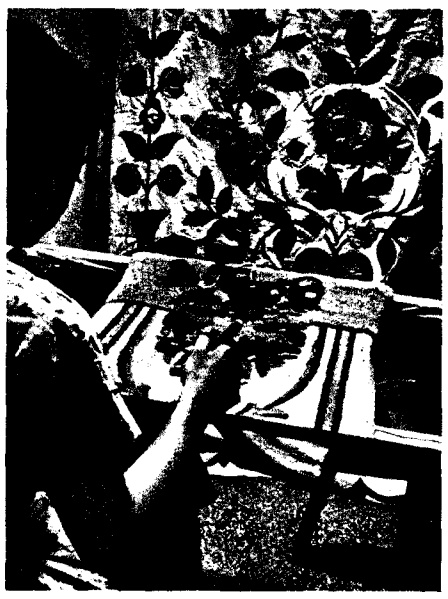
In addition to Dr. Kaye's regular visits, Mrs. Gordon was seen by Dr. Harry Solomon, the director of the hospital, Dr. Dan Funkenstein, director of Ward 3, Dr. W. L. Holt, chief of service, and four or five other members of the staff as they made their morning rounds. On the fourth day they discussed her case at the staff meeting. The results of the test were weighed and analyzed. All agreed that a diagnosis of manic depression was correct. Three electric shock treatments a week were prescribed.

That afternoon Dr. Kaye went to Ward 3 to tell Mrs. Gordon about the shock treatment. She had got used to seeing him now and although she still sat on the bed with her shoulders slumped forward, she raised her head when he spoke. "You won't feel a thing," he told her. "It's just like falling asleep. When you wake up, you may have a headache for an hour, nothing else."

"I don't want to be electrocuted," she cried and began to moan, her body rocking back and forth.

"She must have heard the other patients talking," Dr. Kaye explained. "Some of them take it as easy as a pill. Others fight it. We try to make them mentally ready for it by treating it as a game. One of the patients, for instance, scrawled a big sign on the blackboard upstairs this morning: 'Terrace Café—No Drinks Served on Shock Treatment Day.'"

Dr. Kaye told the nurse to give Mrs.



EILEEN DARBY

**Occupational therapy of all sorts plays an important part in recovery**

Gordon a sedative that night. Still, she woke up early in the morning, disturbed and frightened.

By the time they took her to the shock room on the first floor she had quieted down a little. Dr. Kaye helped her onto the small operating-type table. There was another doctor in the room, standing in front of a black box with dials and knobs on the front. Two nurses and two male attendants held her legs and shoulders on the table to prevent her from breaking her back or limbs in convulsion. Dr. Kaye smeared some foul-smelling jelly on her forehead and pressed some clamps against it. The clamps were attached by wire to the black box.

"Open your mouth," Dr. Kaye said quietly. He pushed a U-shaped rubber bit into it. That was to prevent her from biting her tongue or gnashing her teeth when the shock came. Dr. Kaye looked at the other doctor and nodded. The second doctor pressed a button. A short, gasping scream came from Alice Gordon's lips. Then there was a gurgling, sucking sound, like water down a drain pipe, as the air was expelled from her lungs under the impact of the current.

As the current shot through her, Alice Gordon's body stiffened and shook as though it would leap from the table. But the nurses and attendants pressed down hard on her arms and legs. This reaction was the first, tonic stiffness.

For a moment her body seemed to relax. Then it stiffened again and began to toss in a series of convulsive jerks. Three or four minutes later the thrashing stopped. The second or clonic phase of the shock was over. They rolled Alice Gordon off the table onto a stretcher and returned her to her ward.

Before the next patient was wheeled in, Dr. Kaye explained, "She'll be knocked out like that for an hour. The shock affects the central nervous system. It temporarily wipes out memory and the higher thought processes. Funny thing though. Since we started using electric shock in 1937 the results have been wonderful. Over 90 per cent effective on involutional melancholia, 80 per cent on manic depression. Yet we don't even know exactly what it does to the patient to bring about recovery. All we know is that it works."

An hour and a half later Dr. Kaye went up to Ward 3. Mrs. Gordon was eating breakfast. "Remember me?" he asked. She smiled. "Still a little foggy, aren't you?"

"I feel as if I were coming out of a long dream, Dr. Kaye." It was the first time she had used his name.

The next day he talked with her for more than 20 minutes. Instead of short, incoherent sentences, she suddenly wanted to unburden herself. "Why does my husband even bother to see me?" she asked. "He must be fed up with me. Why doesn't he get a divorce?"

During the next few days Dr. Kaye spent as much time as possible with her, getting her to talk, prodding her into a frank discussion of all her problems. It was the beginning of psychotherapy that would go hand in hand with electric shock. Under ideal conditions Mrs. Gordon would have been given a complete analysis in an effort to find the root of the problems which had caused her depressions. Such analysis, however, taking an hour a day and often stretching into years, would be far beyond her financial means. "But in the limited time she's at the hospital," Dr. Kaye explained, "we try to go as far as possible."

At the end of the first week of electric shock, Mrs. Gordon had made so much improvement that Dr. Kaye decided to continue the treatment for six more weeks.

"If it had failed to take effect," Dr. Kaye said, "we would have had to try something more radical. Insulin shock, for instance. That means giving the patient an injection of insulin two or three times greater than that used by the average diabetic.

### Insulin Coma Is Risky

"The injection is made early in the morning and puts the patient in a coma in about three hours. During the final stage of coma he's in a state of wild excitement, kicking and thrashing around so violently that his arms and legs have to be bound to the bed. The full treatment takes 30 or 40 comas. It's not only riskier than electric shock, but it also takes a much larger staff to administer—and there's always the possibility that the patient will slip back into the coma later in the day.

"In the most extreme cases, where neither of these treatments works, we may prescribe a lobotomy operation. That involves cutting the nerve fibers in the front part of the brain in order to release the tension from the brain as a whole. It's still experimental but the results have been excellent."

The nurses in Ward 3 made every effort to bring Mrs. Gordon into social contact with the other patients, and they succeeded. Instead of sitting on her bed all the time, she began to help set the table for breakfast and lunch. One afternoon, without being asked, she walked out to the recreation room and played a game of Ping-pong. When a new patient across the aisle began to sob and scream before her first electric-shock treatment, Mrs. Gordon went over to talk to her.

"Of course, no one likes shock," she told the other patient. "I hated it just as much as you. But you've got to take the long view. Every time I go down to shock I say to myself, 'Look how much



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better you'll feel afterward.' Pretty soon you'll actually be glad when it comes."

The next time Alice Gordon saw Dr. Kaye, she said, "I know I'm getting better. I can't wait till my husband comes each evening. I keep listening for the visitor's bell to ring."

He asked her if she still thought her husband wanted a divorce. "I don't know what got into me then," she said. "I don't have thoughts like that any more."

"Why don't you show your husband how much you miss him?" Dr. Kaye suggested. "Why not make him something —an ash tray or a wallet?"

This was the beginning of occupational therapy for Alice Gordon. That afternoon she took the elevator to the roof, where the O.T. rooms were located. There was a large, open court, closed in by wire fencing, where the patients played ring toss, checkers, Ping-pong and bridge, or just basked in the sun. Off the court are the library, leather and art workshop, recreation room and weaving and sewing room. She went into the workshop and by the end of the afternoon she had molded a clay ashtray for her husband.

### A New Life

After that Alice Gordon looked forward to O.T. each afternoon. From clay she switched to leatherwork and finger-painting. Then she began to take lessons in oils from one of the men patients. With four of the other women she even formed a sewing club which met twice a week to darn socks for the men. "I'm leading a more active social life than I ever did at home," she confessed to Dr. Kaye.

Dr. Kaye referred to this process as "socialization." Medical treatment like electric shock could start the patient toward recovery. But psychotherapy, which enabled Mrs. Gordon to understand her problems, and occupational therapy, which brought her back into contact with the real world, were equally important in the total cure.

Even after-dinner hours were used to full advantage. On Thursdays and Saturdays the patients met for a dance in the large recreation hall. On other nights there was a concert of recorded music, called Psycho Pops, selected and managed by the patients, a course in cooking and a meeting of Patient Government.

Mrs. Gordon was surprised to find that a woman in her ward was chairman of Patient Government and that all other patients in the hospital seemed to attend the meetings. The secretary read his report and then patients stood up one at a time and made suggestions about improvements that were needed in their ward, or in the food, or in any of the hospital services. Some of the suggestions were approved by vote, and one of the doctors took notes, which would be discussed at the next staff meeting.

Mrs. Gordon got up and said, "Why don't we put up a blackboard at O.T. so that those who want to play Ping-pong or cards or any game can write down their names and choices at the beginning of the afternoon? It will save a lot of time."

A few people clapped approval. Suddenly Mrs. Gordon realized that she had spoken at a public meeting for the first time in her life.

On another night the patients attended Spontaneity Theater. There each of them acted out a scene that was particularly important to him, or one that he particularly dreaded or cherished. One woman, who was worried about the sort of reception her relatives would give her when she left the hospital, acted out her homecoming. She expressed her fears much more vividly on the stage than she had to her doctor.

"It's more than good diversion for the patients," Dr. Kaye pointed out. "It also gives the staff a much deeper insight into their problems and helps us meet them more directly through other therapy."

At the end of her sixth week Mrs. Gordon was transferred to the recovery ward on the first floor. Her shock treatments were over. There was just a final period of observation. In depression cases the risk of suicide is most acute in the first and last stages of treatment. But the next time Mrs. Gordon talked with Dr. Kaye she said, "I want to ask you about something special. I want a baby terribly much. Do you think it's all right to have one after I get out?"

Dr. Kaye smiled. "That's a good sign," he said. "Now I know you really want to live."

At the next staff meeting Dr. Kaye summed up Mrs. Gordon's case for all the doctors. There was complete agreement that she was ready for discharge. Dr. Kaye took her folder, closed it and put it in the "case completed" file. The next day another bed would be empty. But there were always new patients to fill it.

I saw them waiting in the admitting office: the seventeen-year-old boy who needed a lobotomy, the white-haired grandfather who had just tried to commit suicide at the Roxbury jail. They were coming to Boston Psychopathic so that they might have the same chance at recovery that Alice Gordon had. And there would be hundreds like them during the next few months alone.

Why can't the mentally ill get this sort of care everywhere in the country?

I put that question to Dr. Harry Solomon, outstanding authority on neurosyphilis, a staff member at Boston Psychopathic since 1914 and its director since 1943.

"You've got to remember," he said, "that care of the mentally ill has come a long way in the last 10 years. It's only recently that the states have taken full responsibility. Now the cities have got to be aroused. But they've been slow, terribly slow."

Why?

"Money," Dr. Solomon said. "Cities are run by politicians and politicians worry about money. They look at the big state mental hospitals and see that the cost per patient is only, say $10 a week. The cost is low because most of these are custodial patients—incurables locked away for life, who are made to earn a good part of their keep by working in the hospital laundry or dining room or maintenance shop. Then they look at the cost per patient in our admission wards. It's much higher. Of course it is. We concentrate on cure, not custodianship. But isn't it worth a few dollars more to take the mentally ill, while they're still curable, and treat them so they can return to society as normal citizens?"

Another factor that has stopped city after city from establishing public admission wards is state law.

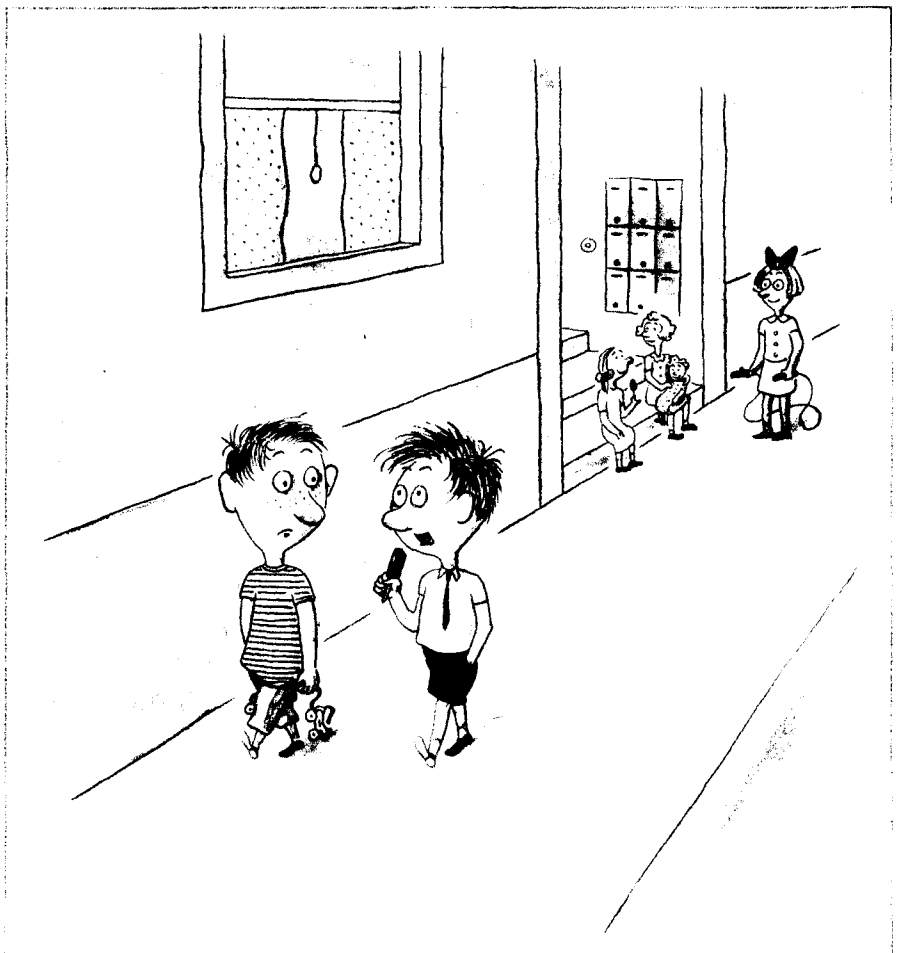
### Laws Must Be Revised

According to the latest official compilation—which incidentally, is a year old—only 18 states have laws which provide for temporary or emergency admission to hospitals for mental care on a voluntary basis. Naturally a public admission ward in a city won't work if the mentally sick aren't allowed to come and get help. Most laws have to be revised. They're feudal, antiquated.

In hundreds of cities the only way a psychiatric case can be committed to a hospital is by court order. In Mississippi it's so bad that a patient can't enter a hospital unless the superintendent attests to his being a "lunatic."

With public psychiatric admissions like Boston Psychopathic as a model, hundreds of major cities can no longer be excused for failing to meet the problem of their mentally sick. U.S. Public Health Service statistics show that 8,500,000 people in the country need psychiatric care. Yet only 623,000 of them are in hospitals. Where are the rest? Are they wandering around the streets of your community? THE END

*The names used in this article are not those of present or former patients, although the cases and treatments are actual. Any similarity to the names or identity of real persons is entirely unintentional.*



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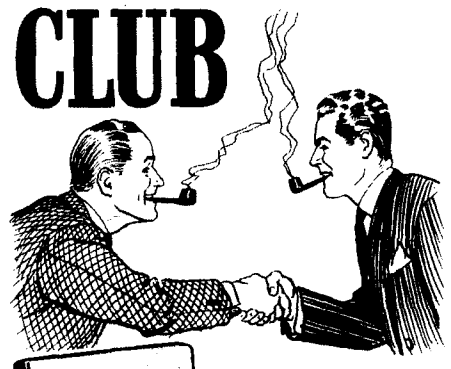

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# No Business for Sissies

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

baby-elephant picks and a stick for handling poisonous snakes. The desk is crammed with books ranging from In Quest of Gorillas to The Dog Lovers Handbook.

It is typical of Trefflich, however, that right in among the natural history books you will find well-thumbed copies of a magazine devoted to business. A shrewd businessman as well as wild-animal expert, Trefflich is convinced that it is more important for him to know a rare specimen's price than its zoological history. "I don't know what his Latin name is, or how he is related to the dinosaur," he says, "but I know who wants him!"

Actually, despite this professed indifference to natural history, Trefflich is a second-generation wild-animal man who has the business in his blood and would not be happy unless occasionally he could wrestle with a boa constrictor, exchange insults with a chimpanzee and lead an elephant around by the ear. His father, a Hamburg animal importer and collector, in the days when Germany's zoos ranked the field, took him on collecting trips to Africa and India while he was still in his teens. At twenty-one he had been bitten by a cobra, clawed by a leopard, and was ready to hang out his first dealer's shingle in Calcutta.

### Problems Are Numerous

Trefflich's nonscientific approach becomes more understandable when you realize that a wild-animal importer is bound to be preoccupied with a host of nonzoological problems such as invoices, export permits, air express and steamship freight rates, veterinarian fees and feed bills. Besides being a good businessman, he must have courage, the brand of groundless optimism associated with show business and the nerve of a stock-market plunger.

There are less than half a dozen large-scale importers in the country right now, the main reason being that while there is money to be made in the business, there is also a magnificent opportunity to lose your shirt. The dealer pays cash for his perishable merchandise in the great animal marts of Bombay, Bangkok, Calcutta, Singapore and Freetown, West Africa, and then prays that they will survive the rigors and discomforts of being crated and shipped to the United States.

Any number of things can happen to them before he makes a profit. Antelopes and giraffes break their legs. Monkeys catch cold. Some snakes arbitrarily just die. On ocean voyages, sunstroke, seasickness and storms at sea may exact a heavy toll. Says Trefflich, "You may wake up one morning and find that $5,000 has jumped overboard."

Often a dealer like Trefflich will put up several thousand dollars to outfit a collecting expedition and send it into the jungle. Sometimes months elapse before the hunters are heard from again, during which time the dealer is privileged to lie in bed at night and wonder whether or not they have found any animals and succeeded in taking them alive (collectors, like hunters and fishermen, are always full of stories about the ones that got away), and if the valuable specimens will survive the journey from the jungle to the United States.

Meanwhile, once they are caught, all save the snakes must be fed daily. Lions and tigers gobble up 10 to 12 pounds of fresh meat. Baboons, orangutans and chimpanzees demolish basketfuls of bananas, carrots, oranges, apples, sweet potatoes, grapes and lettuce. A baby elephant consumes half a bale of hay and 20 pounds of grain and mixed vegetables. Even canaries, when you have them around by the hundreds, can dispose of a lot of birdseed. "On a quiet morning around here," explodes Trefflich, "all I hear is everybody eating!"

Today the U.S. dealer who has the luck to bring in a shipment of specimens in good health is assured of a satisfactory profit. America has become a top market for wild animals. Even before World War II the U.S. had the largest and most completely stocked zoological gardens in the world. Now few cities are without a display of some size ranging from a few cages to mighty Bronx Park's 250 acres and 2,500 specimens.

In addition to the zoos there are the menageries of circuses, carnivals and tent shows, and independent animal acts featuring everything from snake charmers to chimps on roller skates. A good many of these must be restocked annually. Even at the best zoos, where the animals get the best food and care, mortality rates run around 15 per cent annually.

Although zoo-sired progeny are more thousands, is able to sell rhesus and Java monkeys from Siam for $25 each. But chimpanzees from Equatorial Africa bring $500 and orangutans from Borneo and Sumatra $2,500. Prices for pythons run around $375 for a specimen 20 feet long and then upward by $25, $50 and so on a foot. Young tigers are worth $1,500; black panthers $2,500 a pair and baby elephants $3,500. Lions, because they are bred easily in this country, are considered a drug on the market; the king of the beasts sells now for around $150.

Gorillas from the dense rain-drenched forests of East Africa and the mountains of the Belgian Congo for several reasons are one of the most expensive animals. Their capture for circuses and side shows is forbidden by colonial law. Before a big-game hunter can obtain a permit from the French or Belgian governments he must be designated as a collector by a dealer, who in turn must submit a request for a gorilla from a zoo director. This move is often followed by months

"Oh dear. I can't remember whether that swing makes five or six. I suppose the only fair thing to do is start all over again"

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

common than they used to be, many wild animals still do not breed well in captivity. Imprisonment, change of climate, environment and feeding habits cause numerous physical and mental changes. Some animals become sterile; others like the Ringling Brothers' famous gorilla, Gargantua, refuse to accept the mates offered them.

Except for rare specimens which demand special collecting expeditions, most zoos and circuses obtain their replacements through dealers like Trefflich who, when he has a new shipment coming in, advertises in Billboard and canvasses zoo directors. Today they cost plenty. Not since before the war has there been such a thing as a real bargain in the wild-animal market. Inflation has pushed animal prices to a record peak. Freight and shipping rates are double what they used to be. The agents who shop the Asiatic and African markets complain that the natives were permanently spoiled by lonesome G.I.s stationed there who paid them fantastic prices for monkeys and birds they took home as pets.

Prices are determined by the animal's scarcity, government collecting restrictions, difficulty in capturing alive and transportation expenses to the U.S. Trefflich, because he imports them by the of red tape which winds in and out of the offices of the French consul, the ambassador, the minister of colonies and perhaps even the governor general.

Months more will be spent in the actual hunt. Full-grown gorillas are much too strong and unruly to be taken alive. The babies which the hunters capture are extremely delicate and susceptible to all manner of diseases from pneumonia to infantile paralysis. Some are so young the hunters must hire native women to nurse them. By the time he reaches the U.S. a 35-pound infant is worth from five to seven thousand dollars. But eventually he may grow up to be a huge animal like Bushman, in Chicago's Lincoln Park Zoo, who weighs more than 500 pounds and is valued at $100,000. Oka and Makoko, the Bronx Zoo's gorillas, were both obtained from Trefflich when they were infants. So was Phil, the gorilla at the St. Louis Zoo.

Only the greatest oddities bring higher prices than gorillas. Giant pandas have been quoted at $10,000 and an okapi, an African mammal built like a giraffe in front and a zebra behind, is supposed to be worth from $10,000 to $15,000. Orangutans and chimpanzees also are usually captured as infants and need a good deal of mothering and individual attention.

At Trefflich's they are turned over to Miss Sadie Taylor, who acts as their nurse, foster mother and protector. She administers penicillin to those with runny noses and coughs, bundles them up in woolen diapers and feeds them a special diet of baby cereals, condensed milk, bananas and vitamin concentrates. Miss Taylor's ordinarily mild, pleasant disposition vanishes instantly if she finds any Trefflich employees teasing her charges. "Get away from my chimps!" she shouts in a voice that shakes the rafters as the chimps shriek with delight.

Many of Trefflich's chimpanzees have become famous. Best known of all is Cheetah who appeared with Johnny Weissmuller in the early Tarzan movies and who is responsible for making a whole generation of Americans chimp-conscious. Another is Cookie, the present star of the chimpanzee show at the St. Louis Zoo.

Most animal dealers tend to become specialists in one line. One may handle only large mammals, another birds, and a third, tropical fish. Trefflich, however, cuts a swath across all three categories and because he also deals in supplies and accessories seems to have an unequaled financial grip on the animal kingdom.

Though he makes a specialty of monkeys and believes he imported most of the rhesus monkeys used in the laboratory research leading to the discovery of the Rh (for rhesus) factor in pregnant women, he also buys, sells, imports and exports all birds ranging from canaries and finches to emus and hornbills; reptiles from poisonous snakes to giant lizards; and mammals from white mice to elephants, except various hoofed and cud-chewing species requiring outdoor farms.

### Wild Animals Housed Above Shop

The main floor of his building is a thriving pet shop well known to Jersey commuters in the financial district because it lies along the route to their ferries. Many of them have wandered in and out for years, playing with the puppies and purchasing pebbles for their aquariums without suspecting that Trefflich has 20-foot pythons, baboons, leopards and king cobras housed on the floors above their heads.

Besides birds from India, Africa, Japan and China, Trefflich sells birdseed, bird cages, birdbaths and baby chicks. In addition to puppies, he offers bargains in dog biscuits, doghouses, canned and frozen horse meat, harnesses, leashes, mange shampoos, rubber bones and balls, and catnip. Stretching the system to its breaking point, he sells fishing poles and bait as well as guppies and Japanese goldfish.

Some of his friends were scornful when as a hobby he began collecting hand organs used by street organ grinders. Now he has a corner on the supply in New York and rents them with or without monkeys to television and Broadway stage shows. Despite the shortage of American dollars in Europe, he has managed to keep his markets over there open by employing a barter system, and recently swapped a Netherland zoo a seven-year-old lioness for ten white mute swans.

Though in the past Trefflich has had housefuls of unusual pets and once kept two pig-tailed monkeys as bodyguards, they have now been displaced by his three children who are not yet old enough to handle them in safety, and his home in Yonkers, New York, is without so much as a canary. But his six-year-old son already has the run of the store and is becoming an expert at feeding the monkeys. Once in a while, Trefflich



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stirs up the neighborhood by bringing a baby elephant or a leopard home for the week end. Not long ago he got very good results when he turned up at a birthday party with a 15-foot snake.

When it comes to showmanship Trefflich is without an equal in the business. A pink and green neon sign on his building proclaims, "Monkey Business." His stationery bears the printed slogan, "Monkey Headquarters of the U.S.A." In the thirties, when he was building up his business, pursuits of escaped Trefflich monkeys by New York's police and firemen enlivened the front pages of the city newspapers until someone noticed that the escapes were occurring with remarkable regularity.

Today Trefflich swears that when some of his monkeys get away it is entirely an accident. But, an admission to a reporter that once in the thirties, when business was slow, he turned sixty loose in lower New York in the hope of attracting some attention, still comes back to haunt him whenever a bona fide break takes place. As recently as 1946 one hundred streamed past a Trefflich employee—who had become confused and opened the wrong door—and found an open window. They swept down on the busy Fulton Street area singly and in bands. They swarmed through restaurants, grocery stores and churches, over rooftops, up and down fire escapes, and in and out of the neighborhood's bars and grills.

Some of the early-morning drinkers took one look at what was coming through the door and left abruptly without waiting to pay their checks. Traffic was tied up for hours while an estimated thousand spectators cheered on posses composed of police, firemen, S.P.C.A. agents, Trefflich and his assistants. Most of the fugitives were rounded up without injury that day but one daring operator terrorized neighborhood fruit and vegetable stands for three months, defying all manner of traps and ambushes before he was finally captured in a near-by firehouse.

None of Trefflich's big cats has ever escaped, but over the years several nonpoisonous snakes have crawled out of their cages and disappeared into the woodwork. A python that had been missing for a year was discovered one crisp winter morning coiled comfortably around the office radiator.

This spring Trefflich made a big splash by bringing in from Bangkok and Singapore the world's largest airplane shipments of animals, birds and reptiles in two chartered "Noah's Ark" planes. The specimens, an amazing variety ranging from king cobras to baby elephants, were escorted here by Miss Genevieve Cuprys twenty-four, who has been twice around the world as animal scout for Trefflich and whom he has dubbed "Jungle Jenny."

Rival dealers and more conservative zoo men, who grumble that using a pretty girl for an animal scout is another example of Trefflich's penchant for mixing publicity with business, get scant attention from Henry. If you mention their complaints he'll counter with a story about the experience that "Jenny" had recently when two leopards got loose in a plane over the Pacific. "Why, she just shooed them back in their cages with a burlap bag. Many men," he asserts, "would have grabbed a gun and started shooting.

"Can I help it if Jenny has looks as well as nerve," he cried. "Of course we told the newspapers about it. What do you think we are, smugglers or something." THE END

# *Young Profile*

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

for all underage film players. The deal with LeMay-Templeton is a standard seven-year pact with options. It calls for a $7,500 guarantee for the boy's first picture and up to $50,000 for the last—if the contract goes the limit.

John began his first picture a few weeks after the contract was signed. With Robert Preston and Robert Sterling he appears in LeMay-Templeton's initial film The Sundowner, a Western.

The birth of John Blythe Barrymore, Jr., has been chronicled in Gene Fowler's affectionate biography of the senior John, Good Night, Sweet Prince. It happened on the afternoon of June 4, 1932. The expectant father, then fifty years old, paced the hall before an audience of hospital workers, swearing he would reform if his wife gave him a son.

When the doctor told him the news, Barrymore was ecstatic. He insisted that he saw a resemblance to his father, Maurice Barrymore, in the infant's black hair, sturdy arms and full chest.

Then two years later, during a holiday cruise, Dolores and the two children left the family yacht at Seattle and a divorce followed. John saw his father only twice again before the great actor died on the night of May 29, 1942.

But John, Jr., started acting practically from the cradle. His mother recalls that, as an infant, he was very fond of his pediatrician. One day shortly after he had learned to walk and talk she found him all alone in the doctor's office. He had donned the nurse's eyeglasses and was pacing solemnly back and forth imitating the doctor and muttering, "I am Doctor Dietrich. I am Doctor Dietrich."

John didn't take to schools as a youngster.

"Boarding schools weren't for John," one of his teachers remembers today. "He'd be amused at first, but after six weeks he became bored with the routine."

He is now in his last year of high school at the Mar-ken School, which was also attended by Rita Hayworth, Judy Garland and Jane Withers, among other Hollywood personalities. Principal M. Ethel Bessire reports that the Young Profile is brilliant in literature and history (if it has enough drama in it), but dismal in math.

An insatiable movie fan, he boasts having seen The Three Musketeers 19 times.

Before viewing The Great Profile, John had caught his father just once on the screen—and then by accident. He chanced to see a Warner Brothers short which revived a Shakespearean scene Barrymore had performed for an early talking picture with a variety plot. It was a Richard III soliloquy, and his father appeared as a humpback, with a wizened face and scraggly beard.

The boy thumped his companion in the stomach. "Hey! That's my old man!" he said.

"Go on," his friend sneered, "it's Boris Karloff."

To date the closest young Barrymore has come to a dramatic lesson has been listening to a record of his father doing a Hamlet soliloquy. He has avoided any further study of his father's technique. "I don't want to be known as a carbon copy," he says.

But John seems doomed to comparisons. He is fair-skinned, like all the Barrymores, has striking, well-chiseled features and dark, romantic eyes. His 150 pounds are admirably spread over his five-foot, 10¼-inch athletic build. When he turns his head, you see the Great Profile all over again. If he becomes excited, he chops the air with a Barrymore-like gesture. And his voice shows signs of becoming the same sort of great, emotional organ his father possessed.

He has the older Barrymore's assurance. Says Robert Preston, "He seems so mature that you almost forget his age."

Young Barrymore may repeat his father's restlessness and knack for creating newspaper headlines. A year ago he grew bored with a family vacation in the Thousand Islands and decided to return to California. He left without notice. His stepfather, Dr. John Vruwink, filed a missing persons report. An alert guard at New York's La Guardia Field recognized the lad's profile and stopped him.

Asked by reporters if his high-strung stepson was destined for a great acting career, Dr. Vruwink replied, "He has everything his father had—plus."

The boy expends some of his tension in chain smoking. He likes all sports, especially tumbling. Unlike his father, who had his first big romance at fifteen, John is not yet particularly interested in girls.

There is no doubt that they are becoming interested in him. His handsome face and his youthful dash presage an active future among female hearts. Watch your local newspaper for further details. THE END

CULVER

**John, Sr., and wife Dolores Costello posed for this royal family portrait with their children in 1932**

*Bob Thomas writes a daily Hollywood column for the Associated Press*



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# Star Without a Country

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 54

he lost he would take his balls and look for an easier opponent. Instead of hitting just inside the line, I managed to lose—and still practice my control—by hitting just *over* the line. Once, after losing an 11-9 set, Papa said, 'You were very good today, Jarda—he always calls me Jarda—you never missed them so close before.'"

Drobny returned to international competition with a spectacular victory over Jack Kramer, the top-ranking American, in the 1946 Wimbledon tournament. The next summer Jaroslav carried his mediocre Czech teammates to the Davis Cup International finals, and kept the Czech national title at home by beating Tom Brown, the San Francisco slugger, in Prague.

### Falkenburg Is Defeated

In the National Singles at Forest Hills last September, Jaroslav blasted Bob Falkenburg, the Wimbledon champion, in the quarter-finals and just missed beating red-hot Pancho Gonzales in the semifinals. After the match a wealthy Czech-American visited Drobny in the dressing-room.

"If you go home," the American warned, "the Communists will make things hot for you. You belong to the wrong party. Better stay here—I'll see to it that you get a good job and you can play as much tennis as you want."

"Thank you," Jaroslav said, "but I have to go home."

"They'll find a way to disgrace you," the American persisted.

Jaroslav nodded. "I know, but if I stay here, what will happen to my family?"

Drobny went home and bought the motor bike Papa had always wanted. The gift exhausted Jaroslav's savings, but he had a feeling this was his last birthday party with Papa for a long time.

"Next time you get out of the country, stay out," a friend had warned. "The police are following you. So far you have been useful for propaganda purposes but if you lose one more big match"—the friend shrugged—"well, I would not come back if I were you."

"What about my family?"

"If you come back, you're no help to them, but if you get away the Communists will be afraid to harm them—it would be bad propaganda."

At Wimbledon three months ago, Drobny's grim play caused comment in the stands. "Poor chap," a spectator remarked, "he's so tense. You'd think he was playing for his life."

"Maybe," another spectator suggested, "he *is*."

Ted Schroeder edged out Drobny in the final round. It was close (the score of the decisive fifth set was 6-4) but not close enough to satisfy the Communist-controlled Prague papers. Drobny was denounced for breaking training and being sympathetic to decadent capitalistic ideals.

Several weeks later he was ordered to withdraw from the Swiss championships and return to Prague on the pretext that he had fraternized with German and Spanish players politically objectionable to the Czech Communists. Jaroslav refused. "I am not a Communist," he declared, "and I will not return to Czechoslovakia as long as the Communists are in power. I will go to the United States."

So Drobny went into exile, labeled by the Prague radio "a traitor in the pay of capitalistic entrepreneurs." It may be a long time before Papa and Jaroslav enjoy another birthday party together but it may be only a short time until Jaroslav wins that championship Papa spoke of so confidently 11 years ago. The exiled Czech is the logical man to succeed Schroeder when Ted turns pro.

But win or lose, the Drobnys have no regrets. "If we had it all to do again," Jaroslav says, "I know Papa would still buy the little wooden paddle—and I would go home to buy him that red motor bike." THE END

## BUTCH

"Oh, stop nagging the poor guy, dear. All he's got left is the eighty cents he found in my old suit"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

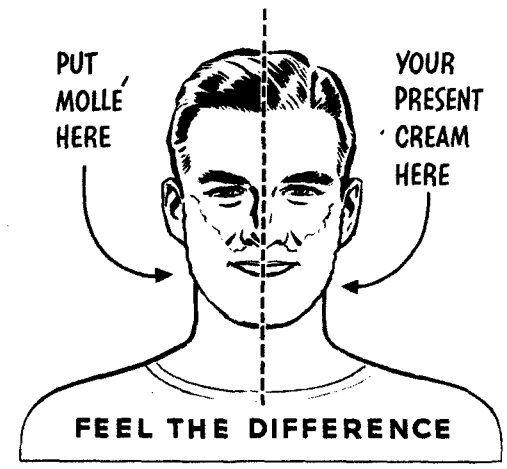

# WE DOUBLE DARE YOU

## TO MAKE THE "MOLLÉ TEST"

BUY THE 25¢ TUBE AND PROVE WHICH GIVES YOU THE FINEST SHAVE!

*You risk 25¢ — we risk 50¢!*

1. When convenient, skip a shave.
2. Next day, when your whiskers are at their longest and toughest, put your present cream on half your face.
3. Put Mollé, the heavier brushless cream, on the other half. *Spread it thin!*
4. Go over your face JUST ONCE with your razor . . . and feel the difference.




## Double your money back . . .

. . . if Mollé does not give you the best shave you ever had in your life. Get a tube today.

If this test does not convince you, just mail us back the Mollé tube. Address, Box 49, New York 8, N.Y. This offer expires December 31, 1949. Only one refund per customer.

THE HEAVIER BRUSHLESS CREAM

# *Thought I Never Could— But I Did!*

SO often a woman thinks that because she is tied to the home there isn't anything she can do to make money. That's because she has never found her way into the Pin Money Club which for years and years has helped girls and women to be a little more independent.

Dollars earned by Club members have helped them have better clothes than their incomes could pay for. Yes, their spare-time money often pays left-over bills—unexpected expenses—or takes them on pleasant trips. Again and again women have told me, "I thought I never could—but I did! And I am thankful for my membership in the Club."

***One member wrote,*** "The $21.75 I earned this month I will put aside for the taxes on our home so we can enjoy the comforts of a home that is debt free for another year." I wish I could show you many other letters.

WHY don't you send for our free folder for girls and women, ***"There's Money For You?"*** It brings you many interesting letters. It will tell you how to get started making money too! No investment or experience is needed. Just send a card or letter to me today.

*Margaret Clarke*

**Secretary, Pin Money Club**
**Collier's, The National Weekly, C-56**
**250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.**

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# A Fine Old Horse-and-Buggy Custom

MAYBE THE PHOTOGRAPH ABOVE really should have been used to illustrate Stanley Anderson's story of Why I Am Becoming an American, in this issue of Collier's. For it is a good example of what the English Mr. Anderson must have had in mind when he wrote, "If I were asked to name the outstanding quality in American character that attracts the foreigner, I should reply without hesitation—kindness."

An example of American kindness is pictured here. It grew out of some hard luck that visited Isaac Hoover of New Holland, Pennsylvania. The barn on his rented farm was destroyed by fire. But not long afterward some 300 men from the surrounding farms showed up to build him a new one. In two days the job was finished.

The story of this act of kindness attracted more than local attention. This may be due mainly to the fact that the goodhearted neighbors belong to the Amish sect, which does not permit its members to own automobiles. They came by horse and buggy, which gave a chance for an unusual photograph. And it's the unusual that makes news.

But we have reproduced the picture because it is typical. It represents an ingrained American quality which goes back through horse-and-buggy times to the rugged colonial frontier, but which is as alive today as it ever was. It shows itself in many ways, as Mr. Anderson has found.

"By kindness," he writes, "I mean the general desire to be helpful, the warmth of affection and generosity. . . . It is only necessary to announce in the press or over the radio that somebody is in trouble, and the whole country comes to the rescue. . . . A young wife needs a rare operation, a baby falls down a well, a sick boy is grieving over his lost dog—incidents like these bring hundreds of offers of aid."

As Mr. Anderson lives longer among us he will find more examples. He will discover the many day-to-day acts of kindness that go unpublicized. He will learn that our helpfulness is not confined to our own people; most Americans are as quick to respond to such an appeal as the Friendship Train as they are to cook a meal for a sick neighbor.

It is pleasant to know that this newcomer lists kindness not as one of the outstanding American qualities, but as *the* outstanding quality. That will surprise many people in other countries who do not know us. They read a lot about cruel words and actions, bitter disputes and bigotry and isolationism in America. But these, we repeat, are the unusual things that make news.

They do not represent the real America that Mr. Anderson has discovered.

We think his estimate of us is correct. Americans *are* a kindly people. And the world has abiding reason to be thankful that they are.

# Let's Not Throw Away The Key to Prosperity

ABOUT THIS TIME EVERY YEAR it is customary for editorial writers to do a Labor Day piece in which they ask their readers to pause and pay tribute to labor's contribution to this country's greatness. We think that is a fair and valid request. But this year we are going to address our appeal to the rank and file of organized labor.

We ask them to pause and give thought to the economic system that has made them the best-paid workers in the world. It has created a high standard of living that is the secret envy of the workers in Communist countries. And all this is no accident. It is the result of an old-fashioned, sniped-at idea of giving opportunity and reward to individual intelligence and industry. In operation it's known as the private enterprise or profit system.

Now, profits has recently become a horrid word.

In many minds it seems to be a synonym for greed, exploitation and extortion. Some trade-union leaders of Socialistic inclinations have been using the word like a red cape in the hands of a matador.

A while back we read a C.I.O. economic report in support of the fourth round of wage demands. Its figures and conclusions differed considerably from those of the President's Council of Economic Advisers. The C.I.O. estimate of 1949 corporation profits was $3,800,000,000 higher than the council's, and its after-taxes estimate topped the council's by $2,800,000,000. The inference we got from the C.I.O. survey was that profits are evil, and that the sooner they are pared to the bone or eliminated, the better.

We hope the average wage earner didn't get the same impression, for it sadly distorts the truth. Profits are the lifeblood of America's economic existence. Why they are was explained not long ago in a series of advertisements by the Standard Steel Spring Company. It was a series that everyone could read—if our Socialistic matadors will excuse the expression—with profit.

The advertisements made some common-sense points: Our profit system is really a profit and loss system. Profits provide incentive and encourage competition, efficiency, better quality and lower prices. They make research, improvement and expansion possible. They promote better pay, better job security and more jobs. If the entire net profits of American business in 1948 were divided equally among all our citizens, we would each be about $140.85 richer. But the benefits listed above would vanish.

Of course, our business life needs more than profits to keep it healthy. It needs and has backstops to prevent the occasional failures and consequent unemployment that have occurred under the profit system. It needs and has regulations to prevent past abuses of this system from recurring. But we need not scrap the system for these reasons any more than we need to scrap the Constitution because some have abused its freedoms.

We hope that American workers will keep their faith in that system, however much they work to improve their position within it. A look around the world should convince them that they can gain nothing from listening to those who would destroy it. Profits are not evil. They are the instrument which, used fairly and wisely, helps labor and business to prosper together.



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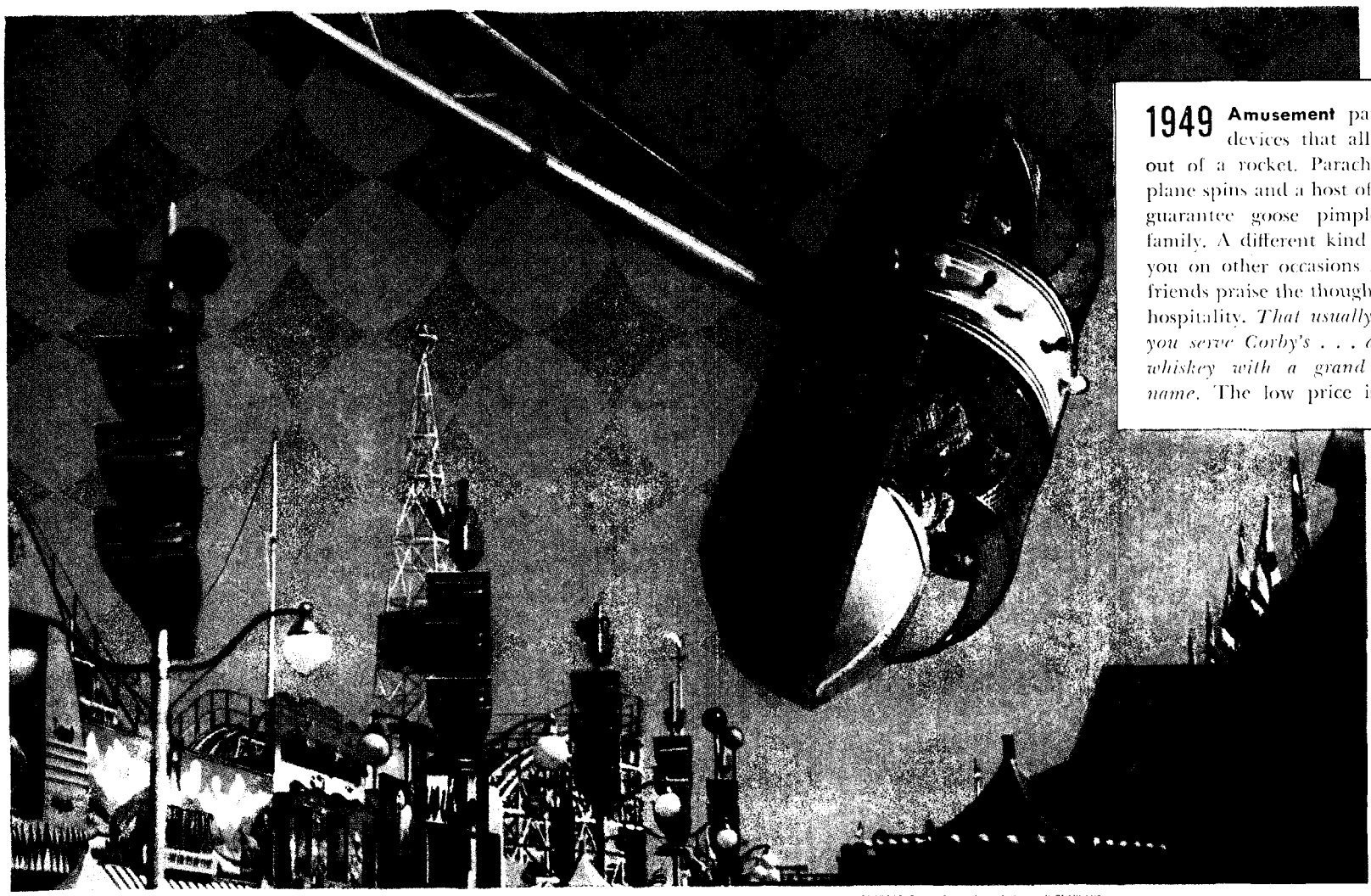
# Get your goose pimples here, folks

**1882** **Americans** spend millions on machines that give them chills and thrills. One of the earliest was the merry-go-round. A brisk canter on this thriller made Grandpa feel like a knight on a fire-breathing charger, 23 years after the name Corby's first came to Canada.

**1910** **Remember** those nerve-tingling shoot-the-chutes? They were tops in amusement-park thrills when the name Corby's was 51 years old in Canada. Lickety-split down the ramp, and then a glorious splash in the lagoon! (Naturally, you held your girl tightly to "protect" her.)

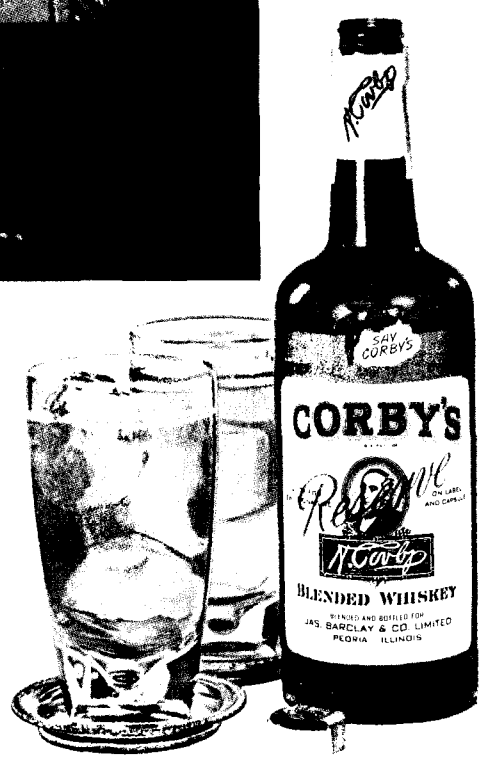
**1924** **Thrill-chasers** flouted gravity in wildly careening roller-coasters when the name Corby's was in its 66th year of fame in Canada. People from miles around paid good money to be scared out of half a year's growth. Hold on to your hat, mister! The next turn's a dilly!



COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY PAGANO AT ROCKAWAY PLAYLAND

**1949** **Amusement** parks today have devices that all but shoot you out of a rocket. Parachute jumps, airplane spins and a host of other fun-rides guarantee goose pimples for all the family. A different kind of thrill awaits you on other occasions . . . when your friends praise the thoughtfulness of your hospitality. *That usually happens when you serve Corby's . . . a light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name.* The low price is exciting, too!

## CORBY'S ... a grand old name in Canada since 1859




**AN AMERICAN PRODUCT**

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co. Limited, Peoria, Illinois

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30-DAY TEST REVEALED

# NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!

*Yes, Camels are SO MILD that*
in a coast-to-coast test of hundreds of men and women who smoked Camels—and only Camels—for 30 consecutive days, noted throat specialists, making weekly examinations, reported NOT ONE SINGLE CASE OF THROAT IRRITATION due to smoking CAMELS!

## Make your own CAMEL 30-DAY TEST in your "T-ZONE"

Thousands already have made this test... thousands more are making it right now! Here's all you do: Smoke Camels for 30 consecutive days. Smoke as much as you like—but smoke only Camels. Compare them in your "T-ZONE" (T for Taste, T for Throat). See if you don't agree that Camels are the mildest, best-tasting cigarette you ever smoked.

**AT THE BIG GAMES,** in homes, in offices...wherever smokers gather, the question of the day is, "How mild can a cigarette be?" The answer—from millions of smokers who *know*—is, "Smoke Camels and *see!*"

## *Lovely swimming star reports on the test:*

"The 30-Day Test was a pleasure—every good-tasting puff of it! I'm convinced there's nothing quite like a Camel for flavor and mildness!"

**JEANNE WILSON,**
***'48 Olympic swimmer.***

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.

Start the 30-Day Mildness Test... Today

***According to a Nationwide survey:***

## MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS

**than any other cigarette**

When three leading independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors what cigarette they smoked, the brand named most was Camel!

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